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July 18, 1931

Collier's

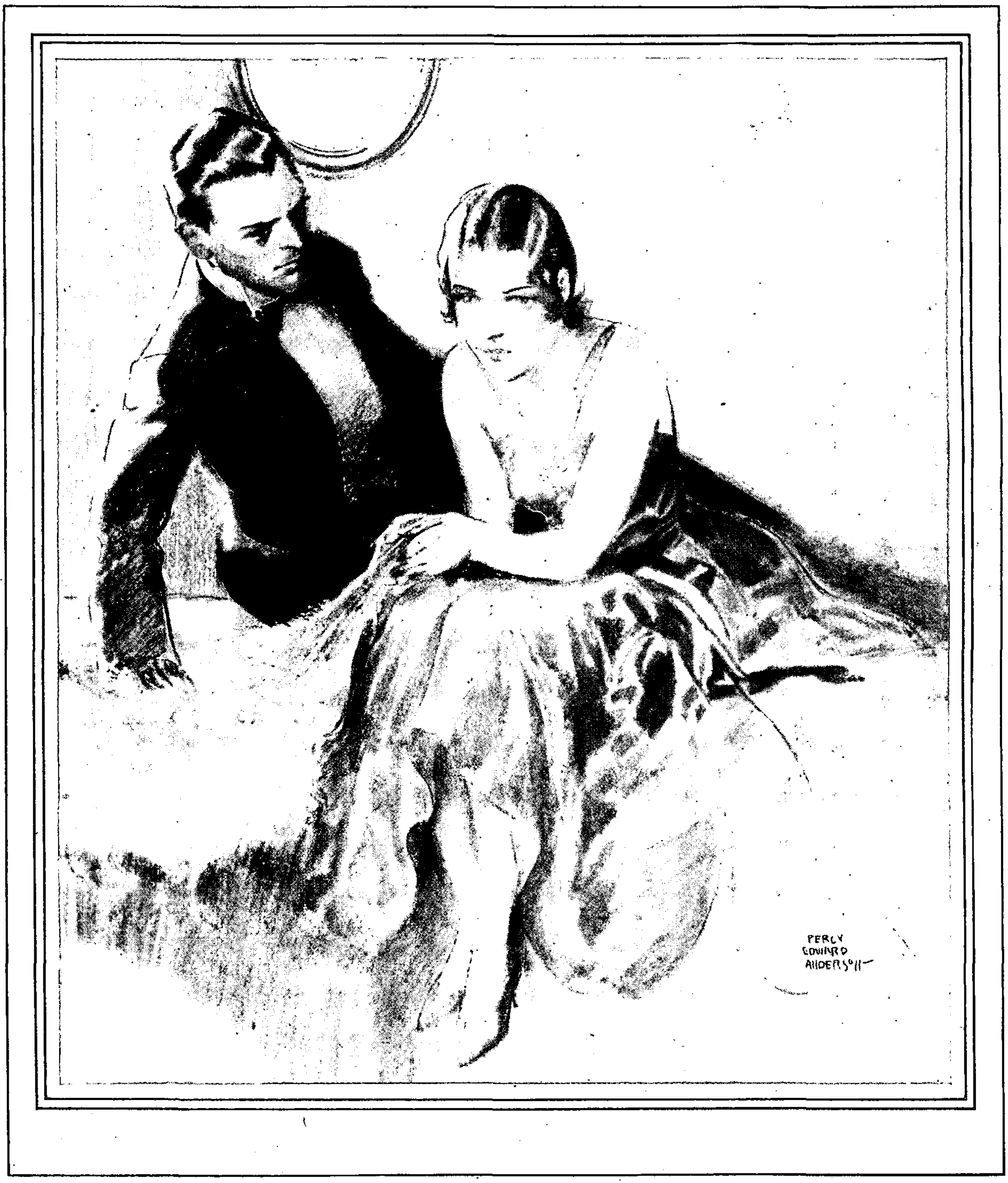
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Where would the money go?

By

Senator William E. Borah

She couldn't BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM



She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months — —"

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know — avoiding me — breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, Wilma; you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me and put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

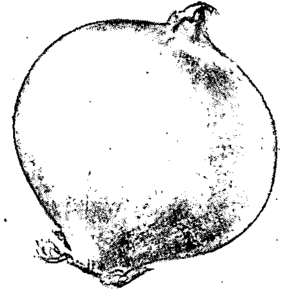
"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why?* Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us; then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.



Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And before meeting others.

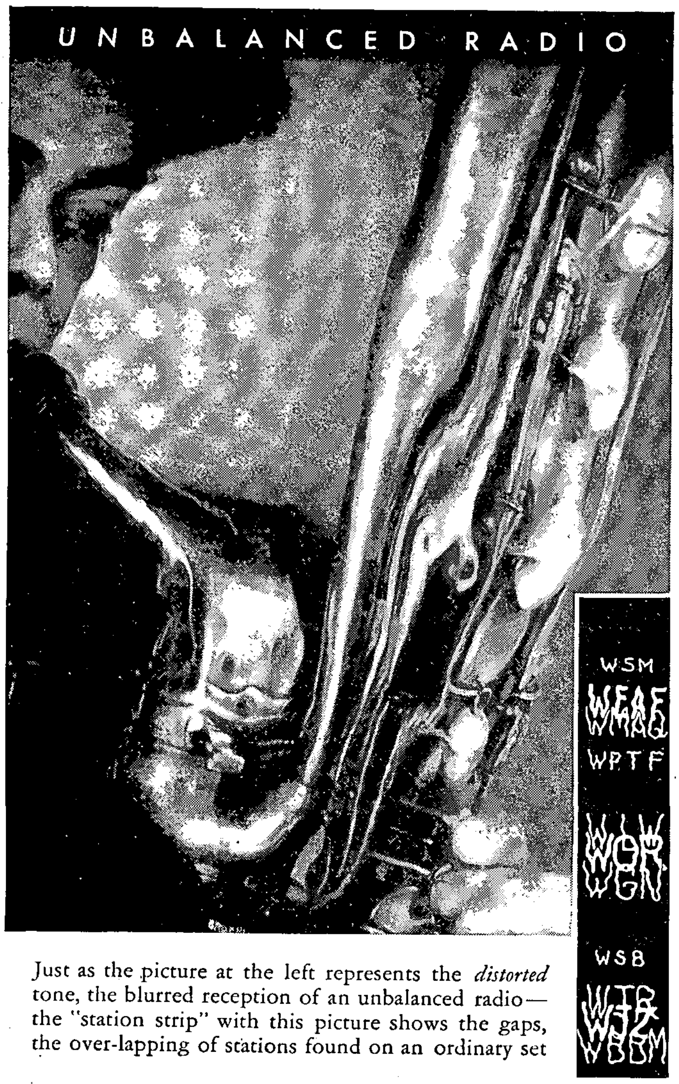
Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, the cause of 95% of all mouth odors. Then it destroys the odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know that there are few odors more arrogant than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Just as the picture at the left represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of an unbalanced radio—the "station strip" with this picture shows the gaps, the over-lapping of stations found on an ordinary set

BALANCED PHILCO
KFI
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
CKGW
WLW
WOR
WGN
CKAC
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

At the right you see the *undistorted* tone plus selectivity secured with every Philco Superheterodyne built with balanced units. Each station is distinct and separate—each program clear and vivid on the new Philco

New PHILCO BABY GRAND $49.95

Balanced Superheterodyne, complete with 7 tubes

(Including the new Pentode Power Tube)

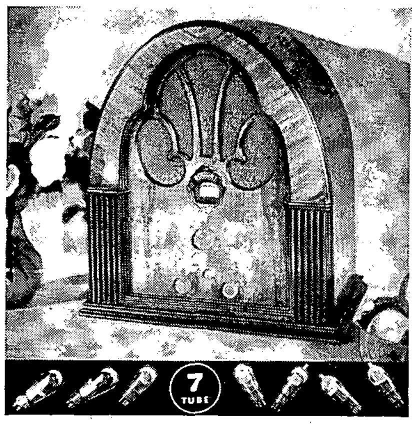
Mighty Power, Distance, Selectivity, from "Biggest-Performing" Little Radio in the World

The New 7-Tube PHILCO Baby Grand is a *balanced* Superheterodyne!

With the new Pentode Power Tube, Screen Grid and Philco Balanced construction, it looms clear above the realm of "midget sets." It positively outperforms many sets of *greater size and two or three times the price!*

Complete with tubes — nothing else to buy — its startling price makes new *value history* in the radio field.

It goes any place, fits anywhere, is welcome everywhere! As an "extra" for the guest or children's room. In professional reception rooms. In factories, actually speeding production. For the boy or girl at college, it is the gift supreme. To beach cottage, camp or summer home, it brings the rich adornment of music, news and entertainment — with the gorgeous, vivid, life-like tone of Philco Balanced-Unit construction.



7-Tube (4 Screen Grid) including new Pentode Power Tube, oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker with 25% greater efficiency. Genuine American Black Walnut Cabinet — Figured Walnut Instrument Panel — Tone-Control — Illuminated Station Recording Dial — Size, 16 inches wide, 17½ inches high.

It is engineered to truly marvelous distance. Its powerful seven-tube range, including Screen Grid, and the New Pentode Tube, *plus* Superheterodyne selectivity, *plus* all electrical balanced units, combine more big-performance radio than was ever thought possible in such compact size.

Philco Balanced-Unit performance is also available, in a DC Baby Grand for direct current operation, at $60.95; in a beautiful new Highboy, at $65.75, and an all-electric Radio-Phonograph, at $110.

Your Philco dealer now offers a completely new line of Balanced Superheterodynes—in 7, 9 and 11-tube sets, Baby Grands, Lowboys, Highboys, ranging from $49.95 to $169.50. Also Radio-Phonographs from $110 to $295, and Philco-Transitone, the marvelous new automobile radio, at $99.80 installed complete. All prices complete with tubes, nothing else to buy. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

PHILCO Balanced Tubes Better the Performance of Any Radio

Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto

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·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO MEET PRESENT-DAY DEMANDS OF CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

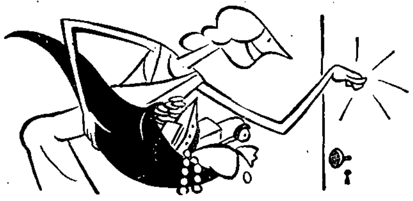
"MY SISTER believes I have disgraced the good old name of Gill," said Omar to Harmony Childs, "and made it a hissing and a byword in Leesburg, where the Gills stood high. She thinks I spend my time coming out of penitentiaries. We now have money and nice clothes and this is a fine opportunity to convince Hortense I am a pillar of society and not a bum."

And that is why these two adventurers in refined skullduggery journeyed to Leesburg, which is the kind of town which seldom sees grafters, there being nothing to graft. Omar, however, had never met his sister's husband, a large man who professed to love his brother-in-law and almost immediately offered to put him onto a good thing. Yes, even in Leesburg a man of imagination and courage can devise ways of getting money in large chunks. Omar and Harmony began to like the place and, up to a certain point, thoroughly enjoyed the episode of "The Queen's Elephants"—a short story by Frank Condon, who knows more than a man should about light and pleasant brigandage.

—

AT THE 1931 convention of exporters and importers, held under the auspices of the National Foreign Trade Council, there were eighteen men in whom we were much interested. They were foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce who came from the trade centers of the world to tell American business men about foreign trade conditions.

We asked William G. Shepherd to talk with them and get their ideas on just how American business and American prosperity affect the commercial welfare of the world. He presents their facts and conclusions in an important article called "Good Times Knocking at the Door."



THEN leave this modern world of business and go back to other times and other ways, when success hung on a good sword arm and a man might see witches flitting through the wood.

Harold Lamb has written a thrilling medieval love story, "The Night Bird Flies," which has no moral and no application to today's problems—merely the satisfying entertainment of glamorous romance convincingly written.

—

AND back to business, but business with exotic fascination. Frank Buck tells how the native of the jungle gets his meal ticket. It's an interesting tale and from it you will learn something of the cassowary's dangerous big toe; of the yak's tail, snake skins and singing birds. "Jungle Business" is the title.

—

COMMODORE HARTLEY continues the story of his career; Stephen Morehouse Avery contributes a short story; Messrs. Wodehouse and Roche show you more of their latest work; Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole and others proceed on the theory that good business means hard work.

THIS WEEK

July 18, 1931

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Page 7—W. R. Burnett

Mr. Litvinoff: An aristocrat in Hollywood.

Page 10—Mary Heaton Vorse

Everything but Love: Spurned, of course, by a right-thinking girl.

Page 12—William E. Borah

Where Would the Money Go? A discussion of the celebrated war debts.

Page 14—Arthur Somers Roche

The Wrong Wife, Part VI: Richard Cordova should be accustomed to surprises by this time.

Page 16—Rube Goldberg

The Inventions of Prof. Lucifer G. Butts, A. K.

Page 17—Grantland Rice

The Sports'-Eye View: Mr. Rice does get about.

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Before the Flight: The authentic story of Lindbergh's preparations.

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Divorce, Mister? Our colleague views a modern industry.

Page 21—P. G. Wodehouse

The Medicine Girl, Part III: Love, golf and humor mixed lightly.

Page 23—Courtney Ryley Cooper

Queen of Beasts: Being, as we intimated last week, the elephant.

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A Medal to Show: When you are a hero you needn't take chances.

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Retribution: By Bernice Brown

Page 29—Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Ask Your Congressman: or, perhaps, your Congresswoman.

Page 38—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Hard Headlines: What Governor Ritchie suffers from.

Page 45—Freling Foster

Keep Up with the World: Surprising statistics.

Page 53—Milton C. Work

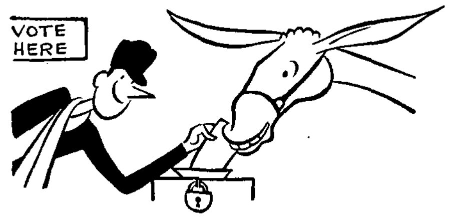
How Would You Play It?

Page 54—Editorial

As We Forgive Our Debtors

Any Week

MR. JAMES MINNICK regrets that in our recent article, "Freedom Threatens Little Rhody," we neglected to mention that Rhode Islander who was privileged to vote because he owned a mule worth a hundred and thirty-four dollars, until two years ago the amount one had to have to be an elector. The state, says Mr. Minnick, was in a terrible quandary when that mule died and the owner accordingly lost his vote. They never did settle the question: Who voted, the man or the mule?



"SPEAKING of laws," writes Mr. Knowlton Rodlay of Los Angeles, who seems to have caught us at that very thing, "why not one prohibiting unemployment?" Several other readers have similar thoughts. Mrs. Sara B. LaDow reports that she has heard rumors that both major political parties will denounce unemployment in their national platforms next year, indicating to Mrs. LaDow proof that the politicians "have little to do."

—

OUR Mr. John B. Kennedy, with whose cultivated accents you are doubtless familiar, is celebrating his seventh anniversary as a radio voice. It was with great difficulty we won Mr. Kennedy's assent to the publication of this paragraph; but we insisted. His five-minute weekly broadsides of philosophy, morals and elocution have been enjoyed by millions. For five years, too, he has been an unflinching master of radio ceremonies for Collier's hour. Mr. Kennedy has endurance as well as charm.

—

AMONG the numerous letters of applause inspired by Mr. Owen P. White's excellent article, "Cotton Poor," we are compelled to mention one from Mr. Elmer I. Ransom of Augusta, Georgia. Appropriately, Mr. Ransom writes on a cotton letterhead, which adds a new use for cotton and (we tried to write on it) helps the pen business.

—

"MY FAVORITE recreation," says Mr. Charles Wilbur George of Lansing, Michigan, "is kite-flying. I inherited the liking for it from my father and grandfather, who were champion kite-flyers in Iowa. I shall never forget the day I flew my first kite. It would not rise and my grandfather showed me why. It was because the tail was too heavy. This is what is the matter with our Constitution. It would go all right if there weren't so many amendments to it."

—

"I'M a bachelor," Mr. Pete Lister of Moline, Illinois, advises us, "but doggone my undarned sox, you have converted me to reading love stories, the only magazine that ever did. They are good without being soft and slithery."

—

AND that's all for this week except that Mr. R. G. Kinley of Portland, Maine, nominates Mrs. Dolly Gann for President.

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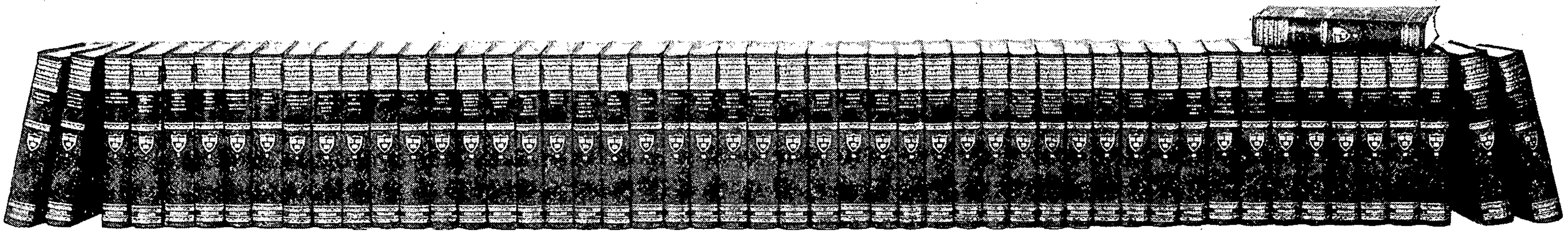


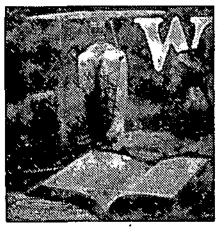
Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently*."

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie*, "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

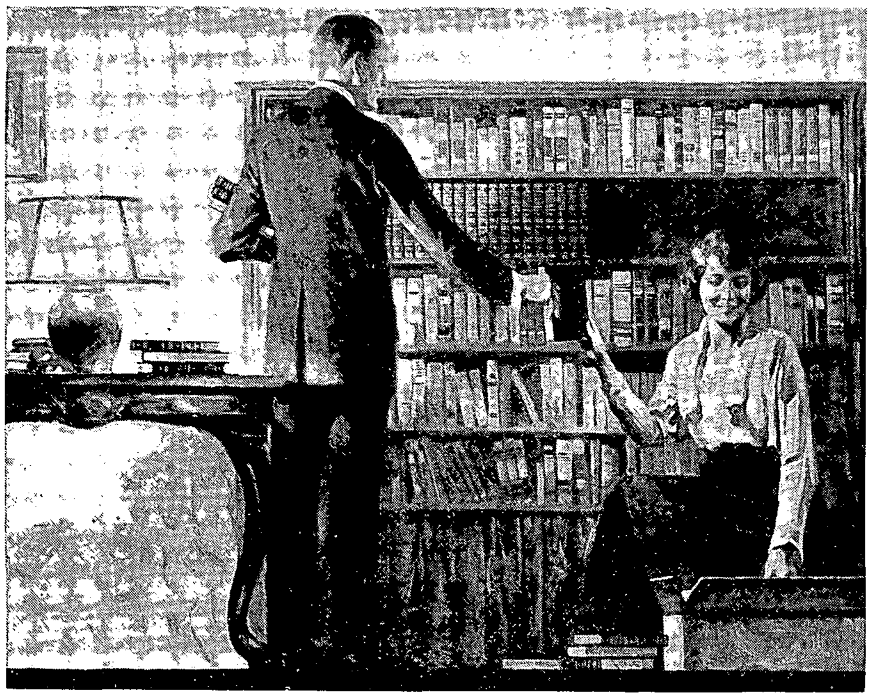
MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

"I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



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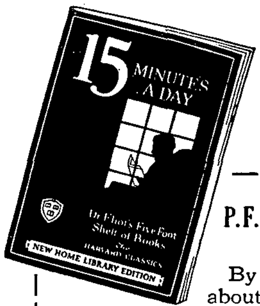

Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

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By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

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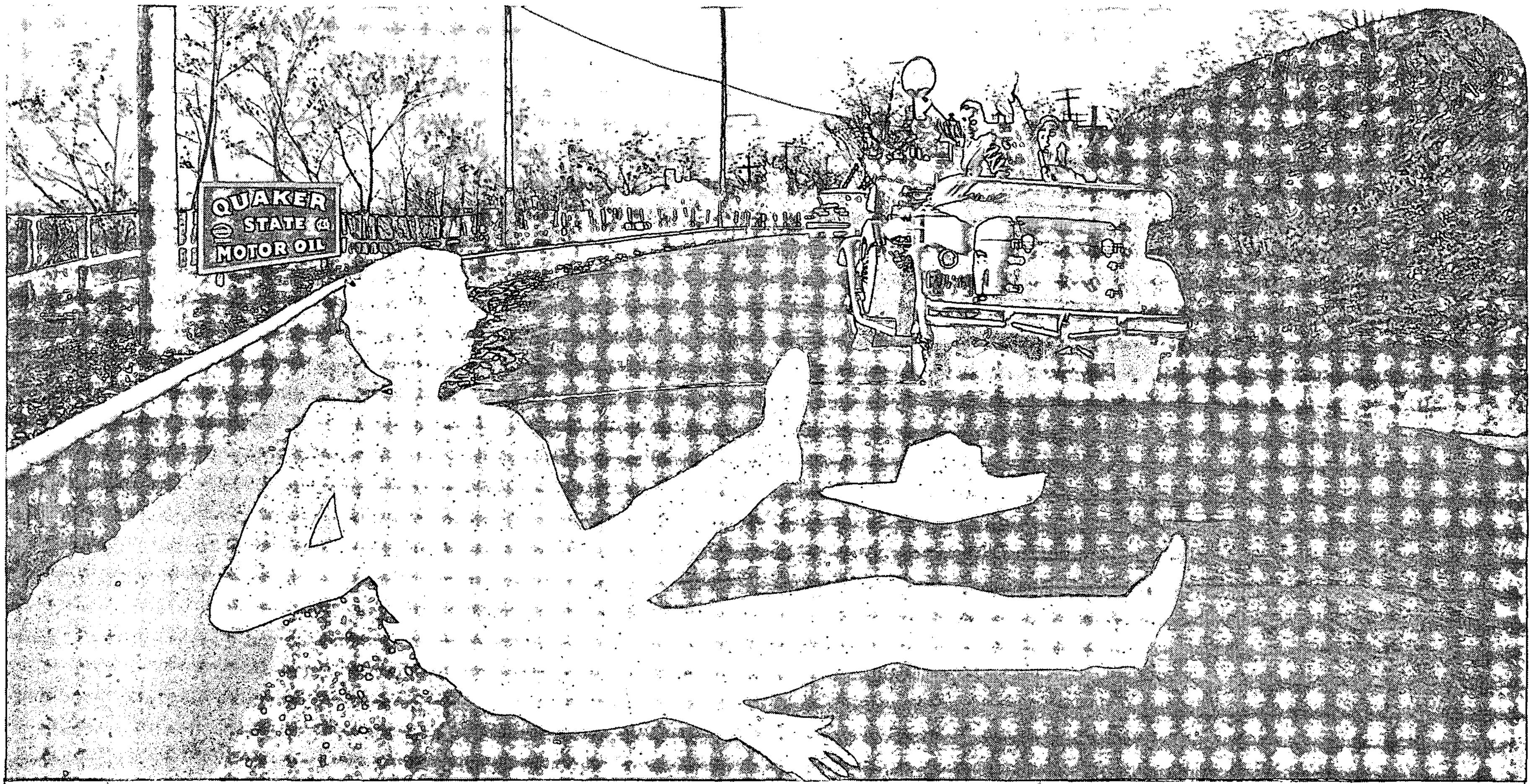
THROW MR. WATER-THIN OUT OF YOUR CAR, TOO

HE NEVER FINISHED A TRIP IN HIS LIFE!



○ Mr. Water-thin is the world's worst traveling companion. He's always willing to start a trip—but never able to finish one. He disappears. He vanishes into the blue.

○ For Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart that can't stand heat, can't fight friction—can't aid a motor in the slightest. It vaporizes in no time. There's no mileage in it. So Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin." And they take pleasure in throwing it out of Quaker State!

○ Ordinary refining doesn't remove "water-thin." It can't remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out—every last bit of it. An easy task? Don't you believe it! Nothing short of the *most modern refining in the industry* can do it. Nothing short of Quaker State's years of refining experience could develop the process necessary for its removal—a process you find in every one of the Quaker State refineries.

○ Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and one of waste. You really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. That's why Quaker State Motor Oil is experiencing the fastest growing demand of any oil in America. *That's why to-day Quaker State is the world's largest selling Pennsylvania Oil!*

○ And Quaker State has the proper start in life. It is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

○ You'll find Quaker State Motor Oil wherever you see the green and white service station sign. And you'll see that sign in front of every fourth filling station. Quaker State costs 35 cents a quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West. But it's really the least expensive oil you can buy. For in every gallon there's an extra quart that takes the fight out of heat and friction—and the teeth out of repair bills!

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QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

QUAKER STATE
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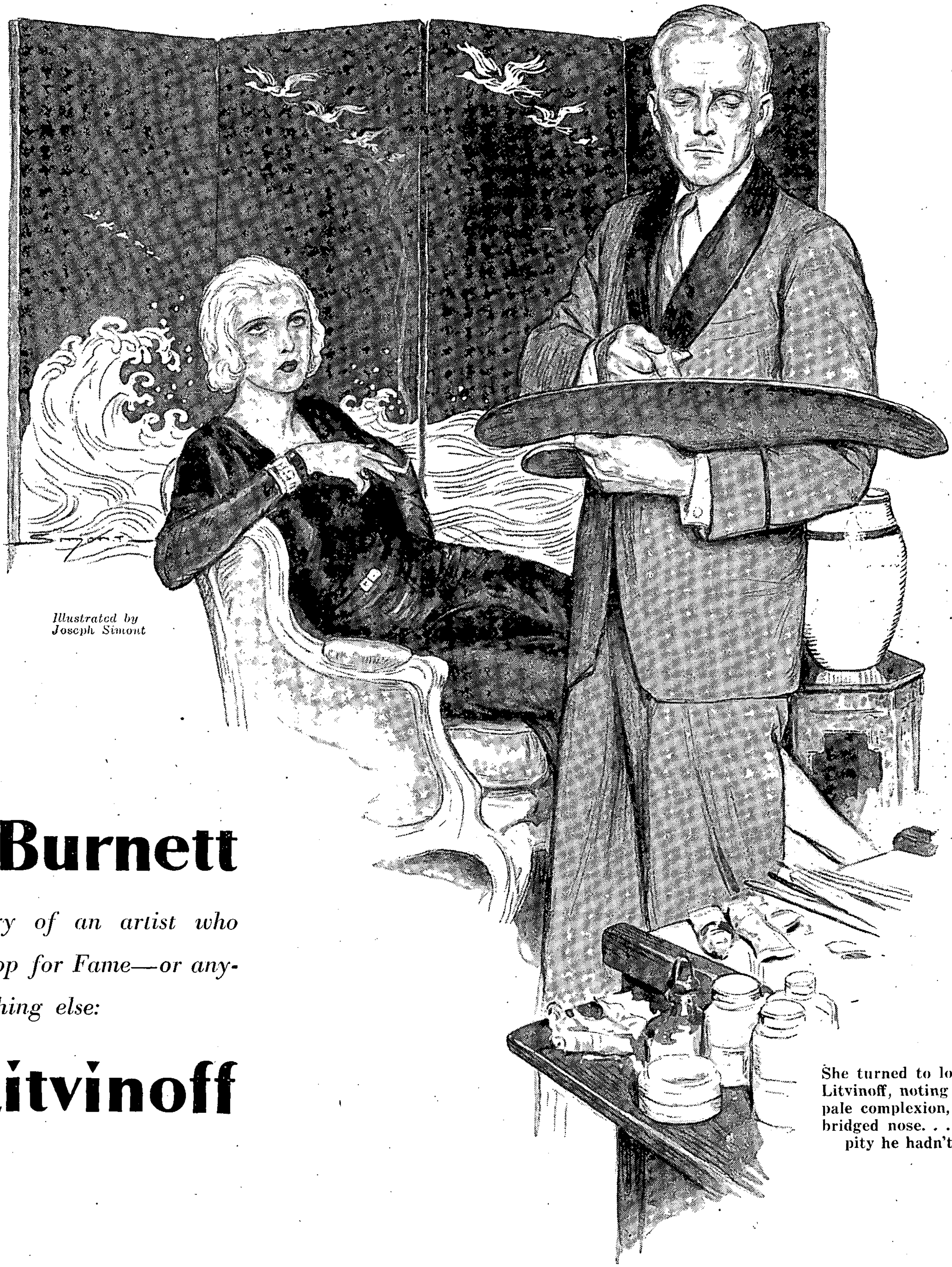
CERTIFIED
GUARANTEED
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THERE'S AN
EXTRA QUART
OF LUBRICATION
IN EVERY GALLON



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

She turned to look at Mr. Litvinoff, noting his clear, pale complexion, his high-bridged nose. . . . What a pity he hadn't a title

W. R. Burnett

tells the story of an artist who would not stoop for Fame—or anything else:

Mr. Litvinoff

MR. LITVINOFF bought a package of fine Russian cigarettes, the one extravagance he allowed himself. Then he nodded to the clerk and walked down Vine Street to Cassatt's Book Shop, where one of his portraits was being exhibited. He was a small, spare man, about fifty, with a fair complexion, blond hair streaked with gray, a light, carefully clipped mustache and an aquiline nose. He walked with his shoulders back and his chin lifted. His clothes were dark and well-brushed, but the seat of the trousers was shiny.

Mr. Cassatt was in front of the shop, looking through some etchings which had just come in. Mr. Litvinoff stopped for a moment to glance at his portrait, the head and shoulders of a burly man with red hair, his own ice man in fact, which was exhibited in the window among the new books; then he turned into the shop.

"Hello," said Cassatt, looking up over his glasses. "Got good news for you."

Mr. Litvinoff smiled slightly.

"Good news for me?"

"Yes," said Cassatt, putting down the etchings and taking out a pencil with which he tapped at the counter. "Olympia Wood was in here asking about the portrait. She was very much excited. I gave her your address."

"Olympia Wood?"

"Of course. The movie star. You know. She is very rich. Has a wonderful home in Beverly Hills."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Litvinoff.

Cassatt looked at him. This Russian did not seem properly impressed.

"She has scads of money," Cassatt persisted. "She spends it with both hands. If she comes for a portrait charge her plenty. She can stand it."

Mr. Litvinoff smiled.

"She probably won't. I am nobody."

"Oh, nonsense," said Cassatt. "Your work is fine."

MR. LITVINOFF offered Cassatt a cigarette. They lit up.

"Your friend Igor was in," said Cassatt, making a face over the cigarette.

"Oh," said Mr. Litvinoff.

"I told him about Miss Wood. He was very much excited."

"Igor is very excitable."

"Yes, he is," said Cassatt. "But Igor is a pushing young fellow. He will get someplace. He'll be a rich man yet."

"I don't doubt it."

Cassatt was always irritated by Mr. Litvinoff's manner. Though he was kind, polite, mild, Cassatt detected condescension. This he did not like. Why wasn't Litvinoff like his friend Igor, a good, hearty, democratic fellow? Who was he, anyway, to put on airs: a tenth-rate painter with not a penny to his name? Always in debt. Wasn't even a count or a prince or something like that, like most of the Hollywood Russians. At least they said so.

A customer came in, turned to Cassatt, and said:

"Say, Charley, where did you get that chromo in the window?"

Cassatt frowned. Mr. Litvinoff turned

and looked mildly at the customer, a young man in a light blue sports sweater and golf knickers.

"Say . . ." said the young man.

But Cassatt said:

"You're joking, Mr. Goldblatt. Mr. Litvinoff, here, painted it."

"Oh," said Mr. Goldblatt; then he laughed loudly and said: "Sure I was joking. Just trying to kid Charley, see? Sure. I think it's a swell job. You bet."

"Thank you," said Mr. Litvinoff.

"Mr. Goldblatt is art director for World Wide Pictures," said Cassatt.

"Oh," said Mr. Litvinoff.

"Yeah," said Goldblatt, "and what a job, what a job! The money's good, sure; but what I got to put up with. I never seen such ignorance."

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Litvinoff bowed slightly.

"I'm going," he said.

"See you tomorrow," said Cassatt.

"Good-by," said Goldblatt. "Nice job there in that window. But no money in it unless you paint a bunch of swells and sting 'em. Why don't you try studio work?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Litvinoff; "I never thought about it."

"Never thought about . . . !" Goldblatt looked at Cassatt with his mouth open.

Mr. Litvinoff turned and with a smile went out.

"Well, I'm a fresh mackerel," said Goldblatt. "He never thought about working for the movies! Well, I'm an Eskimo."

WHEN Mr. Litvinoff turned the corner near his house, he stopped for a moment to stare. Parked in front of his house was an enormous, shining limousine with a liveried chauffeur standing beside it. Mr. Litvinoff's heart began to beat unevenly and his face grew pale; he had been gassed in the war and he had never fully recovered. Pavel had a car like that in '17. But, no; Pavel was dead and the limousine junk, like everything else that had ever mattered.

Mr. Litvinoff coughed and stood waiting for his heart to return to normal. It was an awful thing to carry a heart like that around with you. It might stop while you were on the street, and there you'd be, dead before strangers, defenseless on the sidewalk.

Mr. Litvinoff was still upset by the sight of the limousine and the memories it had called up. He went over to the chauffeur and said:

"I beg your pardon. Is it anyone to see me? I live there."

"Are you a painter?" asked the chauffeur, looking insolently at Mr. Litvinoff's worn clothes, at his frayed cuffs.

"Yes."

"Well, this is Miss Wood's car. She wants to see you about a portrait or something."

The chauffeur's eyes were hard.

"Thank you," said Mr. Litvinoff.

He hurried across the yard, which was somewhat neglected, and opened the front door. His friend, Igor, was standing before the huge studio window, talking rapidly and using his hands, as he always did. Miss Wood was sitting at a table, drawing pictures on a pad and from time to time glancing up at Igor.

"Here he is, here he is," said Igor, flinging up his arms. "Ivan Petrovich, this is Miss Wood, Miss Olympia Wood, the famous actress."

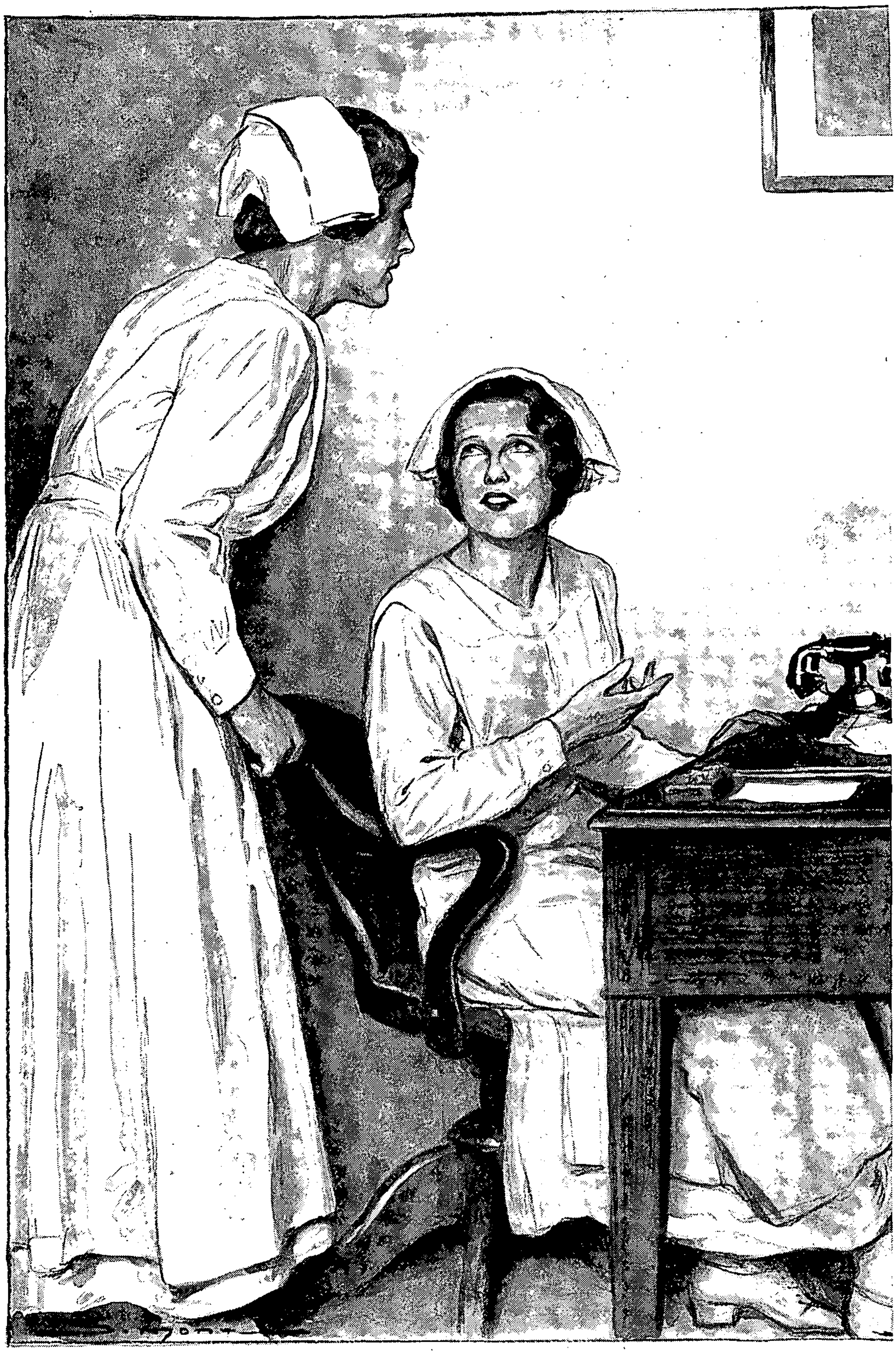
Mr. Litvinoff bowed over his hat. Olympia looked up, put her head on one side, and smiled the smile which had launched one million fan letters.

"So this is the painter. Well," she said, "I want you to paint my portrait. I think your work is so fine, so quiet. Are you a Russian? I know a lot of Russians. Do you know Count Sanin? A remarkable man. He lost a leg in the war. But maybe you wouldn't know him. You aren't nobility, are you?"

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Litvinoff.

Igor shrugged and turned to stare out the window.

"Oh, well," said Olympia, "what does it matter? A man's a man for a' that. I'm democratic. Everybody says I'm snooty and the other day some fool on a newspaper wrote me up and said I tried to high-hat everybody. But it's not so.



The nurse smirked in recognition but said: "Mr. Litvinoff is very

"OF COURSE I've got to keep some people at a distance. But, well, you know how it is. How much would you charge for a portrait? I don't intend to be swindled. I'll pay three thousand dollars and not a cent more."

"That will be ample," said Mr. Litvinoff; "in fact, it is too much. I am not known."

Igor groaned audibly.

"Ivan Petrovich is too modest, Miss Wood. His work is very fine, excellent. But he won't exhibit. How can people see it if he won't exhibit?"

Mr. Litvinoff sat down and looked at Olympia under his lashes. She was slim and elegant, with a great mass of white-blond hair, perfect teeth, and large blue eyes. At forty she would be fat; Mr. Litvinoff could see that. Now she was young; full of life and confidence, a handsome, sleek young animal. But the years would not be kind. Her features were rather indistinct, and there was, Mr. Litvinoff decided, a certain, vague piggishness in her countenance, which would be more apparent later. Now she was annihilating, and most men fawned like dogs or pawed the ground like stallions when she was around.

She was dressed in black and was wearing a tight little black hat, like a helmet, which shone with a metallic luster when she moved her head. Her feet were rather large but well-arched and stuffed into extremely high-heeled shoes. Her stockings were the sheerest to be found and she made no effort to conceal a superb pair of legs.

"I will paint you as you are," said Mr. Litvinoff. "That black is very becoming."

"Very, very," said Igor, his nostrils distended.

"Oh, really? I'm so glad you like it. I love dark colors, don't you? They are so aristocratic. When shall I come for a sitting and how long will it take? You mustn't drag it out now, as I can't be waiting for months and months for my portrait. I want to give it to a friend of mine as a present."

"Tomorrow at one," said Mr. Litvinoff, who had risen and stood with his head inclined slightly, "if that is convenient."

"That's fine," said Olympia. Then she turned to go. Igor stood watching the well-formed haunches moving under the tight silk. "Oh," she said, turning, "and this must be a secret. You mustn't tell the newspapers or have reporters bothering me. I want to surprise Mr. Wisenstein." She bit her lip. "There! I've told it. But you mustn't say a word."

"Trust our discretion," said Igor, whose face was flushed.

MR. LITVINOFF saw her to her limousine. The chauffeur banged the door and climbed into his seat. Olympia waved and smiled.

"Tomorrow," she said.

The limousine moved off. Mr. Litvinoff stood watching it. In '17 he had ridden in just such an automobile with Pavel and Pavel's young wife. Ah, well, resignation is best after all. He turned to go back. He saw the neighbors with their blinds pulled aside watching him. A limousine like that was seldom seen on this street.

Igor was standing in the doorway.

"Shall we have tea?" said Mr. Litvinoff.

"Yes," said Igor, but he was not looking at Mr. Litvinoff; he was not looking at anything; he was remembering Olympia Wood.

When the tea had been brewed and they had sat down to drink it, Igor said:

"You see, Ivan Petrovich, what a little publicity means? If I hadn't taken that picture to Cassatt's you would never have got this commission. You are too bashful, too modest."

Mr. Litvinoff cleared his throat and set down his teacup.

"I don't know, Igor," he said. "Before the revolution painting was a great pleasure. It was my solace. Is that the word? When I was tired or bored I painted. You see? I can't think of it as a business."

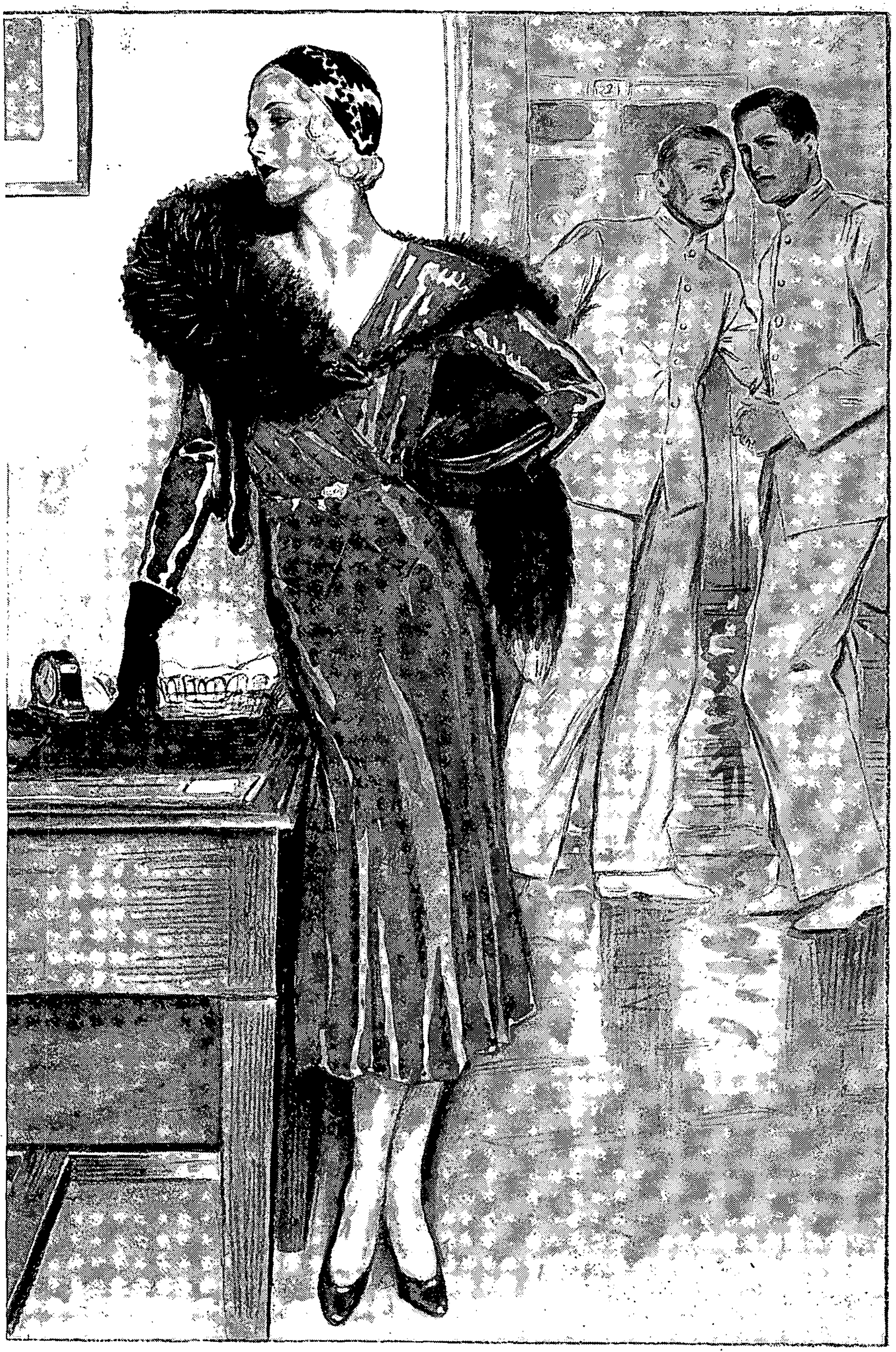
Igor sipped his tea.

"All the same," he said, "three thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"Yes," said Mr. Litvinoff, "it will pay for my house and clear off my debts."

When Igor rose to go, Mr. Litvinoff said:

"Igor, thank you."



sick." Olympia put on her tragic look. "Just let me see him," she said

"Now, now," said Igor, smiling. "We are friends, isn't it so?"

Igor went out whistling.

"IF ONLY you didn't have to keep it a secret," Igor said, "we could have pictures in the paper; interviews. Everybody would be coming here. You would be made, Ivan Petrovich."

"We promised."

"Yes, yes; you're right. We must wait. We must be patient. Then it will come out. You will be a rich man, Ivan Petrovich, a rich man."

Mr. Litvinoff sighed but said nothing. What did that mean to him? He had only a little while to live. Money could buy nothing that he wanted. He could not bring back the past with money.

Igor paced up and down.

"How is it going? Is it going well? Why won't you let me see it?"

Mr. Litvinoff smiled.

"I'll show no one till it's done. Not even Miss Wood. That is the way I work. It is coming very nicely."

"Good," said Igor, then he looked at his watch. "One fifteen. She's late."

"She is always a little late."

"Could I stay?" Igor asked eagerly.

"No, if you please," said Mr. Litvinoff. "I can't work with anybody looking on."

"I'll stay till she comes then," said Igor.

"Certainly."

Igor sat down, crossed his legs, tapped his fingers on the table for a moment, then picked up the morning paper. Mr. Litvinoff glanced at Igor, smiled slightly, then took up a book and began to read. Igor kept looking at his watch. Finally he flung down the paper and said:

"It's nearly one-thirty. She isn't coming."

"Have patience."

Igor got up and began to pace the floor. Finally he heard a car stop in front of the house and ran to the window.

"Here she is!" he cried.

Mr. Litvinoff marked his place carefully and got up. Igor hurried over to open the door.

Olympia came in with a dazzling smile which included Mr. Litvinoff, Igor, the studio, the world; it was an expensive smile; a copyrighted smile which looked out at America from billboards, magazines, cosmetic boxes, and the screen. Igor was bowled over and bowed humbly.

"I was just going," he said.

She held out her hand. She had read Igor's look. Adoration always made her magnanimous.

"You might stay," she said.

"Oh, no," said Igor, glancing at Mr. Litvinoff. "He can't work with anyone looking on."

"Oh," said Olympia. "I understand." She turned to Mr. Litvinoff. "Most great artists are that way, aren't they? I mean great artists of any kind. I know I can't work on the set when people who have no business there are staring at me."

Mr. Litvinoff bowed slightly. Igor said:

"I'll run along. Miss Wood, I saw your picture, The Love Cheat, last night. I sat through it twice. Now that I know you; well, I mean . . ." He flushed and hesitated.

"OF COURSE you know me," said Olympia, smiling.

"Oh, you were wonderful," said Igor; then hastily: "I'm going. Good-by."

Embarrassed and disturbed, he ducked his head and went out.

"Nice boy," said Olympia. "Did you see my picture, Mr. Litvinoff?"

"No," said Mr. Litvinoff. "I seldom go to pictures."

"Seldom go! Why?" Olympia was outraged.

"I never acquired the habit, I think."

"Oh, but you must. The cinema is the coming art. Don't you just detest hearing people say 'movie' and 'talkie'? Cinema is more dignified. It's an English word, isn't it? Do you like England? I was there last year. I was nearly mobbed in London. They're simply wild about me over there. Have you a cigarette?"

Mr. Litvinoff offered her one from his case.

"Oh," she said, "how chic! I have mine made with a monogram. They're very expensive, but it lends one distinction, don't you think? Are these Russian?"

"Yes."

"Oh, but it's strong. Shall we get to work?"

"If you please."

Olympia got up on the platform and sat down. Mr. Litvinoff began to paint. Half an hour later they rested. Mr. Litvinoff turned the picture to the wall and they smoked. Olympia sat down at the table and glanced at the book Mr. Litvinoff had been reading.

"In French?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Litvinoff. "A very fine book, which is not well enough known: St. Helena, Little Island. By a countryman of mine. Aldanov. A very fine book."

"What's it about? Is it a love story?"

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Litvinoff. "It's about the last days of Napoleon at St. Helena."

"Oh, I wouldn't care for that. I like love stories. For, after all, that's all there is in life, isn't that so?"

"Well," said Mr. Litvinoff, "at your age perhaps."

"MY AGE!" said Olympia, smiling with pleasure. "Do I seem so young?"

"Yes. Very young. You are my daughter's age, I take it."

"Oh, you have a daughter. How old is she?"

"She would have been twenty-two."

"Oh," said Olympia, who was twenty-five, "just my age." She smiled and then her face fell. She put on her tragic look. "And now she's dead?"

Mr. Litvinoff winced slightly.

"Yes," he said; then he got up and took a picture from his desk. "This is my daughter."

Olympia took the picture and held it off to look at it. She saw a handsome, blond girl with an aquiline nose and a haughty expression.

"Beautiful, beautiful," she said; but she was thinking; "Stuck up, that's what she is."

Mr. Litvinoff said nothing and, taking the picture, put it back.

Before they could get started to work again, the phone rang. Someone wanted to talk with Miss Wood.

"Hello," she said in a very sweet voice. "Yes. Oh, hello, Mose."

Mr. Litvinoff lit another cigarette and, turning his back, walked over to the window and stood looking out, but he couldn't help hearing.

" . . . Oh, is that so! Well, listen here; you tell Dan Cohen that I'll quit, I'll break my contract, I'll sue him. Where does he get that stuff! Who does he think he is, anyway, pulling a trick like that! You tell him to wait till I get there and I'll tell him a few things!"

She slammed up the receiver, breaking it, but paid no attention. Mr. Litvinoff turned. Her eyes were blazing.

"I'm going," she said, snatching up her wrap. "Sorry about the phone, but I couldn't help it."

She went out, banging the door.

Mr. Litvinoff looked at the portrait, shrugged, and turned it to the wall.

IGOR and Mr. Litvinoff sat drinking tea. Mr. Litvinoff said:

"Igor, would you like to see the portrait? One more sitting finishes it."

"Of course," said Igor; then he leaned forward, flushing and said: "Last night I couldn't sleep thinking of her. If only I had money; if only I was somebody."

"Resign yourself," said Mr. Litvinoff.

"Now if I were you, Ivan Petrovich," said Igor. "If I had your name. You must tell her; you must tell her!"

Mr. Litvinoff turned suddenly. His face was pale and his chin was tilted upward.

"You must never mention that again."

Igor stammered:

"I won't, Ivan Petrovich. Believe me, I won't. But why do you keep it a secret?"

Mr. Litvinoff lowered his head.

"Everything is gone. The past is over and done. My daughter is dead, my country ruined. What is a name after all but words?"

The room was very still. Igor was awed.

Mr. Litvinoff stood in the middle of the room for a moment with his head lowered, then he turned the easel around. Igor stared, then he got pale. Mr. Litvinoff studied him.

"Why don't you say something, Igor?"

(Continued on page 51)

Everything but Love

Melissa Snow was not what you'd call a greedy girl—but

EVANDER opened the kitchen door. The kitchen floor was pumpkin-yellow, the tables were covered with canary-colored oilcloth; the pots and pans were cream and green, and there was a row of cans of a tomato red for supplies. Red geraniums grew in a window which had checked green-and-white curtains.

This was all as it should be, even to the yellow cat dreaming behind the stove. Even to the old-fashioned rocker. But in the old-fashioned rocker sat a girl with a mop of curls and translucent, clear aquamarine eyes surrounded by very black lashes. Her mouth, small enough for beauty and large enough for generosity, looked as if it were going to break into a smile; and her complexion was an unaided, authentic hawthorn. Impressionable persons might have described her as adorable.

She sat very still in her big rocker, her feet—she wore satin sandals—were crossed, one slim hand was stretched on the arm of the rocker; and she was clutching it, as though the rocker were plunging dangerously and she were steadying herself. All the time her eyes, wary and potentially friendly, were on Evander. It was as though she were prepared for the shock of hostile recognition. But on Evander's face was only polite inquiry as to who the guest was who sat in the kitchen.

She noted his vivid crest of red hair, which was only less vivid than his glance. He was of middle height and boyishly built, yet there was about him an intensity that was ardent and dangerous. A proud man with whom it would be foolish to trifle.

While they stared the smell of apple blossoms drifted through the door. It was so quiet that one could hear the hum of the bees. Honey and apple blossoms—that was what she was, thought Evander; but his ever-alert censor prompted scornfully, "Honey and apple blossoms, indeed! None of that, my boy! No girls for you until you're through with your work!"

FOR Evander was at work on a delicate problem in electricity, and had received a scholarship to further his experiments. And the thought of it and his momentary lapse made him look at her with a light anger.

This quality of potential violence made her grip the chair harder. Evander cleared his throat as if to speak, but the girl spoke first. She stated impartially, but with a touch of daring, almost of defiance:

"I am Melissa Snow!"

"Melissa Snow!" he echoed, and the latent violence in him surged up. "My mother asked you— In spite of everything—"

"She asked me in a way," said Melissa, "but really it's my mother's idea. My brother Lee is very sick; she has had to go West. And there seemed no place exactly for me except here!"

"Melissa Snow!" he reflected. "It doesn't seem credible. When I last saw you, you had no front teeth, legs like pipe-sticks, and an unpleasant habit of sticking your tongue out at people."

"When I last saw you," she retorted, "you were ready to kill me. You made a frightful scene, and said if they didn't take me away you would. I never saw such fury! You tore my baby picture up and threw it in the fire—"

"And no wonder," he answered with spirit. "No wonder! A testimony to my moderation that someone wasn't killed. What other boy ever was engaged at four by imbecile parents to a bright scarlet infant? And then made fun of by his brothers. 'Here comes the bridegroom,' they used to say. Or they would pick up a picture of you—one of those awful naked-infant pictures—and snigger. When you were five and absolutely circular and I was nine you followed me everywhere yelling that I was your husband. And when the joke went on to the time I was eleven and you had no front teeth, I revolted. They never dared bring you here again."

"They are worried about it now," said Melissa. "Your mother says you have been a woman-hater ever since."

"Nothing of the sort," he protested. "I merely protect myself from the machinations of older females, in the interest of my work. Where's Mother? Why isn't she here?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Your mother," said Melissa, "was afraid you would make a scene even now; she was afraid you had a conditioned reflex about me. So she went out. I told her I would rather like to see you make one—" She could see him boil and seethe. She could see him come almost to the point of a white-faced anger. He commanded himself.

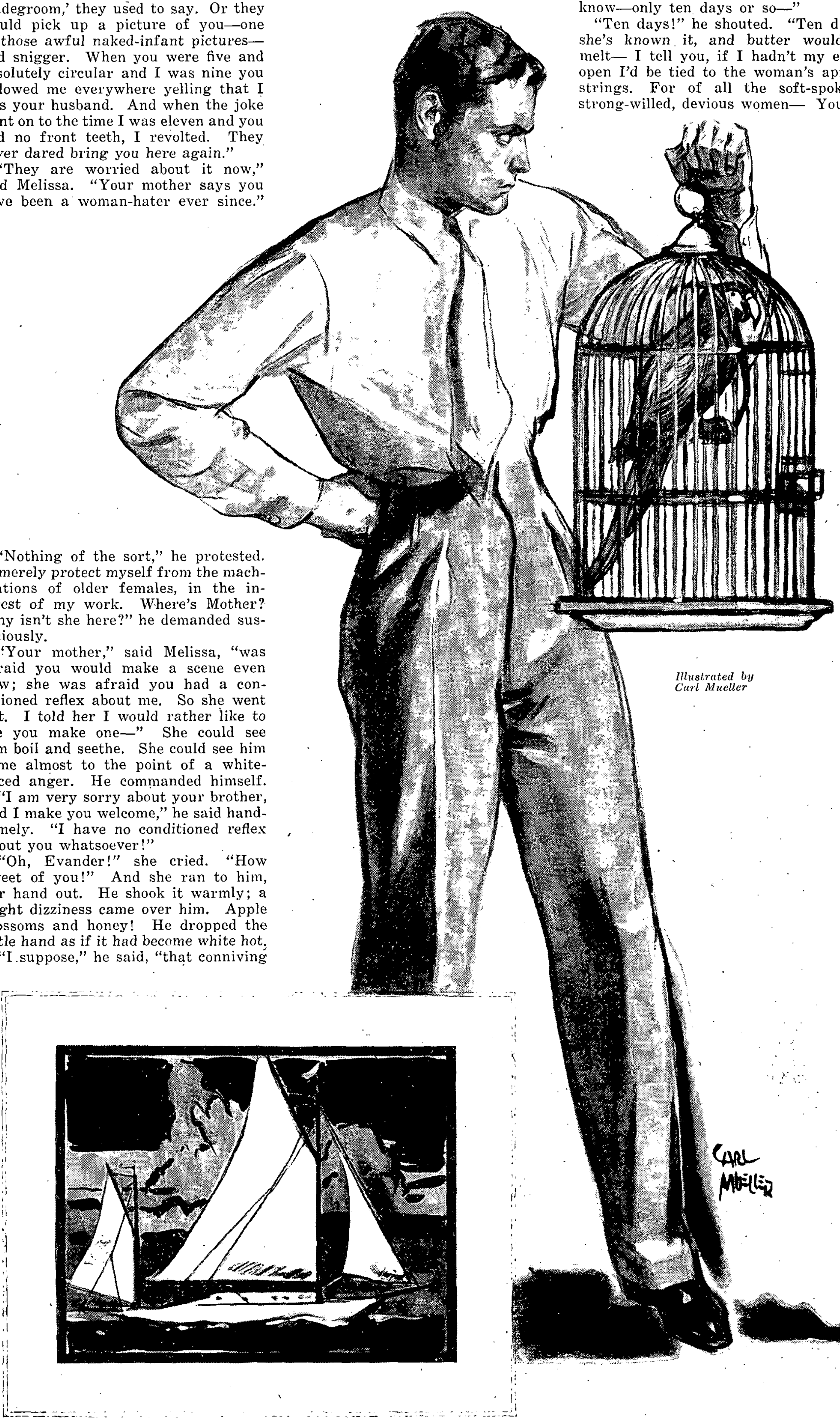
"I am very sorry about your brother, and I make you welcome," he said handsomely. "I have no conditioned reflex about you whatsoever!"

"Oh, Evander!" she cried. "How sweet of you!" And she ran to him, her hand out. He shook it warmly; a slight dizziness came over him. Apple blossoms and honey! He dropped the little hand as if it had become white hot.

"I suppose," he said, "that conniving woman has known about your coming a long time."

"Well, there hasn't been very long to know—only ten days or so—"

"Ten days!" he shouted. "Ten days she's known it, and butter wouldn't melt— I tell you, if I hadn't my eyes open I'd be tied to the woman's apron strings. For of all the soft-spoken, strong-willed, devious women— You're



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

she knew she was worth more than little things like yachts and palaces

By Mary Heaton Vorse

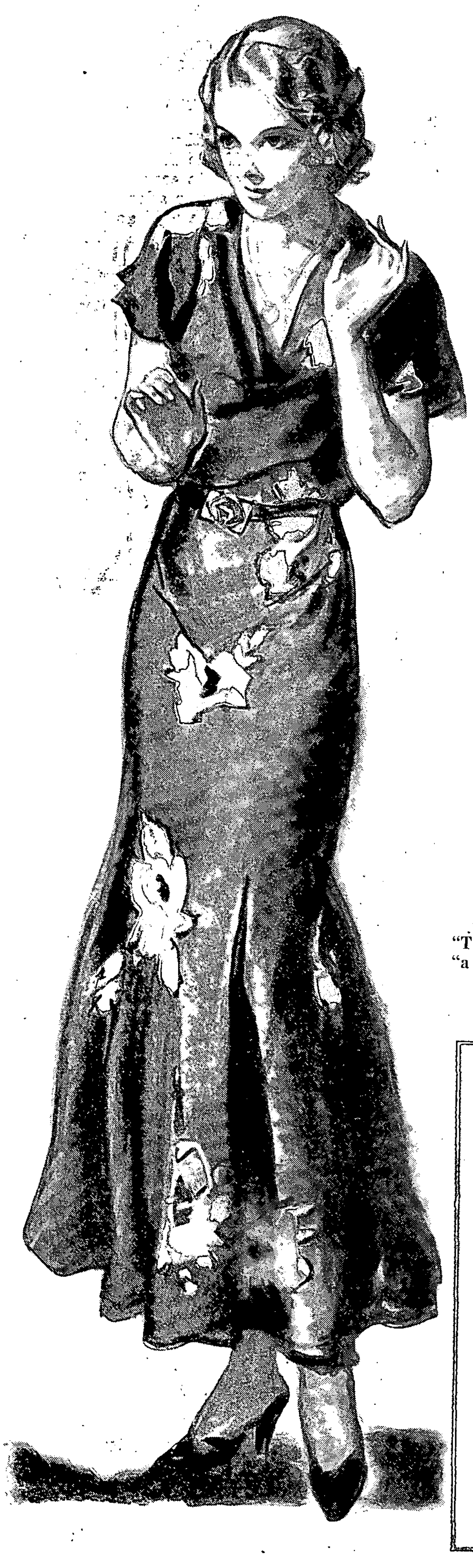
sure that she hasn't brought you here for—for any other reason?"

Melissa looked at him gravely. Aquamarine; the clearness of Mediterranean waters near Sorrento.

"Evander," she said, "don't you suppose I think our mothers were as ridiculous as you do? Do you suppose that they don't know, now we're older, how absurd and sentimental they were to say we were engaged when we were babies, and keep it up the silly way they did until you fell into that murderous temper?"

He surveyed her gloomily. "There's nothing I wouldn't put past women," he said. "Especially my mother. There's no way of getting a notion out of her brain, once it's lodged there."

Melissa arose; her eyes flashed. "If you think, Evander Sewell, that I would come to your house with a thought of marrying you—! If you've a conditioned reflex, so have I. I can see you still, struggling to get at me and screaming you'd kill me! And I—I had believed what they said! That I was your betrothed! Imagine what I felt when I saw you hated me! Do you suppose—even yet—I'd have come here—where you were—if I could have helped myself!" And she burst into tears and ran to her room.



"There is," said Evander, "a taxidermist down the road a bit"

IT WAS a situation he was utterly unprepared for. He was ready for guile and indirection, but not for temper, a hot little fury of a temper, suddenly resolved into tears. He followed to the door of her room.

"Go away!" she cried, her face in the pillow.

"But—honey," he said, "honey apple-blossom, I—I didn't mean—I didn't mean a thing—"

She sat bolt upright, tears in her beautiful eyes.

"Wh-what did you call me?" she cried.

"Oh, darn!" he said. "Oh, darn!" and he fled. His dignity did not permit flight. He returned, tapped on her door and stood framed in it, looking dangerous and violent again.

"You inquired what I called you," he said. "I said, 'Honey apple-blossom'—if you want to know. It was because you made me think of them!" With that he stalked away.

He met his mother coming in. She had twinkling eyes amid sun wrinkles and the wheedling way of a peace-loving woman who has lived a great deal among high-tempered men.

"Was that nice—was it open and aboveboard—?" he began. She raised her hand deprecatingly.

"Do I have to go out again? I'm so tired," she cajoled. "I just thought it so much simpler to have it happen all at once than to have to talk and argue about it. You argue so long, you know—" And she went to find her guest, thinking that a genius for a son was sometimes difficult.

"Was Evander nice to you?" she asked Melissa, who was powdering her nose.

"He was very nice. It was I who was horrid. He thought I'd come for the same old reason—your romantic notion, and Mother's—and it was I who blew up."

Mrs. Sewell nodded. "Evander is one of those young men," she said, "who like girls so much they're desperately afraid of them."

The next day Melissa rested and was almost invisible. The day after that:

"Why don't you take Melissa out on the dunes?"

"Sure," said Evander pleasantly. "Come on."

"I don't think I'll go," said Melissa primly.

"Oh, very well," said Evander. He started down the walk.

"Oh, Evander! I'll come! Wait—wait—" she called.

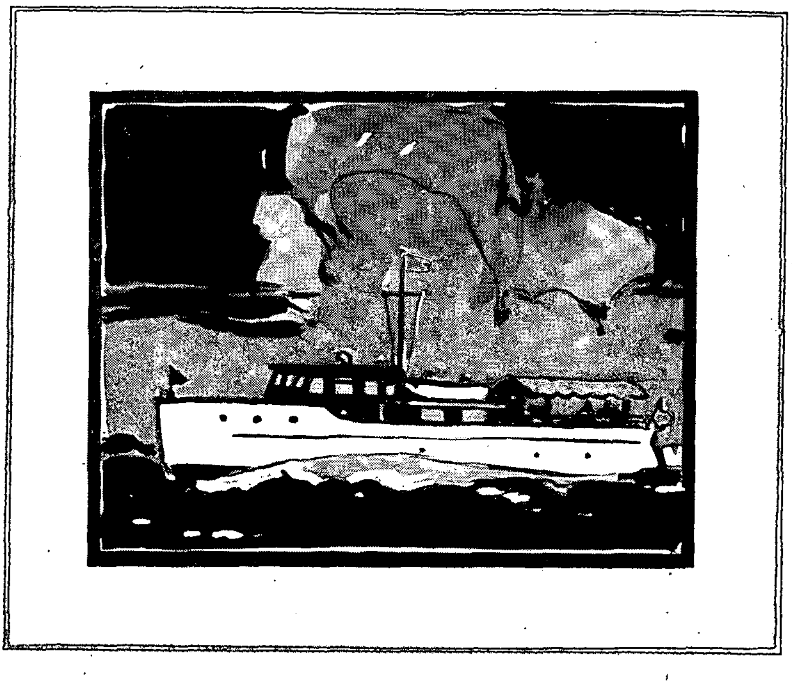
"You don't know your own mind any more than you used to," said Evander. "You always used to do that."

"I wish you'd stop talking about how I used to be," she said hotly.

"Your temper," he said judiciously, "has not improved; and your eyes are not so different—"

"Evander," she said furiously, "it would take only a little to make me slap you."

"Oh, Melissa," he cajoled, "I'm only teasing you. I'll take you on a perfectly lovely walk." And they went by secret ways through early spring woods to where beach plums were abloom on the dunes and one could look over the sea. And they had a beautiful time until they got home.



Mrs. Sewell was making out a list. "I'm going to ask some of the young people to meet Melissa," she said.

"Who are you going to have?" said Evander.

"Stephen Frost and Miles Jeffers, and Polly and May Stanwood, and—"

"Why do you ask those first two goops?" said Evander.

"They're very nice ambitious young men," said Mrs. Sewell.

"If you call racing each other to see who can pile up the most money ambition—"

"They've always raced each other. They're bosom friends, and they've been rivals in school and in college, and each has been working since then to outstrip the other. Everyone can't be a scientist."

"Well, I'm not coming to any party where they are," said Evander.

AFTER that it seemed to Evander he never came near the house without seeing Miles or Stephen coming or going. So he kept away and sunk himself in his work, and was vaguely distant with Melissa and his mother.

One day when Evander came in from work he found both of them. They were extremely tall young men, and they sat glowering, one on each side of Melissa.

"Hello, Evander," said the blond one.

"Hello, Stephen," said Evander. "Hello, Miles."

"Oh, hello, Evander!" said the dark one, who couldn't take his eyes off Melissa.

"I suppose you think we're joking," Stephen said to Melissa.

"Or crazy," added Miles.

"Oh, no!" said Melissa. "Or very nice, if you are."

"Which?" asked Stephen.

"Either or both," said Melissa. She looked out from under her lashes first at one and then at the other.

Play-acting, thought Evander. Play-acting with the big boobies—for he had the natural detestation of a middle-sized man for mere bulk, born of an unwilling admiration. Aloud he said coldly:

"Why should Melissa think you're joking or crazy?"

Miles looked at Evander insolently. "Because we have just asked Melissa to marry us!"

"'*We*'?" said Stephen coldly. "*I*. I thought of it first—"

"Your mother asked us for tea with Melissa this afternoon, both of us," said Miles.

"Oh, she did!" cried Evander.

"AND on the way home I said, 'That's just the girl I want to marry'—at which Miles, who can't see me have anything without wanting to take it away from me, said, 'Is that so?' Get it out of your mind, for she's the girl I'm *going* to marry!' I left him at the club and turned around and came back. But when I got here the crook had gotten here before me. I came at eighty; it's a wonder he didn't break his fool neck."

"So," said Melissa, "they sat sulking at each other, and then Miles told me about it—"

"I had to," said Miles. "Stephen forced my hand. I would have preferred courting you properly, and having you get to know me."

"And getting to know her, I suppose," Evander sneered.

"No," said Stephen, "we neither of us need to know her any better. But she shall have all the time she wants to know us."

(Continued on page 34)

Where would the Money go?

The money Senator Borah refers to is that vast sum called "international debts" which many statesmen think we should reduce or forgive. Under the present domestic arrangements in the European family, the senator thinks the money would go for more armament. It's a useful question and Senator Borah says we have a right to ask it

By William E. Borah

Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations

IF THE International Chamber of Commerce had been an international parliament, possessing legislative powers commensurate with the jurisdiction assumed by that body at its recent meeting in Washington, it would have voted by overwhelming majorities to repeal our tariff laws, to cancel the international debts, to renounce the Monroe Doctrine, and would have done many other things in accordance with its conception of international good will and the economic rehabilitation of Europe.

No great government and no people were ever discovered to have so many unwise and ruinous laws and policies as were charged to the United States. And no government or people ever received at the beneficent hands of foreign friends a more drastic and thorough overhauling on account of its flagrant mistakes and shortcomings than the government of the United States received at the hands of our visitors. Our lack of an "international mind," our feeble grasp of "international obligations," our provincial conception of national interests were again vigorously, and with some impatience, brought to our attention and to that of the whole world.

The subject receiving the most serious and persistent attention was that of the cancellation of the international debts. The international debts, as we all know, have once been the subject of adjustment. The amount for which we now hold the obligations of foreign governments is by no means the amount which they had originally agreed to pay. The adjustment which resulted in the reduction of the original amount was a rather generous adjustment, for it ranged from twenty-eight cents to seventy-two cents on the dollar.

No one ever questioned the legal justification for requiring the full payment of these debts. It was contended at one time, however, that there were certain moral and ethical facts which ought to be considered. But the adjustment followed, and all parties expressed satisfaction. There can be no longer any justification for considering the debts other than as a business or economic problem to be adjusted in accordance with the interest of all parties.

If it can be shown that the cancellation of the debts would do more to relieve the depression than the postponement of payments, then it is certainly a subject which we ought to consider. But, under the present circumstances and in view of present conditions, have we any reason to believe that cancellation of the debts would be of any real benefit either to the creditors or to the debtors? What use would Europe make of the benefits flowing from cancellation?

Under the Young plan, Germany is obligated to pay the European powers between 1930 and 1988 over twenty-six billion dollars. In the same period, from 1930 to 1988, the European Allies are obligated to pay the United States over twenty billion dollars. Here is a mortgage of forty-six billion dollars resting upon the energy and brain of millions living and millions yet unborn. No one can doubt its economic effect upon world affairs. It would be serious enough if the debtors were enjoying even reasonable prosperity. But the reverse is true. Germany at the present time has about 5,000,000 unemployed. England has 2,500,000 unemployed. Her debt amounts to something like thirty-seven billions. Other countries, obligated and involved, are not so seriously situated, but all are in distress, economically and financially.

But, on the other hand, in the United States we have some six million unemployed, which means some twenty-five or thirty million directly affected. Our wholesale prices have fallen more than twenty per cent, our production thirty-five per cent. The problem, therefore, is one of dealing with the subject of debts and reparations in a way that all concerned and the people throughout the world may receive some benefit. These sums due belong to the American taxpayers and, if there is to be cancellation, there must be some reasonable assurance that in lieu of the money due they will enjoy some economic advantage.

Why Neglect Private Debts?

It is easy for the debtor to say: It would be convenient and to my advantage to have this debt canceled. But there is also another side to the problem which affects the creditors. To illustrate: Our private citizens have now made investments and other advancements abroad to the amount of $17,000,000,000. If relief from debts is to be regarded as one of the avenues of escape from the present depression, it might be said with equal fairness that these private citizens should scale down their credits. If the decline of prices and the rise in the value of money pleads for readjustment of public debts, it is equally true of private debts.

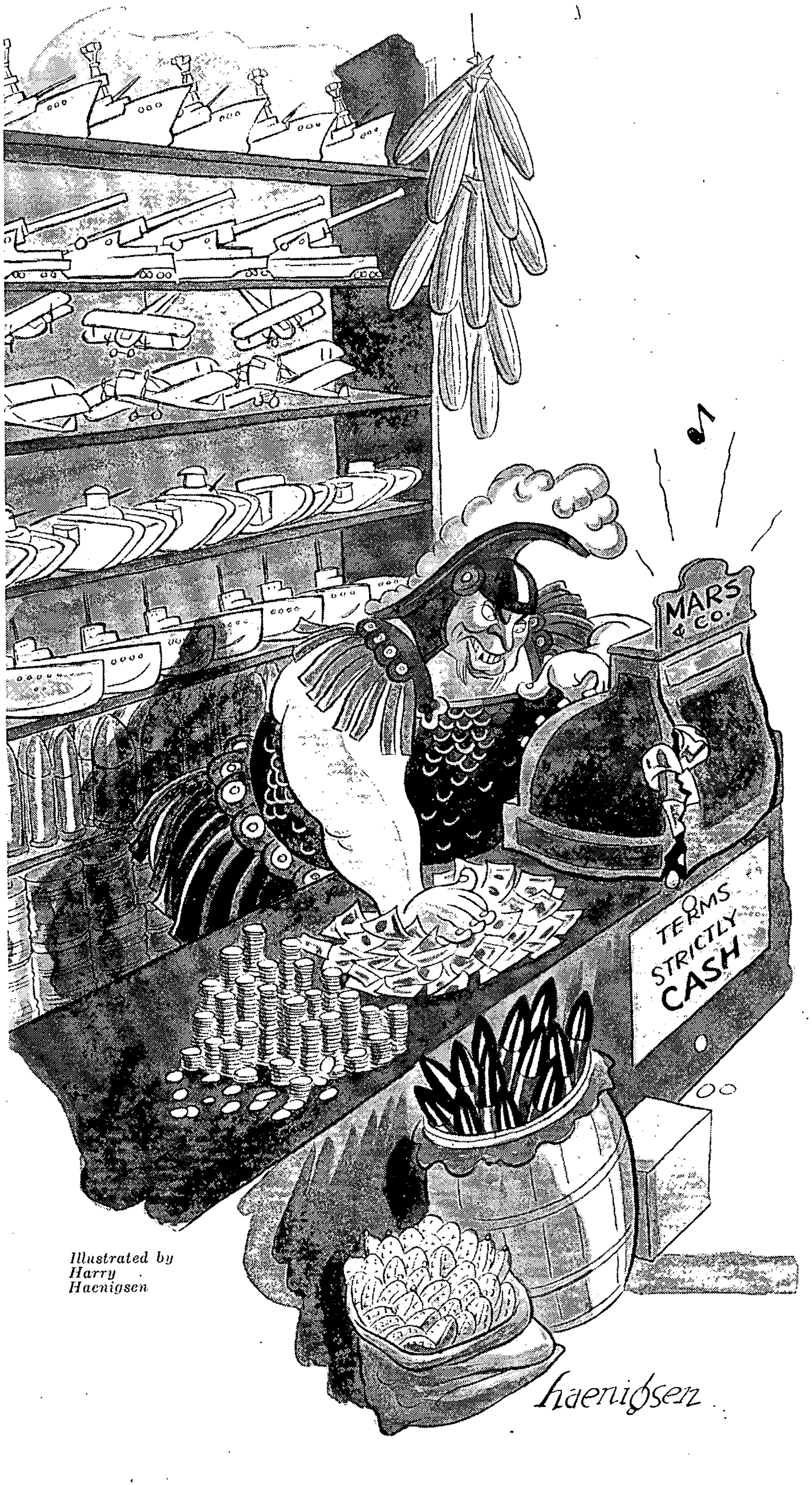
If these private creditors were asked to consider any such proposition, they would feel compelled, no doubt, to ask: Is there any just reason to assume that by our making this reduction our clients, or the people generally, would receive any genuine benefits—would it help to relieve the present depression? What use is to be made of the benefits of the settlement by the debtors?

In just the same way the American taxpayer is entitled to inquire: Have we any assurance that a debt settlement will be so utilized as to be an economic advantage to the people throughout the world and particularly to those who hold the obligation?

When the great World War ended, everybody looked forward to the lifting of the crushing weight of armaments. It was recognized by all that this was essential to the prosperity and happiness of all people, if not to the preservation of civilization. Germany was disarmed. In the Treaty of Versailles was found the statement that the disarming of Germany was brought about to render possible the initiation of the general limitation of armaments of all nations. Viscount Cecil, referring to this clause, recently declared: "We are bound by repeated and express undertakings to promote the reduction and limitation of armaments by international agreement. We have given that pledge in several treaties: it was on the faith of an undertaking to that effect given by Clemenceau on behalf of the Allied and Associated Powers that Germany signed the Treaty of Versailles." It was so construed also by those who caused the provision to be written in the treaty.

Twelve years and more have passed. The pledge of the treaty stands unredeemed; in fact, it has been ruthlessly disregarded. The nations which were to initiate disarmament have initiated armaments on a larger scale than ever before. The total amount, outside of Germany and Austria, expended annually in war preparations in Europe is now about $2,500,000,000, and armaments are seventy per cent greater than before the war. Indeed, it has been said with much justification that Europe is an armed camp. The tax collector is searching every nook and corner of the different countries for something to tax—a little more to be extorted from the overburdened people. And for what purpose? Largely to increase armaments.

What reason therefore is there to doubt that, if the American taxpayer should conclude to cancel these obligations, the benefit or advantage derived from such action would go to swell the budgets for more armaments?



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The conditions with which Europe is wrestling and which tie her to her program of heavier and heavier armaments are conditions which debt cancellation would not and could not ameliorate. Before debt cancellation can be of any real value in bettering economic conditions in Europe, something must be done in order that the effect of cancellation may reach the people.

Would the cancellation of the debts make the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain any less objectionable, any more endurable to one half of the population of Europe? Would it improve the conditions which increased, from twelve to 107, the number of National Socialists in Germany elected on a platform pledged to "the cancellation of the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain;" or the conditions which assembled 100,000 distressed and hungry people a short while ago in protest against the Treaty of Trianon? Would it satisfy the German people in their insistent demand that Germany be unshackled and given a place of responsibility and equal rights with other nations? Would it solve, or even help to solve, the problem of Eastern frontiers? Would it in the least dispose of the border disputes and the treatment of national minorities?

How can Europe disarm under these conditions and until these problems are adjusted? And how can Europe return to the arts, to industry, to the avocations of peace so long as the European mind is vexed with fear and suspicion and so long as the spirit of the victor obtains in one part and the humiliation of the vanquished in the other?

That the peace treaties now stand as a barrier against the economic recovery of Europe is not alone the view of those who are directly affected, but the judgment also of those who view the problem not as partisans, but as neutrals and with deep sympathy. William Martin, the distinguished editor of the *Journal de Genève,* writing under the title Europe as I See It Today, says: "The misfortune of the treaties of peace—perhaps it was inevitable—was to try to conciliate things that were irreconcilable and to obtain as results of the peace things incompatible with each other. . . . As these considerations which often contradict each other have always been applied to the injury of the conquered and to the profit of the conquerors, or of their friends, it can be said with little exaggeration that the treaties of 1919 were similar to the greater part of the treaties of history.

Europe's Own "Vicious Circle"

"The moral instability which now reigns in Europe is the result of this fact. Badly drawn frontiers quite naturally provoke the complaints of certain nations and the disquietude of others. On the one hand, and immediately after the war, the victors, instead of being able to rest, were, or believed they were, obliged to arm themselves to defend their territorial integrity which had been newly acquired. . . .

"Europe is enclosed in a vicious circle. The internal political crisis of the nations is the consequence of the social situation; the social situation is bad because the economic situation is not good. . . . The war, which directly created the difficulties with which we are struggling, indirectly prevents their solution because of its psychological results. The nations are divided by political questions; these differences of opinion make them fear the return of war and consequently turn them away from military disarmament, without which there can be no pacification of public opinion and no tariff disarmament, without which we cannot hope for prosperity nor, consequently, for social, political and moral calm. All these things hold together."

Whatever may have been the necessity and the justification for the terms of these treaties at the time, nevertheless they were dictated treaties, they dealt with war and were written in the spirit of war, they were not written with a view to the workings of peace nor written in the interest of the economic recovery of *all* Europe.

New conditions have arisen and new treaty terms are regarded as essential to the restoration of economic health. Economic health is essential to disarmament and peace. There can be no permanent or durable peace that does not have its foundation in economic justice. Neither leagues, nor pacts, nor international courts can maintain peace when economic justice is absent. A new generation has also come on the stage. It resents the limitations upon natural progress and the attempt to subordinate and control national development. Instead of conditions improving, the situation grows more tense and the feeling on both sides deepens in bitterness.

In March last, Germany and Austria negotiated a tariff treaty—designed to eliminate tariff barriers between the two countries and facilitate trade between them—a step in the direction which it had long been urged that Europe should hasten to take. In neutral countries the treaty met with practically universal approval. All regarded it as helpful to the economic recovery of Europe. In the United States the press approved with scarcely a notable exception. Speaking editorially, a leading paper declared: "There can be no doubt that it will prove a wise one [step], profitable for both countries and an instructive example to other nations."

This may be said to be the view expressed by business, by politics and by the press. But that which was looked upon with approval elsewhere was denounced in unmeasured terms by certain powers in Europe. The sacred integrity of the Versailles Treaty seemed to be challenged, and this simple, exceedingly wise tariff act set all Europe in an uproar.

The bare technical question of whether it contravenes the Versailles Treaty or the Protocol has now gone to the League of Nations; and the League has called upon the Court, as its legal adviser, to be informed whether the tariff treaty is inhibited by the public law of Europe—the Versailles Treaty. If the Court should decide that it contravenes the Versailles Treaty, then you will have nailed down and riveted upon the civilization of Europe a treaty whose terms forbid the most essential things for the recovery of Europe—which takes away for all time the right to change economic plans or to do that which would mean some relief, some succor, for its distressed people.

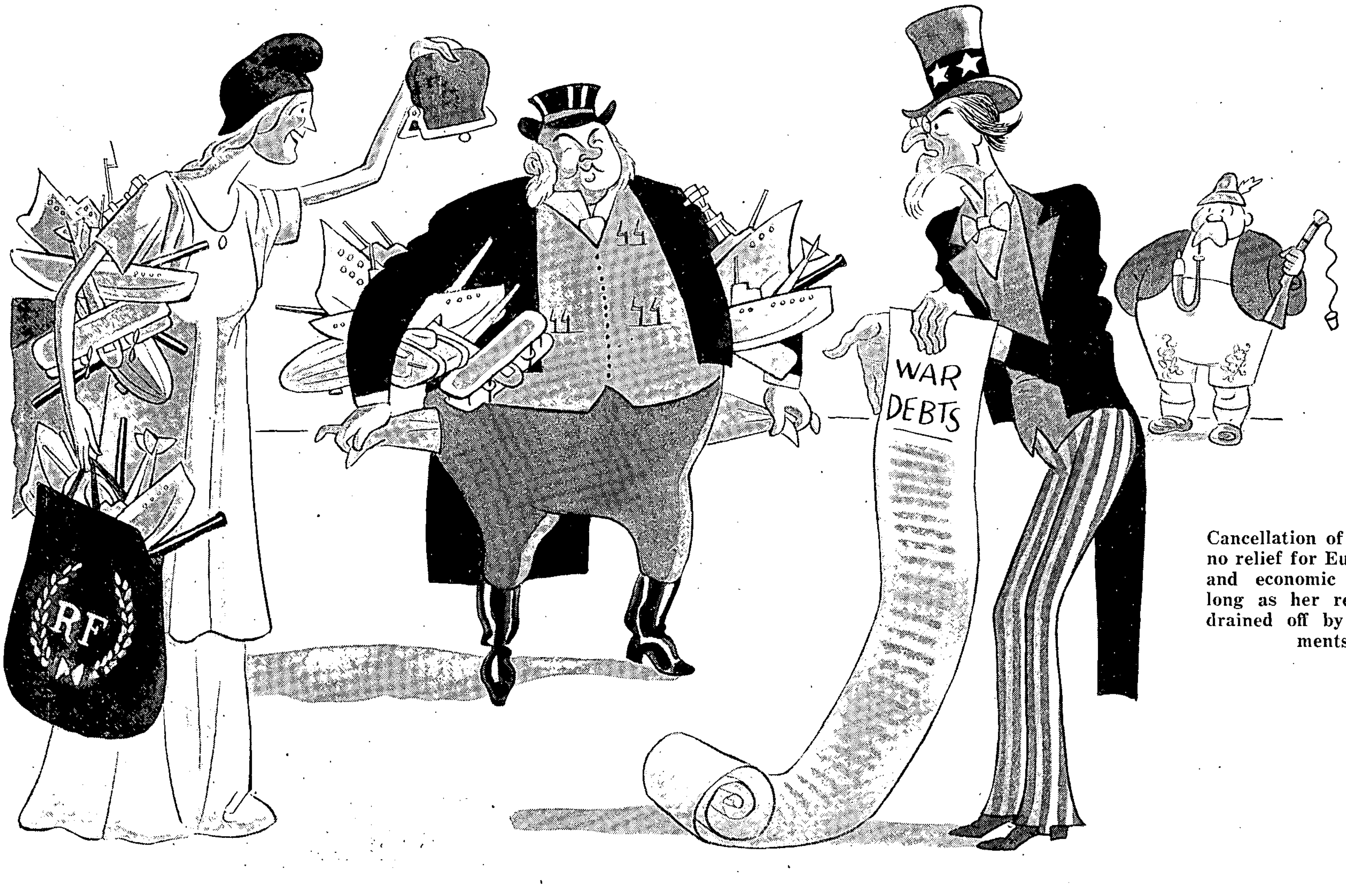
If the Court decides that the tariff treaty is not in conflict with the Versailles Treaty, that really settles nothing, for, in that event, the political wisdom of the tariff treaty is to be passed upon. It is to be passed upon by the League which, under the circumstances, is the same as being passed upon by those who have already condemned it.

A Many-Sided Problem

The able Minister of Foreign Affairs for Czechoslovakia has, in a public address, already announced: "To investigate only the legal side of the matter would be to examine only one comparatively insignificant section of the problem. Even if the legal side of the matter is solved, in one way or another, the political and economic problem remains in its full extent. . . . The matter of this so-called customs union is one of the gravest political and economic problems of contemporary Europe."

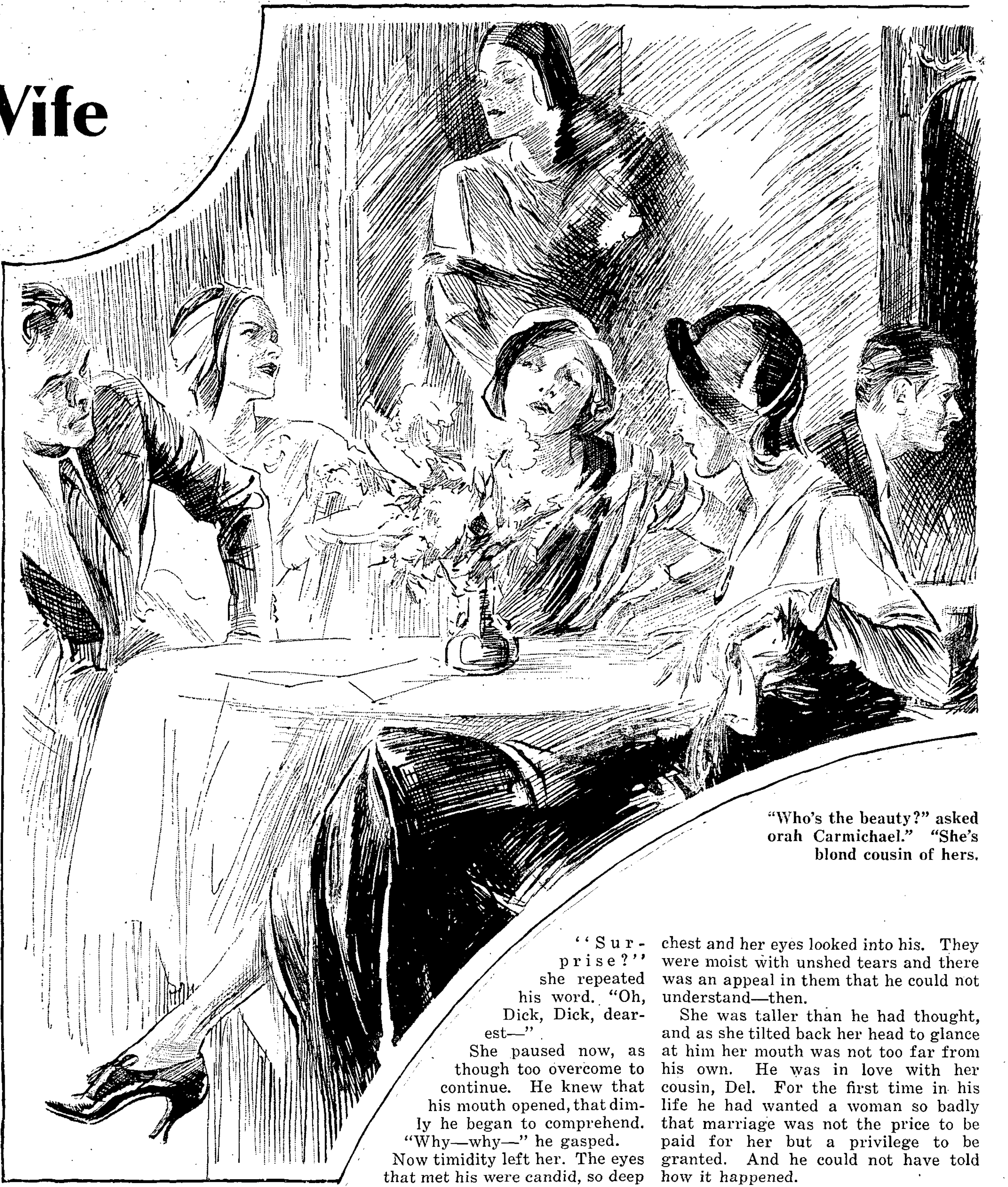
The retiring President of France, in a public address at Nice, a short time after the negotiation of the treaty, declared: "France must be on her guard, particularly because of a brusque event [the Austro-German tariff treaty]. The very history of the country where that event occurred contains precedents full of teachings which it would be dangerous for us to forget. I do not wish to dramatize anything, but we must put

(Continued on page 39)



Cancellation of debts offers no relief for Europe's moral and economic distress as long as her resources are drained off by vast armaments

The Wrong Wife



"Who's the beauty?" asked orah Carmichael." "She's blond cousin of hers.

The Story Thus Far:

AT HIS beautiful "camp" in Maine, former United States Senator Carmichael amazes Richard Cordova by calmly announcing that the next mayor of New York City may be—Richard Cordova!

"Impossible!" gasps Cordova. Carmichael smiles—waves a hand at two other men, Martine and Grenfell, political powers, who are present. "We," he replies, "will make you mayor, provided you win that Drovers and Builders case. . . ."

At the camp are the ex-senator's two dashing nieces: Deborah and Del Carmichael. Deborah, the younger, Cordova finds amusing. But, back in New York, it is to Del, not Deborah, his thoughts turn; and presently he writes to her—tells her he loves her.

After which, the adventures of Richard Cordova, Assistant District Attorney of New York, begin. A girl—a beautiful girl—tries to pick him up. Grady, a newspaper reporter, who has been shadowing Cordova, steps forward, orders the girl away. Then—

"Cordova," he says, "they're after you!"

"Who? Why?" asks Cordova, mystified. And Grady tells him his theory: Cordova's superiors, who are Carmichael's enemies, do *not* want to win that Drovers and Builders case. Having learned, however, that, due to brilliant work, he may possibly win it, they are plotting to discredit him, to force him out of office!

Several days pass. Cordova waits impatiently for a letter from Maine. None comes, however, for a very good reason: Del Carmichael has never received Cordova's letter. Mistaking the "Del" in the address for "Deb," the Carmichael butler *had handed the letter to Deborah*; and Deborah, madly in love with Cordova, had opened it, read it, kept it.

Returning to his apartment one evening, *Cordova is met by Webbing, his valet.* "There's a lady waiting for you, sir," the man announces. "A Miss Carmichael, who—"

Cordova does not wait to hear more. Del has come to him—Del loves him! Dashing past Webbing, he enters the sitting-room. A girl is standing by the window, her back to Cordova. She turns to greet him. It is not Del Carmichael—*it is Deborah!*

VI

IT IS in moments of surprise that details fix themselves most clearly in our minds. Deborah had the faintest mole, the tiniest of beauty spots, just below her left ear. Cordova had *not* noticed it when he saw her at Warumkeg, but now it took on—as it never would again—the proportions, almost, of a blemish. Also—because in shock we grasp at irrelevancies—he wondered what on earth she could have been looking at through the window. From a lighted room one can see practically nothing outside, except other lights. . . .

But now, as, having taken one step toward him, she paused, other details fixed themselves in his consciousness. Her gray eyes were wider spaced than he had thought; her hair had a ripple that might have seemed windblown but for the fact that each strand lay smoothly in place. The simple traveling suit she wore, the absurdly small shoes, the gay little hat which seemed perched on the back of her head—all these things together made her different from the girl whom he had met at Carmichael's camp.

But it was not, he subconsciously recognized, a difference caused by such externals as clothing or change of scene. At Warumkeg he had met a girl; here he met a woman. Within the girl there had transpired that subtle change that makes for maturity.

He caught at his wits; he was standing there, gawky, bewildered, uncertain. It was the sudden, vivid blush that colored her cheeks that brought him to realization of the fact that he had not yet greeted her.

"Why—why—this is a surprise—I—"

HE stopped, self-angered that facility of speech should desert him. The wide gray eyes appraised him. Behind the embarrassment in them lay a coolness of calculation that, if it could have been read by him, would have changed the whole course of his life. But he, embarrassed himself, could only see the obvious things, the fiery blush on her face, the timidity of her manner. He *felt* her maturity, but couldn't recognize it.

No faintest suspicion of the reason for her presence had entered his mind. If suspicion had been in his thoughts, he might have spoken, might have said something—though afterward he wondered what could have been said—that would have deflected her from her purpose.

"Surprise?" she repeated his word. "Oh, Dick, Dick, dearest—"

She paused now, as though too overcome to continue. He knew that his mouth opened, that dimly he began to comprehend.

"Why—why—" he gasped.

Now timidity left her. The eyes that met his were candid, so deep is the guile that may lie behind gray eyes.

"Dick—beloved—your letter—"

She took another step forward—another. Then, with a sudden rush, she was close to him, her arms about him, her head hidden on his chest.

His letter. Comprehension was definite now. His abominable handwriting! The passionate avowal meant for Del had gone to Deborah. And she—she had taken it for herself—and responded. What an ironical thing life was! He had wondered if the same lightning that had struck him could possibly strike a lovely girl at the same time. Well, it had. But not the girl he had wanted.

The slim young body pressed against him shivered; he felt a sob shaking her. Involuntarily his arms went about her, held her, to soothe, to comfort. An ache struck his heart. This was tragedy of the bitterest sort. This proud young thing, to have given him her heart, unwanted, unasked.

A moment ago he had felt her maturity; now she seemed absurdly young again. But even as he came to that conclusion her face raised from his chest and her eyes looked into his. They were moist with unshed tears and there was an appeal in them that he could not understand—then.

She was taller than he had thought, and as she tilted back her head to glance at him her mouth was not too far from his own. He was in love with her cousin, Del. For the first time in his life he had wanted a woman so badly that marriage was not the price to be paid for her but a privilege to be granted. And he could not have told how it happened.

THE parted lips murmured something; the moist lashes quivered; the young body pressed against him trembled; her hands slipped from his shoulders to his neck, deflecting his head.

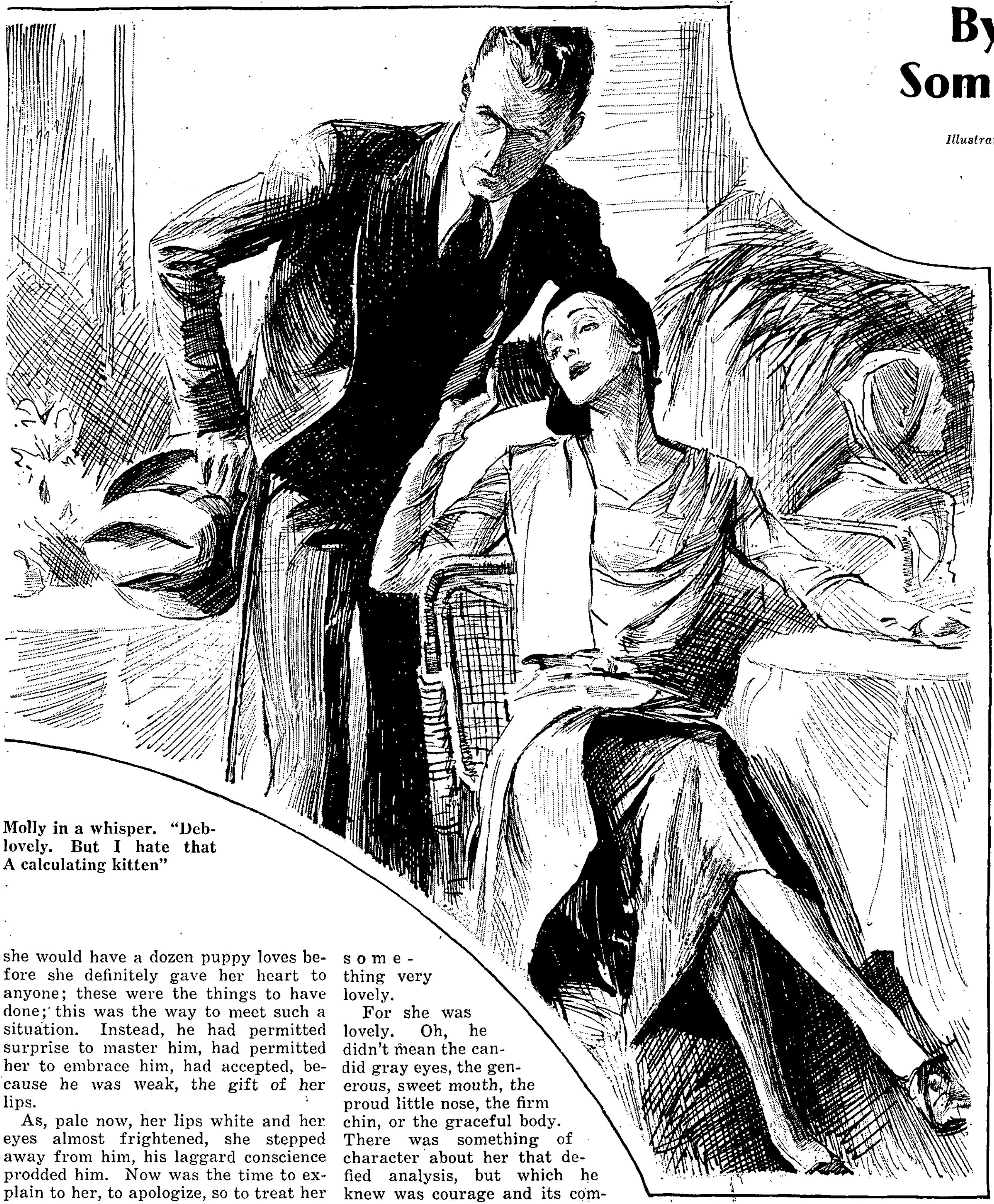
Even as his lips moved to meet hers, vague warnings were in his ears; voices seemed to call to him that this was a hideous mistake, that the mistake should not be permitted to change the whole course of his life, his love. But as his lips met hers, the warnings were stilled and he was only aware that something incredibly sweet, something unbelievably young, was in his arms, was returning his kiss.

Self-hatred mastered him as swiftly as desire had conquered him. Gently he released the girl, faintly surprised that she relinquished her embrace so quickly. What a cad he had been! To accept—and return—the first kiss of passion that a young girl offered. When he felt for her nothing of affection, when she was merely the barest acquaintance.

To have explained to her, then to have laughed gayly at her, pointed out to her that she was very young, that

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman



Molly in a whisper. "Deb-
lovely. But I hate that
A calculating kitten"

she would have a dozen puppy loves before she definitely gave her heart to anyone; these were the things to have done; this was the way to meet such a situation. Instead, he had permitted surprise to master him, had permitted her to embrace him, had accepted, because he was weak, the gift of her lips.

As, pale now, her lips white and her eyes almost frightened, she stepped away from him, his laggard conscience prodded him. Now was the time to explain to her, to apologize, so to treat her youth that her pride would be spared, but her common sense aroused.

"I loved you, Dick," she said slowly, "the moment you stepped on the dock."

She sank into a chair, and he wondered at the easy grace of her movement. At Warumkeg he had thought her a bit of a tomboy; now she had a smooth grace that belied the hoyden.

"Your letter came," she went on.

This was his opportunity. He had only to laugh gently, to take her hand, and offer an explanation. Oh, her pride would be hurt, but he was clever enough to talk her out of that. But inwardly he shook his head at this conclusion. Clever talk might have been well enough for the girl whom he had seen—dimly, through the aura of Del—at the lake, but clever talk would not ease the hurts of the woman who faced him now.

But it was absurd that a man's whole life should take a channel never meant for it because a girl made a mistake. Chivalry was good enough, but common sense was more important. But as he told himself this fact, he knew that it was not good enough. Only chivalry was good enough when one encountered something very lovely.

For she was lovely. Oh, he didn't mean the candid gray eyes, the generous, sweet mouth, the proud little nose, the firm chin, or the graceful body. There was something of character about her that defied analysis, but which he knew was courage and its component parts.

Chivalry? But to enter a marriage—it meant that—loveless, with his heart obsessed with another girl—what chivalry was there in that? Could he live a lie forever? Could he profess to this candid young thing that he adored her, when every time he kissed her he would imagine other lips upon his own?

HE blushed guiltily. There had been a fleeting second when her lips had possessed their own identity, when there had been no need of picturing another to taste the savor of herself. For one moment her kiss had been enough to thrill him. . . .

But that—well, she was lovely, and he was a man. Because he had been weak for one moment did not mean that he had lost all his strength. Nor did it mean that he must condemn himself to an undesired marriage.

"I tried to answer it," she went on. "I wrote and wrote and only tore up. And the more I tried to write the more I knew that letters weren't enough, that nothing would be enough except seeing you, marrying you. Oh, don't hold me cheaply, Dick. After all, women are not so different from men. Some men would think a woman—easy—because she admitted, as quickly as a man, that she loved. But the right kind of man would know. Would understand. A man like you.

"You'd felt—instantly—whatever it is that makes men and women fall in love. Why should I be—coy? Why should I fence and flirt? That is the essential cheapness; frankness can't be cheap, can it? You've stepped into a new life, into politics. A love affair might distract you, swerve you from your purpose. But a marriage—if your wife was beside you—to help as much as she could, and to understand— You wanted me, Dick. I wanted you, too. Why shouldn't I come to you, and tell you that I loved you as you loved me, and that I was ready for you?"

Farther and farther, with every word she uttered, was extrication. If, clinging to him, between kisses, she had gasped out words like these, he might have been able to say to himself that this was puppy love. But the steadiness of her voice, the candid way in which she looked at him, made him realize that here was no schoolgirl with a hero, but an adult to whom marriage meant more even than romance.

To say to this girl that she had read a letter intended for another, that he didn't love her. . . . The words could not be forced past his lips. If he rejected her, she would not weep; but something would flash in those gray eyes that would never disappear, something of hurt, of agony. And he could not administer that hurt.

Nevertheless, he grasped feebly at trifles.

"But your uncle—"

"I told Uncle I was going to visit Dolly Granger at Southampton. I brought Jennie, my maid, with me. I—I told her that I—was going to marry you."

"You shouldn't have come here, to my rooms," he said feebly.

SHE smiled now, for the first time since he had entered the apartment, and the room was brightly illumined.

"I thought you were a hard-working young man who could spare no time for parties or gayeties," she said. "I got in this afternoon and registered Jennie and myself at the Vendome. I phoned and you were out. I—I wanted to see you, Dick. I thought I'd like to see, too, the way you lived as a bachelor. I like it. Your man didn't know just when you'd be back—he said it might be very late, and he was reluctant, discreetly reluctant," she laughed, "to let me stay, but—I insisted."

"You are a willful young woman, aren't you?" he said.

"All people who make life a success are willful," she retorted. "But you aren't angry?"

"How could I be? Only, Deborah, dear, this—don't you want to think this over?"

Quick pride showed in her eyes.

"You mean that—*you* want to think it over?"

"Of course not," he assured her. "But —you're very young—"

"I'm eighteen, old enough to know whether or not I'm in love. I know. And if you are old enough—"

HE SMILED and hoped she didn't notice how wry the grimace was.

"It's just because I'm ten years older than you that I want to be sure of you."

"Ten years? That is nothing, Dick," she scoffed.

"But don't you think your uncle—deserves a little warning?"

She shook her head.

"Uncle's too big for anything like that. He'd know that a matter like this is one in which I would not *permit* anyone to advise me."

"But—it makes a man seem—I visited your uncle. I met you. I marry you. Without telling him, without asking his consent. It—it rather makes me seem—well, strange, doesn't it?"

"Do you perhaps regret the impetuosity of your note?" she demanded.

The stilted words would have made him smile at another time, but now he read the anguished pride that prompted them.

"Dear Deborah," he said, "I only want your happiness. I don't want a breach with your uncle—on your account, not mine."

"Uncles are no good when there are marriages," she said. "An aunt—well, an aunt I'd feel I ought to tell. But men—they don't understand girls!"

"But his feelings," he said helplessly.

She shook her head.

"His feelings won't be hurt. I'll explain I wanted no fuss, no big wedding—Dick, I could be married no other way than quietly; I couldn't tell anyone. It's—so private—so personal. Dick, you haven't said you loved me."

"I wrote it, didn't I?" he parried.

"I want to hear it," she said.

"I love you, Deborah dear," he told her.

WHAT else could he do, what else could he say? Over and over again, in the next moment, while he held her in his arms, while he returned the impetuous kiss she gave him, he asked himself the question. A man of more experience and less chivalry would have known how to meet the situation, but not Cordova. He was a gentleman not merely in the outer aspects and in the superficialities of good taste, but he was well bred to the core.

Had Deborah Carmichael come to him, without any slight occasion, and confessed her love, he would have explained to her that a loveless marriage was an agony, a tragedy. But Deborah Carmichael would not have done a thing like that without occasion. A woman who could do that, without any slightest encouragement, deserved rebuff, and not even chivalry could force Cordova into a marriage with a woman to whom he had made no advances.

But Deborah Carmichael had been drawn to him as he had been drawn to her cousin. And then had occurred the tragi-comedy of his vile chirography. She had received a letter meant for her cousin. How could she know it was not meant for her? He had written a love letter to a girl whom he had seen no more than he had seen Deborah. Why shouldn't Deborah assume it was for her? It wasn't as though he had had a longer acquaintance with Del, or had paid her conspicuous or marked attention. Deborah, counting the moments he had spent with Del, could say that Cordova had spent as much time with her. The spark had ignited her; a spark had ignited Cordova; why shouldn't it be the same spark?

"You don't think I'm too bold?" she asked once.

"Honest, Deborah," he replied.

"And you won't—be sorry? I mean—the impulse won't die?"

"It will never die," he assured her.

"Take me to the hotel," she said.

He left her in the lobby of the Vendome, and their parting was circumspect. He would telephone the first thing in the morning; then he would call for her, and together they would get the marriage license. Then, having lunched uptown, they would make their way to the rectory of St. Francis', where they would be married. Then they would telephone the senator—oh, yes, she was in favor of that as soon as they were married.

And then—but not even his thoughts, as he walked back to his apartment, could quite compass what lay ahead after marriage.

A wife who adored him—he could be sure of that—but whom he did not love. A wife of charm, and brains beyond her years, and what many people would term beauty, and candid sweetness of soul.

But he didn't love her.

Now, walking through the still, hot night, he wondered at himself. Why couldn't he have said to her that she was a silly, romantic schoolgirl, that marriage would only make them both unhappy? . . .

But he knew why he hadn't; she wasn't a silly, romantic schoolgirl; she was a grown woman lastingly in love. But what of it? Unhappiness all his life was a terrific price to pay for having a poor handwriting.

But better that he should be unhappy than that she should be hurt in her pride; again he came back to this. And he was still shrugging his shoulders helplessly over the impasse when he unlocked the door of his apartment.

Webbing, at this late hour, was surprisingly alert to take his hat.

"I'm going to be married in the afternoon, Webbing," said Cordova tersely.

The man nodded.

"I gathered as much, sir."

"You gathered as much?" gasped Cordova.

"The young lady would hardly have called here otherwise," said Webbing.

This, even as a tribute to Deborah's undoubted character, was a trifle too much. Then Cordova understood; Webbing was setting the seal of his approval upon the hasty wedding. Webbing now stated it in so many words.

Cordova thanked him, shook hands, and went to a sleepless bed.

THE bed of Deborah Carmichael was little visited by sleep this night, either. She had almost collapsed in the elevator, and was barely able to drag herself along the corridor to her suite when the elevator disgorged her.

Jennie, wide awake, and none too approving—she didn't know where Deborah had gone but did not believe in the modern idea of trifling chaperonage—stifled a scream at sight of her young mistress.

"Miss Deborah," she gasped. "You—are you going to faint? You look so white—"

Deborah wearily shook her head.

"Just put me to bed, Jennie. Don't talk to me, please."

JENNIE was the rarest maid in the world. She could be efficient without being bustling. She undressed Deborah, gave her a headache tablet, saw that the night light was properly arranged, and tiptoed quietly from the room without even an injunction to go to sleep.

Such an injunction would have been useless, however. Deborah wondered if she would ever be able to sleep again. Her body burned with self-contempt as she lay there in bed. She had taken advantage of all that was gentle and chivalrous in the man she loved. She had lied to him, cheated him.

She had wreaked an unjustifiable wrong upon her cousin. Del had a right to know that Cordova loved her. But she, Deborah, had deprived her cousin of that right.

Her mouth hardened and her eyes grew stern.

Del was no *good.* Oh, Del was a virtuous woman, she supposed; but Del was greedy as the night when it sees the light. Del must swallow everything around her; nothing must have existence save as it existed in her. Dear old Uncle Dan—she had used him, maneuvered him, all the years she had been with him. Oh, Uncle Dan was proud of her, and loved her, but she had no affection to give him. Deborah knew this.

Deborah knew what Del would do with Cordova. She would marry him, chain him to the wheels of her insatiate ambition, move him hither and there like a chessman, and give him nothing but the doubtless pleasure of knowing he was married to a very beautiful woman. Behind that doll-like exterior lay no sawdust, but steel.

Del was the wrong woman for Cordova. She, Deborah, was the right woman. Even shrewd old Uncle Dan admitted that his niece Deborah intuitively knew more about people, at a glance, than weeks of acquaintance would tell him. She had known Cordova's type—his individuality—the moment she saw him. He was gentle of soul, though hard of will. He was kindly, decent. A woman like Del, with her greedy ambitions, would kill everything fine within him. She, Deborah, would make the perfect wife for him.

This wasn't conceit. She knew she had beauty, and she also knew that it was not an obvious beauty. But men who saw her twice lingered to look at her a third time. Her spell was not as instantaneous as Del's, but surer in the long run.

She loved Cordova, instantly, irrevocably. She was clever. She had the things that make men love. It was ridiculous to suppose that if she married Cordova, she couldn't make him forget Del in a week, in a day. Of course she could.

Maybe the ends didn't justify the means—but they ought to. She would make Cordova the kind of wife he needed; she would make him happy; she would be happy herself. The woman who wasn't able to seize the man she wanted, and hold him, wasn't entitled to happiness.

Deceive him? If it were good for him—yes. And it was good for Cordova to be deceived by Deborah. She knew, so much better than he could ever know for himself, what he really wanted. And that was herself. Sometime, in the not too distant future, she would be able to tell him that she had deliberately taken the avowal meant for Del, and he would bless her and thank her for having done so.

But, though she argued until the day's early dawn, though she had, at no time, an intention of receding from her position, the hot blush of shame came back again and again. We can argue as we will about the benefits to be derived from wrongdoing, but if we have conscience, we always go back to it.

CORDOVA telephoned shortly before nine. Through the long night he, too, had suffered agonies, but he had conquered himself. The girl loved him; she thought he loved her; she would never be able to guess, by faintest intimation, that he was anything but an eager lover.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

"Certainly not. Did you?" She marveled at her own brazenness.

"One usually doesn't on the night before a wedding," he laughed.

He marveled at his own cool adroitness.

"I ought to go to my office," he said. "I can arrange for the rest of the week off—but you're marrying a government employee, my child. Our—honeymoon," he hesitated over the word, "must be brief. Can you take a taxi downtown?"

"I'm capable of that great adventure," she said.

"About noon. If you could come to my office—you wouldn't mind?"

"Of course not, silly," she derided. "At noon?"

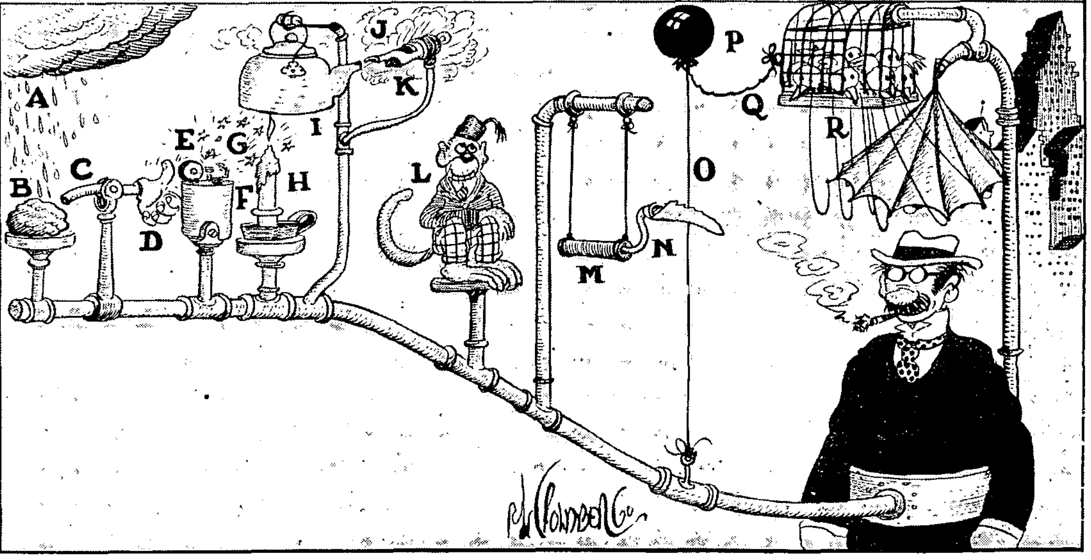
(*Continued on page 31*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIES TO WRITE A LETTER ON A PIECE OF FLYPAPER AND WHILE STRUGGLING TO RELEASE HIMSELF, FINDS AN IDEA FOR A SELF-OPENING UMBRELLA.

RAIN DROPS (A) FALL ON DRIED PRUNE (B) CAUSING IT TO SWELL AND PUSH AGAINST STICK (C) WHICH FORCES IRON HAND (D) TO RUB WHEEL AGAINST FLINT (E) IN EMPTY CIGAR-LIGHTER (F). FLYING SPARKS (G) IGNITE CANDLE (H) WHICH STARTS WATER IN KETTLE (I) BOILING. ESCAPING STEAM (J) BLOWS WHISTLE (K). CIRCUS MONKEY (L) THINKS WHISTLE IS MASTER'S SIGNAL TO START ACT AND JUMPS ON TRAPEZE (M) WHICH SWINGS AND CAUSES EDGE OF KNIFE (N) TO SEVER CORD (O) RELEASING TOY BALLOON (P). AS BALLOON ASCENDS ATTACHED STRING (Q) OPENS DOOR OF CAGE RELEASING IKKLEBIRDS (R) WHICH FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, CAUSING STRINGS TO LIFT ENDS OF UMBRELLA. IF YOU ARE HARD UP AND CAN'T AFFORD A NEW PRUNE FOR EACH SUCCESSIVE RAIN STORM, STAY IN THE HOUSE AND WAIT FOR THE ORIGINAL PRUNE TO GET OLD AND WRINKLED AGAIN.



The Sports'-Eye View

By Grantland Rice

CHARLEY MORAN of Horse Cave, Kentucky, is one of the best umpires in the National League. He was also head coach of Centre's famous Bo McMillin football team. But few fans remember that Moran was also Pop Warner's assistant at Carlisle when the Indians were running amuck.

Pop had remembered Charley as a star with the Massillon Tigers, one of the greatest of all professional football teams. Charley then weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and could run the 100 in 10⅕.

"Can you still do the things you used to do?" Pop had wired Moran. Receiving an affirmative answer, Warner wired Moran to report at Carlisle for a job as trainer and assistant coach.

"The first day out," says Moran, "I noticed Pop was a little backward in telling me the duties of my new job. Finally he said to me: 'You know, Charley, these Indians don't like to tackle and block each other. They seem to get more fun out of tackling a white man. So I want you to show them something. It won't be bad.'

"On that Carlisle team," Moran said, "were such men as Guyon and Calac and a brave named Hawk Eye who stood six feet four and who weighed all of two hundred and fifteen pounds. I might as well have been a prisoner at the stake. They just about murdered me. I had lumps and knots all over me from head to ankle.

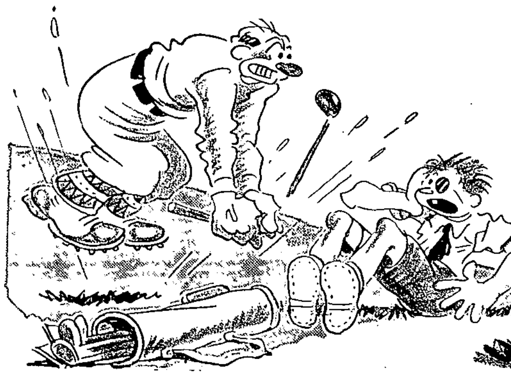
"That night I told Pop I wasn't ready for that type of work and needed about ten days to get back in shape. 'Oh, you're doing fine,' Pop said. 'You can't stop now. You're just getting their confidence.' "

The Missing Hic

Al Jolson tells the story of a golfer whose caddie suddenly started hiccuping. The caddie's staccato accomplishment preceded each stroke for eight holes. Then, at a critical moment coming to the ninth green, there was complete silence on the caddie's part as the duffer missed his shot completely. He promptly turned and knocked the surprised caddie down.

"What did you do that for?" asked the astonished club carrier as he began to pick himself up, "I didn't hiccup that time."

"I know you didn't," said the enraged player, "but I allowed for it."



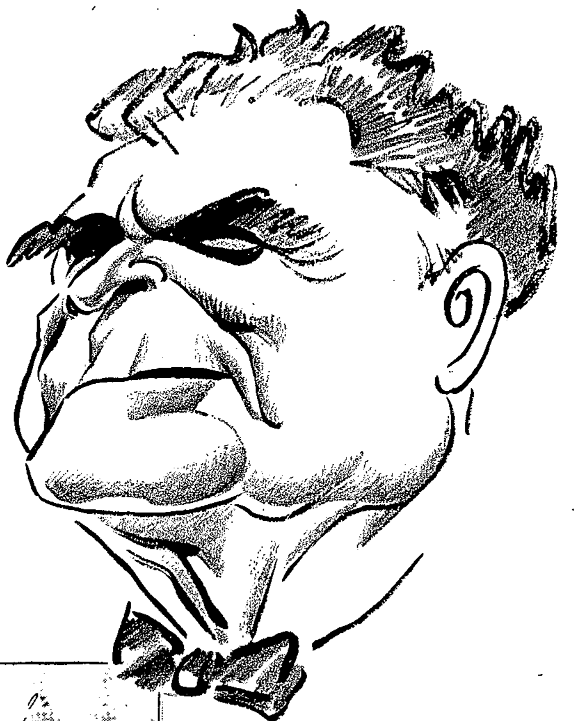
"What did you do that for?" asked the astonished caddie. "I didn't hiccup that time!"

It all depends on the competition you face. In 1911 Shoeless Joe Jackson batted .410 and finished only second because that same season Ty Cobb batted .420. However Jackson's .410 would have led the league in twenty-three out of the last twenty-five years.

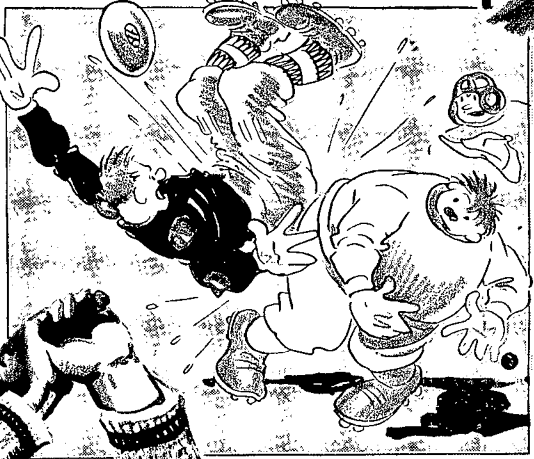
Tape Measures

During one of the big summer track meets a certain shot-putter used adhesive tape to protect an injured finger. A protest was made and the athlete was ordered to remove the tape. His coach then appealed to Keene Fitzpatrick, the veteran Princeton coach who had been in the game for forty years.

He selected the wrong man. "I'm sorry I have to vote against you," Keene said. "But I happen to be the cause of the rule. You see, a shot-putter needs strong fingers that can keep their places. Over twenty years ago I invented leather finger guards and then tape guards to improve my grip. The officials later passed a rule against this practice and so I was the first one to suffer."



Pop Warner: "You're doing fine; you're just getting their confidence"



Referee Tiny Maxwell got in the way and completely broke up a Harvard play

Illustrated by Llanuza

How many recall that at Baltusrol in 1926, at Minikahda in 1928, at Winged Foot in 1929 and at St. Andrews in 1930 Bobby Jones had to sink four sloping, twelve-foot putts to win each match by one up and tie Al Espinosa when a slip would have changed the course of his amazing golf record?

And how many know that the most runs ever scored by two clubs in one big-league baseball game took place August 25, 1922, between the Cubs and Phillies in Chicago? Ring and Weinert pitched for the Phillies against Kaufman, Stenland, Eubanks, Morris and Osborne. Here is the score by innings:

Chi.—1 10 0 14 0 1 0 0 x—26
Phil.—0 3 2 1 3 0 0 8 6—23

Tooth Pickets

Rube Goldberg was playing in an Artists and Writers golf tournament recently when he hooked two shots off the course, just beyond the white stakes marking the boundary line. Finally Rube turned to his opponent and said: "That caddie of yours gets my goat."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the opponent.

"Nothing," said Rube, "except that his mouth looks like out of bounds."

The other golfer looked again and saw his caddie had but three shining upper teeth left, each about an inch apart.

With the all-time home-run record at his mercy, who remembers that Babe Ruth's lifetime pitching mark is the highest average yet turned in by any pitcher, right-handed or left-handed, the same being ninety-two games won and forty-five lost for a percentage of .672? And that his best performance was against the St. Louis Browns, where he won twenty-one games and lost but three?

Just Another Yale Man

In a recent fanning bee Ed Thorpe, the well-known football umpire, told Jess Harper of Notre Dame the story of Tiny Maxwell refereeing a Harvard-Yale battle. Harper and Maxwell played on the same Chicago team years ago.

"In this game," said Thorpe, "Tiny, weighing about three hundred pounds, got in the way of a Harvard runner and completely broke up the impending play.

" 'What are you going to do about that?' howled the wrathful Harvard captain as Tiny finally emerged from the mass.

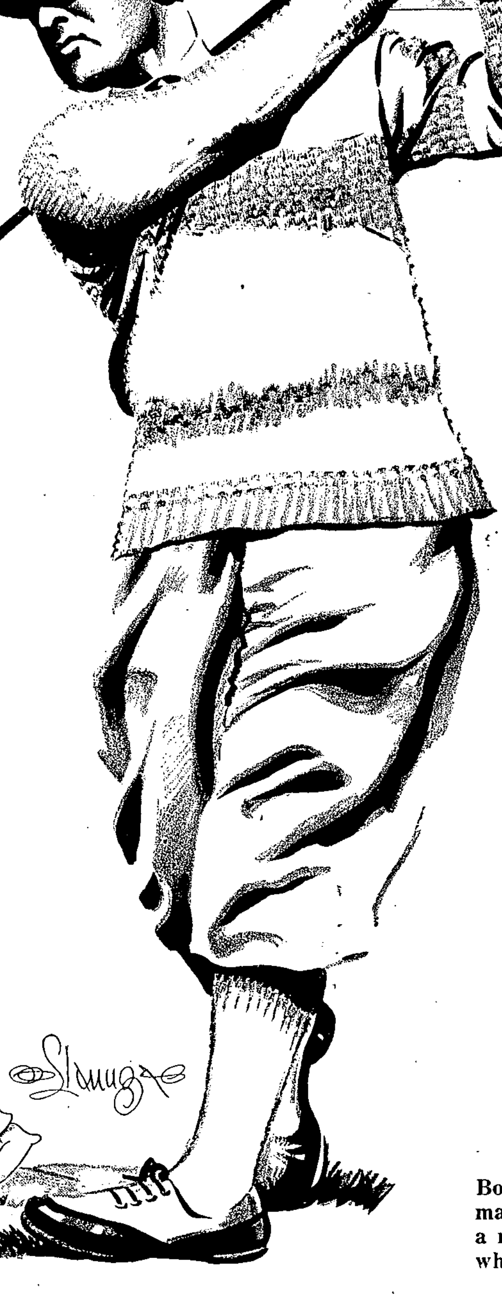
" 'Send for a blue sweater,' remarked Maxwell as he got back on his feet."

I wonder if you recall, back in 1902 or 1903, when Pittsburgh had one of its greatest teams, Christy Mathewson, pitching for the second division Giants, beating the Pirates in eight starts? There was a pitcher.

You hear a lot about "golf shots bought in the shop" through the designs of certain clubs, but no duffer has ever yet stumbled on one.

To "look before you leap" is sound advice if you don't mind losing the impetus of a running start.

To be able to take it is all well enough—until it becomes a habit.



Bobby Jones, the American marvel of the links, has set a record for tournament play which may never be equaled

Before the Flight

Colonel Lindbergh has checked the facts in this story of the preparations for the Paris flight—a story of infinite pains inspired by daring and justified by the event

By Lella Warren

Acme

Lindbergh—snapped before his historic flight to Paris

IT IS strange that in the search for Lindbergh lore that small group of men who coöperated with him in preparing the vehicle for his flight should have been overlooked. In their minds there lie the intimate details and cherished memories of that famous accomplishment. This account is gathered from these men. And consequently it is not a matter of guesswork or conjecture. For each fact has been checked by the participators, so that the narrative may stand in the midst of grandiose romancing and petty gibes as a fragment of tested truth.

This, then, is a setting down of plain facts. And the first plain fact is Irony.

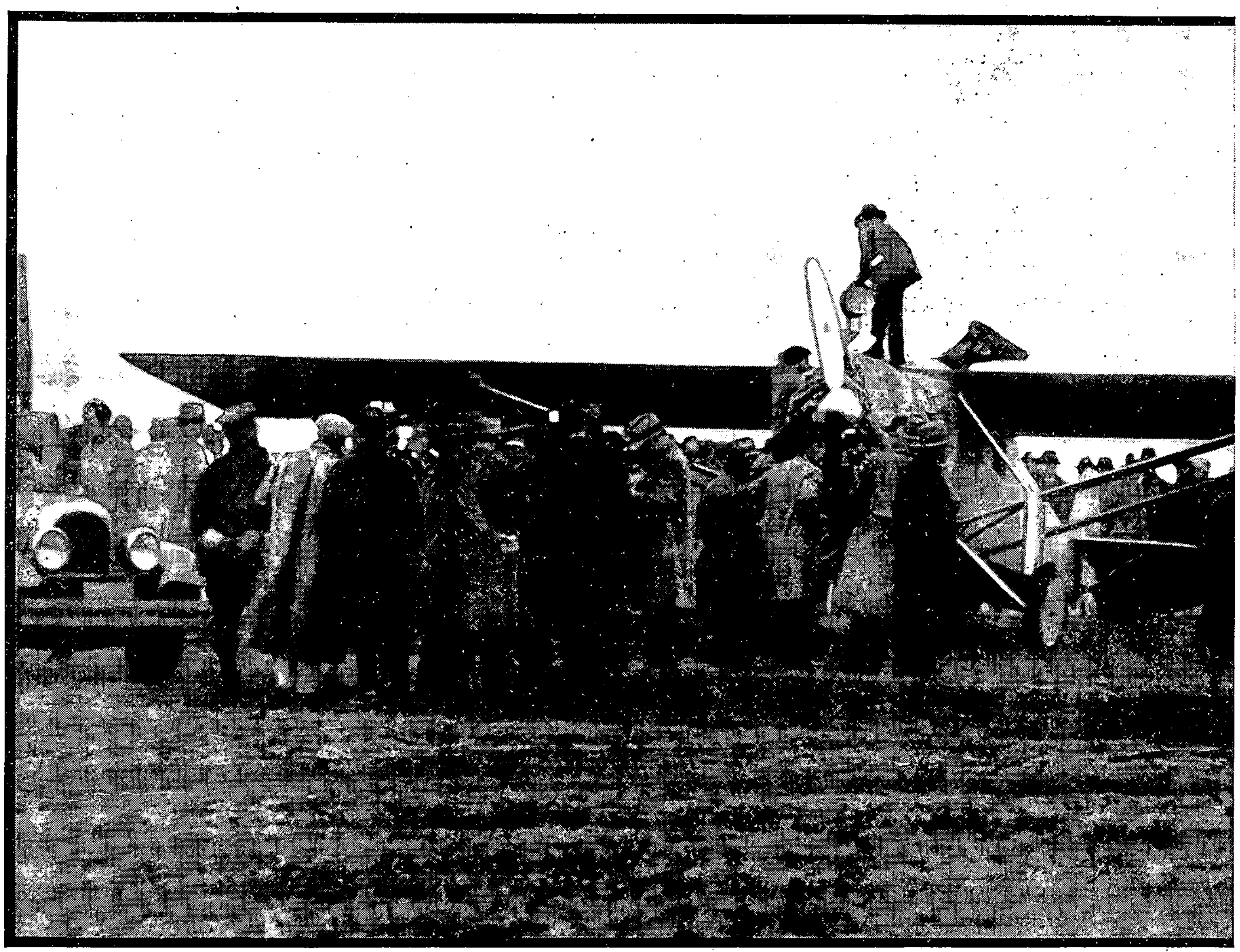
In December, 1926, a tall boy with a shock of almost sandy hair and eyes that were a quick blue twinkle came to Paterson, New Jersey, and asked to be shown through the factory of the Wright Aëronautical Corporation, which manufactured the now well-known Whirlwind engine. At the end of his tour of the plant this youngster, whose name was Lindbergh, made it known that he hadn't come solely as a sightseer, but rather as a shopper. In short, he wanted to buy a special airplane that had been designed by Giuseppe Bellanca, whom the Wright people had imported from Italy to design a plane particularly suited to their engine. Lindbergh wanted to buy a specific airplane called the Columbia, which had been built with the idea of breaking the world's endurance record for sustained flight. Lindbergh wanted this plane because it was unexcelled by anything else on the market, because its test flights had been notably successful and, most of all, because it was capable of carrying enough gasoline to get to Paris.

Enough gasoline to get to Paris!

Who was this youngster who so calmly planned so venturesome an undertaking? He was the Lindbergh who had barnstormed in aviation, had later been graduated from Brooks Field and who, in the course of his flying, had had to "bail out" four times to save his life. Now he was a night-mail pilot on the route between St. Louis and Chicago. A lot of experience, true. But even so, why take the risk of crossing the Atlantic behind a single engine and—above all—alone? It was unheard of to dream of facing, single-handed, nineteen hundred miles of bleak Atlantic Ocean with only one engine and no navigator.

Such were the thoughts racing through the minds of Charles Lawrance, president, and Guy Vaughan, manager of the company, as they listened to Lindbergh's offer.

Business was business and they had offered the same model ship to a public that remained unresponsive about buying it at a price as low as $12,000. But, they wondered, were the long-range interests of aviation best served by encouraging such a risky enterprise? The serious minds of the industry had discussed the Paris flight many times and were convinced that its dangers dictated the use of a multi-motored plane, equipped with a radio and with room for ample relief personnel for performing both navigating and piloting duties. There were several other attempts being contemplated at the time, but contemplated with the aid of what seemed the logical vehicle—a multi-motored ship.



Acme

Fueling the Spirit of St Louis at Roosevelt Field, before the take-off, the morning of May 20, 1927

"It's Altogether too Risky"

Business was business, but gentlemen in business are subject to certain ethics. It seemed scarcely humane to sell this youngster a craft which would lead him into disaster.

Also there was another purely business matter involved. The Wright company had an obligation to see that Bellanca was well placed elsewhere, now that they no longer needed his services. And naturally negotiations for his placement could be more easily consummated when backed by actual demonstration of one of his products. In short, to sell the Columbia to Lindbergh for that undertaking would deprive Bellanca of his Exhibit A.

So for two varieties of ethical reasons they said "No." The business reason gave them ample excuse to refuse to make a sale which would forward an attempt that they wished to discourage as involving too much risk. Consequently the young pilot left the factory without the coveted ship.

Not long after that Bellanca, whose sympathies he had stirred, apprised Lindbergh of the fact that Charles Levine had taken over himself and his ship, the Columbia, and formed the Columbia Airliners, Incorporated. Further, Bellanca influenced Levine to negotiate with Lindbergh concerning flying the ship to Paris. Pending discussion with his associates, Levine made the proposal that Lindbergh pay his company the $25,000 guaranteed him by his St. Louis backers, out of which Levine would contribute $10,000 toward the other expenses of the flight.

It was a happy boy who took the train back to St. Louis after his conference with Levine. He was hurrying home to get a certified check to close the deal and he now had high hopes for an early start. And he needed an early start, for by that time Commander Byrd had announced his flight and Commander Davis and Lieutenant Wooster were nearly ready for their actual tests.

Lindbergh's Second Setback

Then—Columbia Airliners decided that the ship was more useful as a demonstrator than as an entry in the race to Paris, with its attendant hazards. To break the world's endurance record at a modest risk to pilots and ship would bring enough publicity.

So the certified check journeyed back to St. Louis.

One of the officials of the Wright company had not been present at the time of Lindbergh's visit to their plant. He was J. T. Hartson, sales manager—an old-timer in commercial aviation, as tall, lean and wind-tanned as a hero from the Leatherstocking Tales.

On February 28th Hartson received a wire from Franklin Mahoney, the owner of a small air-transport and plane manufacturing company in San Diego called the Ryan Air Lines. "Where can I

Reading down: Donald Hall, designer of the Spirit of St. Louis; Edward J. Mulligan; Brice Goldsborough, navigator of Mrs. Grayson's ill-fated flight; Joseph T. Hartson; B. F. Mahoney, president of the Ryan Air Lines, builders of Lindbergh's famous plane

phone you tonight at eight o'clock?" was the substance of that telegram.

That night the young Irishman who was just cutting his teeth in the aviation game talked to Hartson, whose years of experience had worn the glamor and romance from it.

"Joe," said Mahoney, "I want the earliest possible delivery on a Whirlwind engine. I've just sold a plane."

"Good!" rejoiced Joe, who had been lying awake at night worrying over the slow pace of his sales department, which was handicapped by a market glutted with surplus war planes that could be had at ridiculously low prices. In one of his attempts to overcome this handicap he had talked Mahoney into the idea that Whirlwind engines were the only thing for the new planes which he was contemplating building and had left him a contract for six. And now at last Mahoney wanted delivery on the first of them! Hartson rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

But Mahoney was going on with his conversation. "I want this one as quickly as possible because the chap that's buying the first of my planes is going to fly it to Paris."

"Is that so?" queried Hartson. "What's his name?"

"Name's Lindbergh—Charles Lindbergh from St. Louis."

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Hartson. The problem was back home again.

They Believed in Caution

After a silence Hartson began again: "Listen, Franklin, we don't want to let you have the engine for that purpose. We've discouraged that flight, because we think it's sure to fail in a single-engine ship and then what a black eye *we'd* get! As well as feeling we'd done the youngster dirt by selling him something that would lead him into trouble." Carefully and patiently across 2,700 miles of wire Hartson tried to explain the policy that made it embarrassing for his company to fill the order. They believed in caution and in considering the enduring interests of the aviation industry rather than risking almost certain failures.

But impetuously, insistently, Mahoney explained back over the miles that if Hartson could only know Lindbergh he'd understand that he wasn't cracked. The chap had a good head on him and was going about it in a regular way. Today Hartson smiles at his own trepidation. Also he smiles at the way in which the quick-witted Mahoney forced a favorable decision from him. He said, "Well, Joe, I'm going to sign your blank contract and what can you do but give me an engine?"

And from then on the Wright company had to do a right-about-face. They had to coöperate in every way possible to insure the success of a flight which they had originally discouraged. And whatever had been their previous attitude, they whole-heartedly did everything in their power to give that determined boy a super-engine.

Meanwhile the second plain fact had entered the arena, and the second plain fact was Time.

For, as all the world knows, the one definite prize that the first nonstop New York-to-Paris flyer could count upon was the $25,000 purse offered by Raymond Orteig. Also, as all the world knows, Lindbergh's one known means of repaying that little group of St. Louis business men backing him was the winning of that purse. And to win that prize he must come in first. Threatening that priority dangerously were several projects brewing in the East. Commander Byrd, backed by Wanamaker, had a Fokker trimotor under construction, while Davis and Wooster, the other naval officers, had a Keystone trimotor. All six of these engines were to come from the Wright factory.

Lindbergh's ship must be finished and ready within sixty days, if he were to have even a fair chance in the race. The aviators in the East had the vast resources of big financiers behind them, and the confidence and applause of press and public. And they did not have a continent to cross!

Sixty days to plan, design and completely build a plane. A stupendous job. A job that cannot be accomplished by any sleight-of-hand tricks, but only by constant concentration of designing and supervising and by the endless, careful, sweating toil of the men in the shops.

Actually, the engineering was most carefully done. The structure, that is, the basic frame about which the body and wings were built, was analyzed and meticulously constructed to make certain of its soundness. But there was not time for the unnecessary luxury of equally careful design in minor accessories.

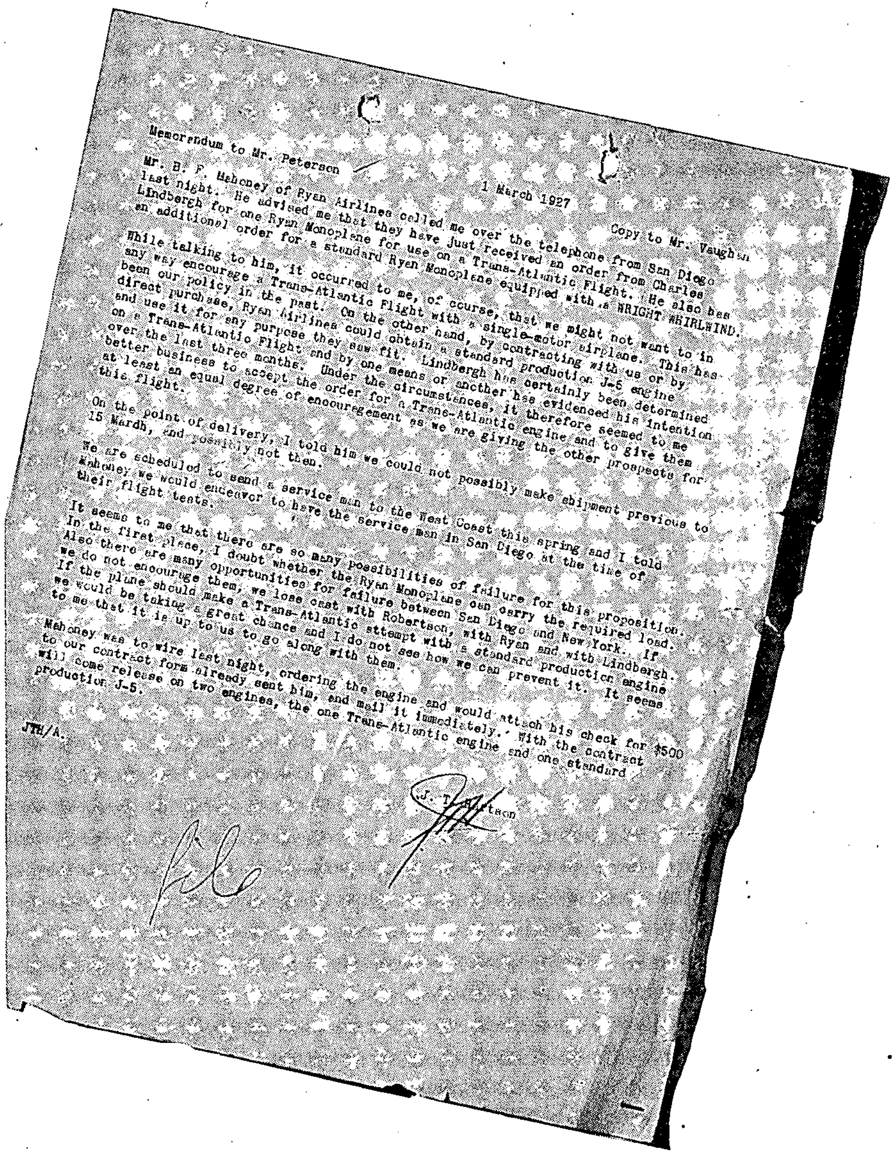
Every member of the Ryan forces worked to the utmost during those fast-dwindling days. All efforts on other projects ceased. Profit or no profit for the little company, it gave up other business and concentrated its entire resources on completing that one plane.

Building Destiny

It was useless even to attempt to assign mechanics to other jobs. They only went through a few futile motions and then, like iron filings, gravitated back to the magnet of that ship. No, not the magnet of that ship. Rather, the magnet of a personality carefully watching over it. The personality which had already convinced the little group that they were building destiny. Why worry over working hours? Why watch the time clock? Why consider anything beyond the occasional necessity for food and sleep?

And even sleep could go if need be. On one occasion Donald Hall, the engineer in whose brain the Spirit of St. Louis was conceived and under whose driving energy it took tangible shape—once Donald Hall spent a solid thirty-six hours over his drafting board without so much as forty winks.

(Continued on page 42)



Memorandum to Mr. Peterson 1 March 1927

Copy to Mr. Vaughan

Mr. B. F. Mahoney of Ryan Airlines called me over the telephone from San Diego last night. He advised me that they have just received an order from Charles Lindbergh for one Ryan Monoplane for use on a Trans-Atlantic Flight. He also has an additional order for a standard Ryan Monoplane equipped with a WRIGHT WHIRLWIND.

While talking to him, it occurred to me, of course, that we might not want to in any way encourage a Trans-Atlantic Flight with a single-motor airplane. This has been our policy in the past. On the other hand, by contracting with us or by direct purchase, Ryan Airlines could obtain a standard production J-5 engine and use it for any purpose they saw fit. Lindbergh has certainly been determined on a Trans-Atlantic Flight and by one means or another has evidenced his intention over the last three months. Under the circumstances, it therefore seemed to me better business to accept the order for a Trans-Atlantic engine and to give them at least an equal degree of encouragement as we are giving the other prospects for this flight.

On the point of delivery, I told him we could not possibly make shipment previous to 15 Mardh, and possibly not then.

We are scheduled to send a service man to the West Coast this spring and I told Mahoney we would endeavor to have the service man in San Diego at the time of their flight tests.

It seems to me that there are so many possibilities of failure for this proposition. In the first place, I doubt whether the Ryan Monoplane can carry the required load. Also there are many opportunities for failure between San Diego and New York. If we do not encourage them, we lose cast with Robertson, with Ryan and with Lindbergh. If the plane should make a Trans-Atlantic attempt with a standard production engine we would be taking a great chance and I do not see how we can prevent it. It seems to me that it is up to us to go along with them.

Mahoney was to wire last night, ordering the engine and would attach his check for $500 to our contract form already sent him, and mail it immediately. With the contract will come release on two engines, the one Trans-Atlantic engine and one standard production J-5.

J. T. Hartson

JTH/A.

file

Divorce, Mister?

"No question about this divorce craze workin' a lot of fundamental changes in American life, 'Lonzo. Instead of pickle forks, duck presses an' fruit knives, the proper present to give a weddin' couple these days is transportation to some place where divorce suits are pressed while you wait"

Uncle Henry

IT'S encouragin' to see one American industry that hasn't slowed down," Uncle Henry observed. "Trade in husbands an' wives was never brisker. The chimneys of the divorce mills are all belchin' fire an' smoke. Journeymen judges are bein' worked in eight-hour shifts, an' members of the legal profession don't know what it is to get two hours of sleep handrunnin'.

"I can't help feelin' sorry for Nevada. There was the real pioneer in the divorce business, 'Lonzo. Back in a time when less progressive states insisted on homicidal insanity, mayhem, black eyes, broken bones an' infidelity, little old Nevada came to the front with a six-months residence law, an' required no causes at all except loss of taste for your mate, snorin' off-key or refusal to play the Vanderbilt convention.

"Nevada built the industry right from the ground up, an' it was mighty hard goin' at first. Not only were divorces looked upon as social errors, but many people figured that it was less of a hardship to stay married than to spend six months in Reno. But the Sagebrush State kept peggin' away an' finally put the idea across.

"You might have thought her undoubted property rights would have been respected, yet here we have Idaho an' Arkansas cuttin' in an' buildin' divorce mills for mass production. Their agents are already in every community that has a country club. Any day you can see 'em canvassin' house to house, doin' what can only be called a job of bare-faced sellin'.

"It doesn't seem fair to me, 'Lonzo, especially as both states are so much better off economically than Nevada. Idaho, for instance, has no unemployment problem, for Bill Borah, as you know, keeps everybody busy wonderin' what he's goin' to do next. An' between the chills an' fever, there's no excuse whatsoever for any inmate of Arkansas ever knowin' an idle moment.

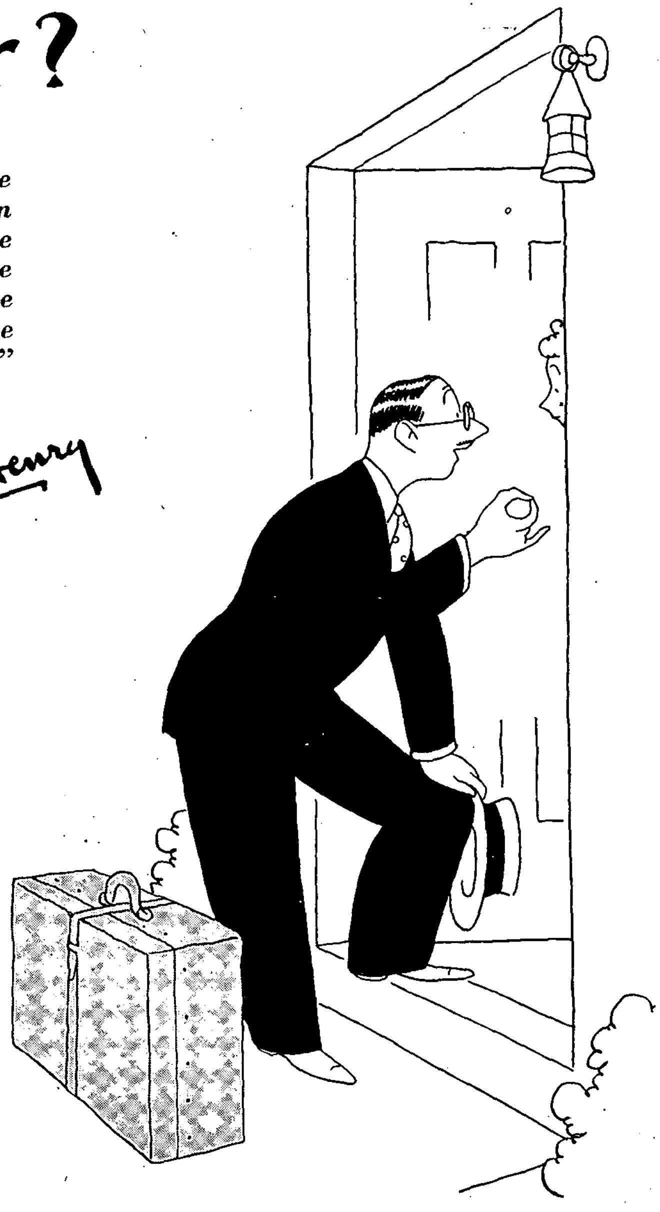
Not a Backward State

"Nevada, however, full of the old Western spirits, is makin' a valiant fight to protect her investments. Uncle Joe Grundy may call her a backward state, but not even Coney Island is showin' more enterprise. Roulette tables are operatin' without under-cover charges, baccarat, faro an' dice games are runnin' day an' night, an' along with every divorce they throw in a gold mine, a cowboy an' four corner lots.

"Even so, Idaho's competition has got to be reckoned with. As I understand it, she's plannin' to put in robot judges who can stay on the job twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, a savin' in overhead that will be reflected in divorce charges. What's more, Boise offers sunny parks, organized play an' competent supervisors for the Pekingese an' Pomeranians, together with a fine, modern incinerator for children.

"Arkansas is also makin' a mighty strong bid for high-class patronage. The inventive genius of the state has worked out a device that will not only grant a decree by the mere droppin' of a coin, but that will also give the plaintiff a shave or a permanent wave, accordin' to sex.

"Nor is it reasonable to assume that other states will sit idle an' let Nevada, Idaho an' Arkansas enjoy a monopoly of the divorce industry. Any day may see California gettin' into the game. Why not? Look at the raw material she's got in Hollywood alone!



Any day you can see divorce agents canvassing houses

"It will be a great mistake, however, if our commonwealths ignore Mexico's competition. Our southern neighbors, as you may have heard, require no court proceedin's of any kind. Once across the border you simply ring for the bell boy an' tell him to bring you a divorce. That's all. Inside of an hour he's back with the decree, a quart bottle of brandy, a pound of cactus candy, a straw sombrero an' some picture postals. All for twenty-five pesos.

"No question about this divorce craze workin' a lot of fundamental changes in American life, 'Lonzo. Instead of pickle forks, duck presses an' fruit knives, the proper present to give a weddin' couple these days is transportation to some town where divorce suits are pressed while you wait.

"No question about the situation bein' alarmin', 'Lonzo. Mr. Hoover, accordin' to confidential report, is vastly worried. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he asked the next session of Congress to vote the Distinguished Service Medal to married couples who've lived under the same roof for five years. Or maybe he'll have 'em stuffed for the Museum of Natural History, for posterity.

"I notice a good many eminent divines blame the divorce evil on these here gin marriages. You know. The kind where young people decide that two can drink as cheaply as one. Maybe the clerics are right. You can't expect any high degree of permanence from a bride whose idea of a hope chest is a week-end bag, or from a wife who has to go down to the hotel register in the mornin' to find out the name of her husband.

"To read the divorce statistics, one might get the idea that American marriage was a sort of hit-an'-run game, one that figured only in the error column. An' yet, 'Lonzo, it's amazin' how many husbands an' wives wangle through life without feelin' the need of change.

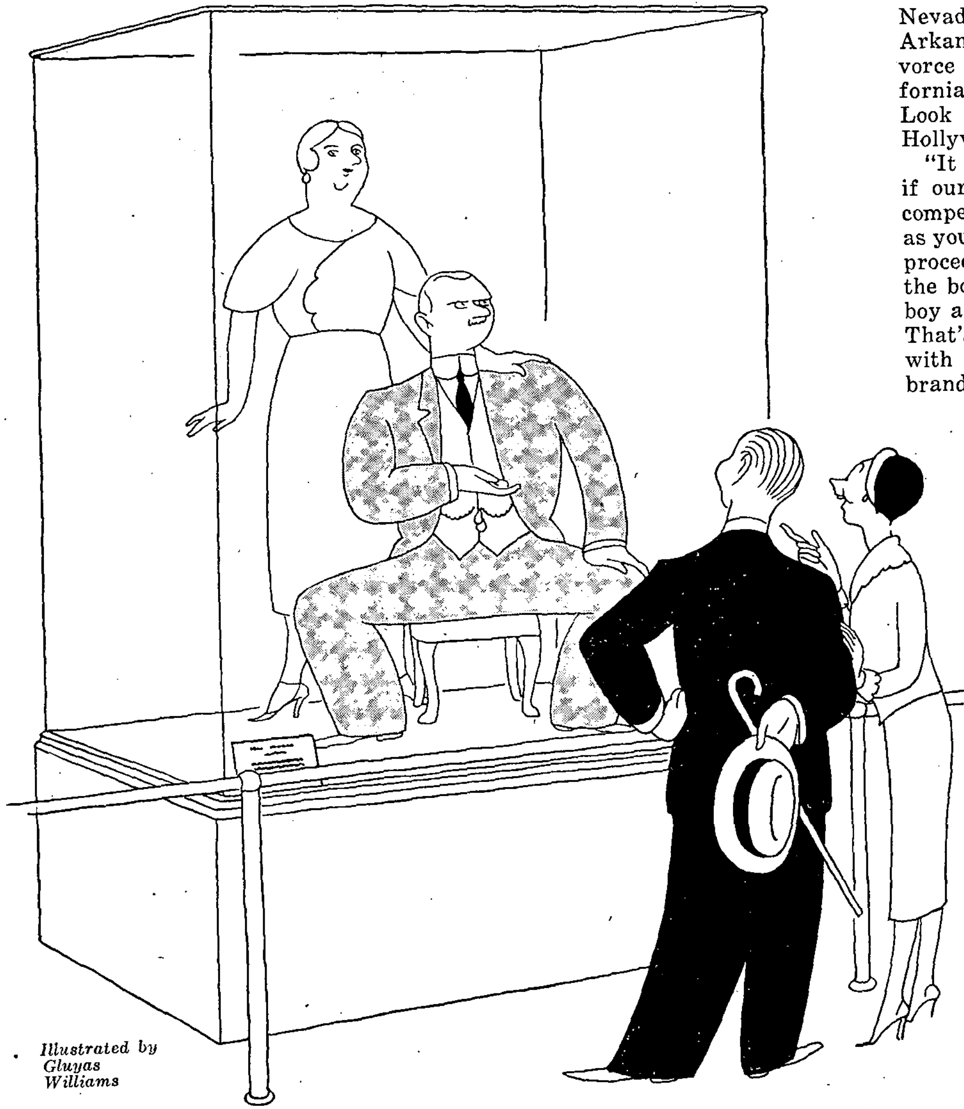
It's Our Own Fault

"The newspapers are largely responsible for the exaggeration of conditions. Almost any divorce has a chance to get screamin' headlines, but even a golden weddin' is lucky to get an item on the editorial page. You can pick up any daily in the country without havin' your eyeballs seared by gigantic type announcin' 'Man and Woman Break Down and Confess to Having Been Happily Married for Twenty Years.'

"It's our own fault, 'Lonzo. From the dawn of time, evil report has always been more interestin' than good report. The decencies of life have no chance at all when matched up with the dirt. Take your own case. Unless the front page of your favorite paper is filled with Suicide Pacts, Love Marts, Girl Sobs Story of Ruin, Jack an' Estelle, Daisy an' Clara, you throw it aside with a yawn, an' wait for the next extra."

"What do you think of these here trial marriages?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Every marriage is a trial," declared Uncle Henry. "The trouble is that so few people have the nerve to fight the case."



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

It's getting so couples married over five years are becoming museum pieces

The Medicine Girl

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

BILL BANNISTER, Hampshire pig-raiser, admires blondes. Mrs. Lottie Higginbotham, oft-married ex-chorus girl, is a blonde. They meet in London, gaze into each other's eyes—and depart, together, for Bingley-on-Sea.

Drama follows swiftly. Likewise, William's irate uncle, Sir Hugo Drake, nerve specialist, who vows to save William from the blond peril. . . . At Bingley-on-Sea one of Mrs. Higginbotham's former husbands—Lord Tidmouth ("Squiffy," to his intimates)—calls on her. Somewhat later, Mr. Bannister drops in. His lordship is kissing Mrs. Higginbotham!

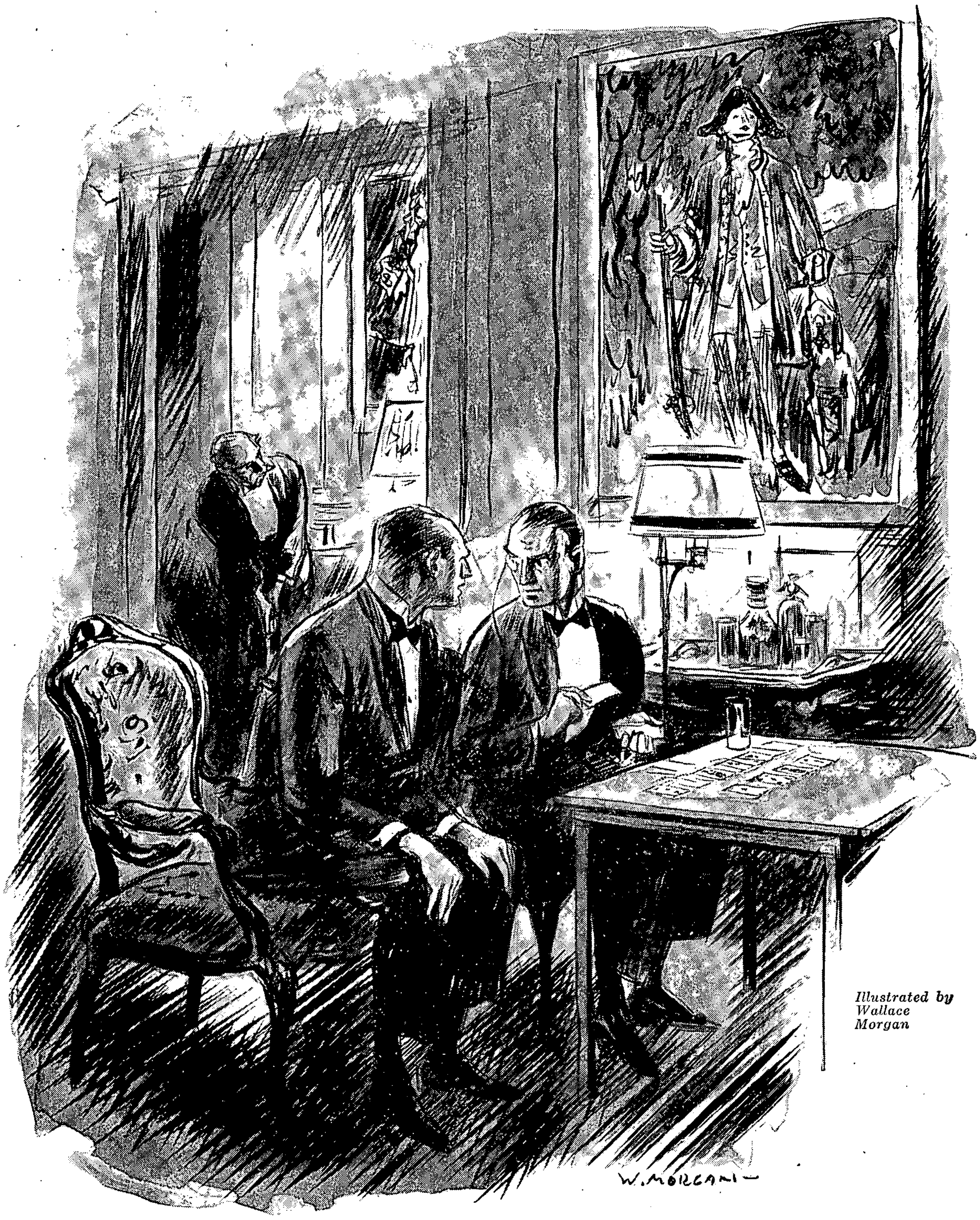
Lottie, somewhat embarrassed, leaves the room. Bill turns to his lordship, an old friend. "Squiffy," he whispers, "you're welcome to her!" Whereupon, he confesses. He has seen a girl on the golf course. He has not met her. He does not even know her name. But she is the girl—*the girl*—for William Bannister!

Lottie reappears, learns the latest news—and swoons. Squiffy departs, in haste, for a doctor. One minute passes. Two. A girl is ushered in. The girl Bill has seen on the golf course—the girl Bill Bannister loves! "I," she calmly announces, "am the doctor—Doctor Sally Smith."

Doctor Smith looks the patient over. "What you need," she states, emphatically, "is a sanitarium." . . . Lord Tidmouth enters, with another doctor. Bill takes one look at the medico—and emits a loud groan. Doctor No. 2 is none other than his uncle, Sir Hugo Drake!

Sir Hugo learns the painful truth. "William," he barks, "I shall expect you to return with me to Hampshire!" He departs. Doctor Smith and William Bannister are alone. A bell-boy enters. "Your rocking-horse," he says, mysteriously, to William, "has arrived."

"*Good-by!*" says Doctor Smith, heading for the door. "Come back—I'll explain!" yodels William—but Sally Smith, M. D., has vanished!



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Bill sank his voice to a whisper. "I've got a big thing on tonight and I must not be interrupted"

III

IF THERE was a thought in the mind of Lord Tidmouth, as he sat, some two weeks after his visit to Bingley-on-Sea, playing solitaire in the living-hall of his friend Bill Bannister's country seat at Woollam Chersey in the county of Hampshire, it was a vaguely formulated feeling that life was extremely pleasant and that there was no getting away from it that these all-male parties were the best. He had had an excellent dinner, the lamps were lighted, and it seemed to him that there was nothing whatever to worry about in the world.

Lord Tidmouth liked peace and quiet. Women, in his experience, militated against an atmosphere of quiet peace. Look at his second wife, for instance. For the matter of that, look at his third and fourth. He was placidly content that The Manor, Woollam Chersey, harbored, besides himself, only William, his host, inert now in a neighboring armchair, and William's uncle, Sir Hugo Drake, at present occupied in the passage without, practicing putts into a tumbler.

The room in which Bill and Lord Tidmouth sat was old and paneled. Its furniture was masculine and solid. From the walls portraits of dead and gone Bannisters gazed down, and in one corner there was a suit of armor, which it was Lord Tidmouth's practice to tap smartly whenever he passed it. He liked the ringing sound it gave out. What with an occasional tap on this suit of armor, plenty to eat and drink, and sufficient opportunities for playing solitaire, Lord Tidmouth found life at Woollam Chersey satisfactory.

A kindly soul, he wished he could have thought that his host was in a similar frame of mind. As far as he allowed himself to worry about anything, he was a little worried about good old Bill. The man seemed on edge. This troubled Lord Tidmouth at times.

IT DID not, however, trouble him to the extent of spoiling his enjoyment in his game of solitaire. With pursed lips he uncovered a card; held it in air, put it on one of the piles, removed a second card from another pile and put it on a third pile—in fact, went through all the movements peculiar to those addicted to this strange game.

It is almost inevitable that a man who is playing solitaire will sooner or later sing. Lord Tidmouth, who had for some little time been humming in an undertone, now came boldly into the open and committed himself to the rendition of a popular ballad:

> *"I fee-ar naw faw in shee-ining arr-*
> *mor,*
> *Though his lance be swift and—er—*
> *keen. . . ."*

In his armchair Bill stirred uneasily.

> *"But I fee-ar, I fee-ar the glarr-moor*
> *Ther-oo thy der-ooping larr-shes seen,*
> *I fee-ar, I fee-ar the GLAR-moor. . . ."*

"Oh, shut up!" said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth, ceasing to sing, turned amiably.

"Sorry, old top," he said. "I thought you were dead."

"What are you doing?"

"Playing solitaire, laddie." He fiddled with the cards, and absently burst into song once more. "Just playing SOL-i-taire. . . ."

"Stop it!"

"Stop playing?"

"Stop yowling."

"Oh, right ho."

Bill rose and surveyed the card-strewn table with an unfriendly eye.

"Do you mean to say you really get any pleasure out of that rotten game?" he asked.

"Darned good game," protested Lord Tidmouth. He manipulated the cards. "Did you ever hear the story of the ventriloquist who played solitaire? He used to annoy his wife by holding long conversations with himself in his sleep. It became such a trial to the poor woman that she had serious thoughts of getting a divorce. And then one evening, by the greatest good luck, he caught himself cheating at solitaire and never spoke to himself again."

"Silly idiot!"

"HARSH words, old man, from host to guest. Nice place you've got here, Bill."

"Glad you like it."

"Been in the family quite a time, I take it?"

"A few centuries."

Bill's manner became furtive. He glanced to and fro in a conspiratorial fashion. It seemed that whatever had been on his mind all the evening was coming to a head.

"Squiffy!"

"Hullo?"

"Where's my uncle?"

"Out in the corridor putting vigorously. What a man!"

"Thank God that'll keep him occupied for a while. Squiffy, there's something I want to tell you."

"Carry on, old boy."

"Tonight I . . ."

He broke off. A stout figure, swathed in a mauve smoking jacket and carrying a putter, had entered.

"It's coming!" said Sir Hugo Drake joyfully. "The knack is coming. I'm getting it. Four out of my last seven shots straight into the glass."

"I think I'll take a shot in a glass myself," said Lord Tidmouth, rising and making for the near-by table where the decanter and syphon so invitingly stood.

"I fancy I have at last found out what has been wrong with my putting . . . William!"

"Hullo?"

"I say, I think I have at last found out what has been wrong with my putting."

"Oh?"

"I've been gripping too tight. How right that girl was. 'Grip firmly but lightly,' she said; that's the secret. It stands to reason. . . ."

"Excuse me," said Bill, and removed himself with the smooth swiftness of a family ghost.

SIR HUGO stood staring after him. This was not the first time activity of this sort had suddenly descended upon his nephew in the middle of a conversation. He did not like it. Apart from the incivility of it, it seemed to him ominous. He confided this fear to Lord Tidmouth, who was still occupied with his spot.

"Lord Tidmouth!"

His companion lowered his glass courteously.

"Present!" he said. "Here in person."

Sir Hugo jerked a thumb towards the door.

"Did you see that?"

"What?"

"Did you see the curious, sudden way that boy left the room?"

"He did move fairly nippily," agreed Lord Tidmouth. "Now you saw him and now you didn't, as it were."

"He has been like that ever since he got home—nervous, rude, jumpy, abrupt."

"Yes, I've noticed he's been a bit jumpy."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"Not been eating enough yeast," said Lord Tidmouth confidently.

"No! He's in love."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I noticed it the day I arrived here. I had begun to tell him about the long brassie shot I made at the sixteenth hole at Bingley-on-Sea and he gave a sort of hollow gasp and walked away."

"Walked away?"

"Walked away in the middle of a sentence. The boy's in love. There can be no other explanation."

Lord Tidmouth considered.

"Now I come to remember it, he did say something to me down at that seaside place about being in love."

"I was sure of it. William is pining for that peroxide woman."

"You mean Lottie?"

"The flashy young person I sent to the sanitarium."

Lord Tidmouth shook his head.

"I don't think so. I have an idea he told me he was in love with someone else."

Sir Hugo was not a man who took kindly to having his diagnoses questioned.

"Absurd! Nothing of the kind. Do you think I don't know what I'm talking about? He was infatuated with that young woman then, and he's still infatuated with her. Possibly we ought not to be surprised. After all, they parted only a mere two weeks ago. But I confess I am much disturbed."

"What are you going to do about it?"

A senile cunning gleamed from Sir Hugo's eyes.

"Rather ask what *have* I done about it."

"All right. What *have* you done about it?"

"Never mind."

"THEN why did you tell me to ask?" said Lord Tidmouth, justly aggrieved.

He went to the table and mixed himself another whisky-and-soda with an injured air. Sir Hugo was far too occupied to observe it.

"Young man," he said, "have you ever studied psychology?"

"Psy—?"

"—chology."

Lord Tidmouth shook his head.

"Well, no," he said, "not to any great extent. They didn't teach me much at school except the difference between right and wrong. There *is* some difference, but I've forgotten what."

"Have you ever asked yourself what is the secret of the glamour which this young woman exercises over William?"

"I suppose it's the same she used to exercise over *me*. Used to be married to her once, don't you know."

"What!"

"Oh, yes. But it blew over."

Sir Hugo considered this unforeseen piece of information. He seemed to be turning it over in his mind.

"I cannot decide whether that is good or bad."

"Bit of both, I found it."

"I mean, whether it helps my plan or not."

"What plan?"

"It is based on psychology. I ask myself: What is this young person's attraction for William based on?"

"Psychology?" asked Lord Tidmouth, who was becoming fogged.

"It is due to the fact that he has encountered her so far only in the gaudy atmosphere of hotels and dance halls—her natural setting. But suppose he should see her in the home of his ancestors, where every stick and stone breathes of family traditions, beneath the eyes of the family portraits? What then?"

"I'll bite. What?"

"She would disgust him. His self-respect would awaken. The scales would fall from his eyes, and his infatuation would wither and decay. Whatever his faults, William is a Bannister."

"In that case, it might be a sound scheme to invite her down here for a visit."

Sir Hugo chuckled.

"Ha, ha! Young man, can you keep a secret?"

"I don't know. I've never tried."

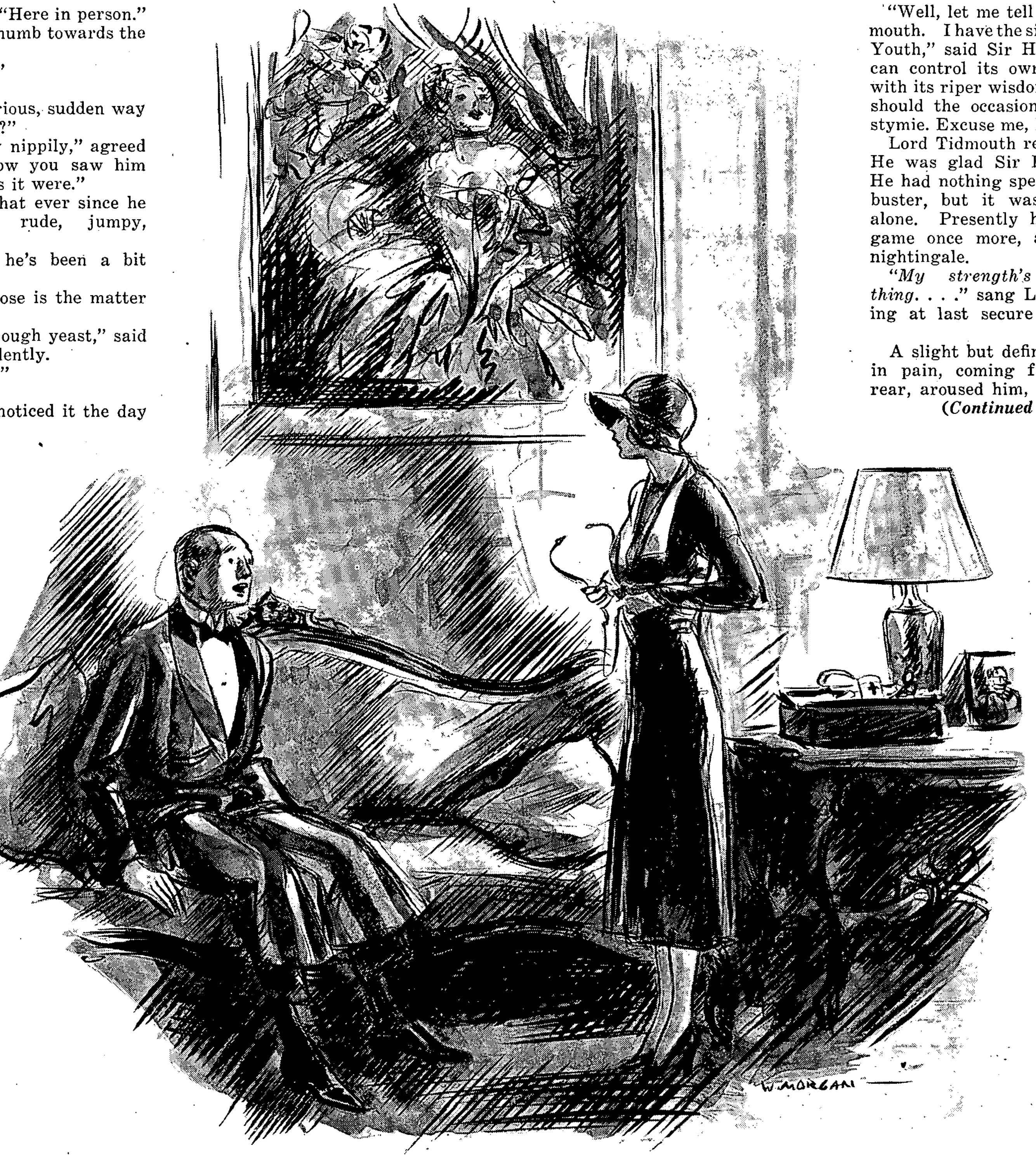
"Well, let me tell you this, Lord Tidmouth. I have the situation well in hand. Youth," said Sir Hugo, "may fancy it can control its own destiny, but Age, with its riper wisdom, is generally able, should the occasion arise, to lay it a stymie. Excuse me, I must go and putt."

Lord Tidmouth resumed his solitaire. He was glad Sir Hugo had left him. He had nothing specific against the old buster, but it was pleasanter to be alone. Presently he was deep in his game once more, and singing like a nightingale.

"*My strength's something—something. . . .*" sang Lord Tidmouth, feeling at last secure from interruption.

A slight but definite sound as of one in pain, coming from his immediate rear, aroused him, and he turned. He

(*Continued on page 46*)



Sally removed an odd something from her bag and her patient gazed at it with unconcealed apprehension

Queen of Beasts

The lion is a stuffed shirt and the tiger is crooked. There isn't any King of Beasts, but there is a Queen. Here Mr. Cooper tells how she rules and describes the social organization of the elephant herd, illustrated with stories you will remember

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Elephants, in addition to being intelligent, are mischievous and temperamental; and the female rules the herd

Sparks Circus

THERE is a great deal of senseless argument about which animal is entitled to reign as the king of beasts. Tradition has given the job to the lion, who doesn't deserve it. He's a stuffed shirt; handsome, gentlemanly, but thick. The tiger might be a czar, but kings are supposed to possess some elements of honor and fairness—which, of course, lets the big striped cat out entirely. Thus the argument goes on to an inevitable end: there isn't any king of beasts. But there's a queen. It's the she-elephant.

I stood one day watching a group of bull-attendants—all elephants, male or female, are bulls in a circus—as they worked with a recalcitrant member of the herd. Flat on his side, this asphalt-colored lummox had decided that he wouldn't get up. They had pleaded with him, wiggled food in front of his trunk, walloped him with a bull-hook, kicked him, and even tried to pry him off the ground with a crowbar. He weighed three tons and all of it was flat.

It was in winter quarters. Tobey, the bull, had not been included in the bunch which had been taken that afternoon to the mudhole, there to disport themselves. Mud and slime are joyful things to an elephant; observing trainers gain many of their ideas for the performance merely by watching the antics of a herd on the muddy bank of a river or upon a greasy circus lot. So Tobey had felt it keenly when the other elephants had gone to play while he stayed behind to pull wagons from the paint shop to the sheds. Finally he squealed and lay down in his harness. And he wouldn't get up.

"Go see if Barney's workin' over by the menagerie house," commanded the bull-boss at last. Attendants departed, to bring back Barney, a huge elephant, still dragging his harness. The bull-boss threw a half hitch around Tobey's hind leg.

"Pick it up!" he commanded Barney—a command which can mean almost anything to a show elephant. This time it meant to yank at the recalcitrant bull until he was turned over. Barney doubled in his harness and pulled hard. Over went Tobey, squalling his anger. But when he slumped to the other side—there he remained. So they prodded Barney, the harness bull, into dragging Tobey about a bit. It only resulted in more bawling, more trumpeting and more determination upon rebellion. Tobey was sore at the world in general and he wouldn't get up. Just then, the elephant boss glanced out through the gate of the elephant enclosure.

"Unhitch Barney," he commanded. "Here comes Sister."

At the head of six contented bulls, an ancient, wrinkled elephant shuffled into the yard. Mud still clung to her haunches, as it did to the legs and bellies of her coterie. At the picket-like shed she halted and stood there like a monitor while the rest of the herd shuffled past and with chirrupings and mouthings sought out their various picket stakes to await the arrival of the attendants to chain them to the set-rings. The bull-boss waited until this action had been completed. Then he called:

"Hey, Sister! Come here, old gal!"

Sister Goes into Action

The elephant swung slowly about and, benignly waving her trunk, shuffled forward. On the ground, Tobey rolled his eyes and thumped his trunk, but some of his enthusiasm for resistance suddenly seemed to have departed. The angered bawl of his voice tempered; it died away, in fact, to a tone of quick pleading. Above him, Sister stood in silent survey, her ancient eyes blinking as with heavy thought. Then the bull-boss said:

"All right, sweetheart! Take him!"

Instantly the she-elephant lowered her head. She fastened the double bumps of her heavy forehead under the ridge of the recalcitrant's back; then as heavy skin ground against rough hide, she bunched her muscles and lifted, like the crane of a steam shovel.

Tobey seemed to bound into the air. He rose, scrambling, his trunk high and his eyes wide. But all his bawling could not save him from the swift uppercut of a terrific blow as Sister's trunk caught him behind the ear. Squealing with fright, he shuffled away, back to his place in the picket line. There he shifted and rolled his eyes and chirruped sadly while the elephants at each side ran their trunks over him, feeling him for injuries. Sister gave him no more attention. She merely grunted and went to her place in line, gayly swiping a trunkload of hay from a reserve pile as she passed it. Sister was queen of the herd. When she wanted a thing done, it was done and that was an end to it.

The same condition applies in practically every elephant herd in captivity, except in the one outstanding case—the collection of thirty-odd bulls of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. Even there, the exception proves the rule. Normally, John, a tremendous male, is the ruler, testing the bridges, butting horses out of the way when the herd is to pass, making his laws and seeing that they are obeyed. But male elephants are unfortunate. Certain sexual phases cause them to become undependable at stated seasons of the year. When John is in chains, with his face to the wall, and caretakers poke his food to him, it is Old Babe, wrinkled and ancient and sagacious, who substitutes for him. And the herd accepts her.

There are definite reasons why a she-elephant is the ruler of other elephants,

(*Continued on page 49*)

A Medal to Show

What happened to a boy who went to war with a load on his mind

By George S. Brooks

DAVID JEWETT stood upon the little platform, no larger than the top of a card table, and clung desperately to a rope end knotted about a rafter just over his head. So tight was his grip that his knuckles showed white beneath the grime that covered them. His fingers ached from the strain.

He dared not remove one hand, even for a second, to brush away a daddy-longlegs that leisurely crawled down his face from the torn brim of his old felt hat to the collar of his soiled blue shirt. Although his skin cringed and shrank ahead of the insect, he was helpless to brush it away.

The loop of rope quivered in his hands, but, insecure as it seemed, David could not let go to lay hold of something steadier. His eyes were tightly closed. His lips were bloodless. His teeth chattered as if he were shivering with cold.

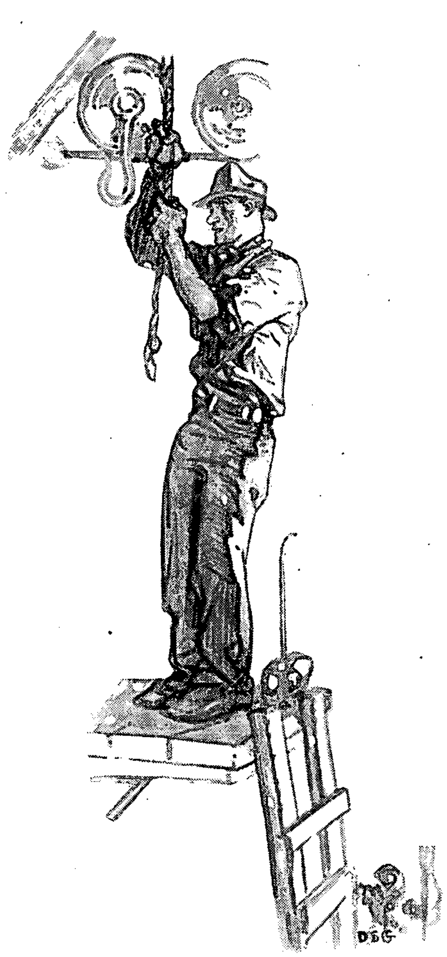
He felt acutely ill. Sharp pains and cramps shot back and forth through his stomach, alternating with dreadful spasms of nausea. He noticed, in a detached manner, that his knees were bumping together. At any moment, he feared, his legs might fold up under him like a carpenter's jointed rule.

"God," David prayed. "Please, God. Let me get down again, God." The whispered words were shaken from his lips by his trembling and ended in a dry sob.

It may be that he lost consciousness for a minute. At any rate he was deaf to the call from below:

"Well, David?"

Suddenly he sneezed a loud "Aaaa-chooo." The unexpected force of it almost threw him from his perch, but it recalled him to his senses. Behind his closed eyelids he tried to get hold of himself. His will cursed his weakling body: "Come on, you coward. Pull yourself together. Snap out of it or Father'll get wise to you!"



"David, Dave!" The voice was impatient.

He moistened his white lips with his tongue. His mouth was dry and salty and bitter. "Yes, Father," he answered, without opening his eyes.

"If you're going to stay up there all day, I'll bring you something to read." David winced at the dry sarcasm.

"Oh, I'm all right."

Below him, he could hear a dry chuckle. "Sure, you're all right if you stay up there. It's fallin' off that's liable to hurt you."

The boy moistened his lips. Why did his father have to keep harping on the chance of a fall? But then, his father was not afraid of anything. He wouldn't understand David's terror. He would laugh at him, tease him "in front of people," if he knew his son was afraid to climb a ladder. The elder Jewett did not believe in ignoring his child's faults.

David opened one eye, cautiously, experimentally. But there was nothing terrifying to see except the hayloft of the great, hipped-roof barn, now empty as a vacuum. He was standing upon a tiny platform at the very peak of the roof, at the north end.

He did not dare look down to the ground, forty feet below, where his father was standing. But, cold sweat running down his forehead, he set to work and at last the annual summer rite of oiling the hay car was over.

HIS hobnailed shoes sunk ankle deep in half-frozen February mud, David was standing behind a motor truck. About every thirty seconds a tall man in the truck laid a three-inch shell down upon the tailboard. David immediately picked it up in his gloved hands and passed it to his neighbor, who laid it down neatly upon a long pile of shells.

It was dumb work, David reflected, and no more interesting than piling cordwood in his father's swamp.

At certain times, he and the others fed these metal logs into the barking guns of the battery. Between times, they dug ditches, groomed horses, shined metal, peeled potatoes and were miserable.

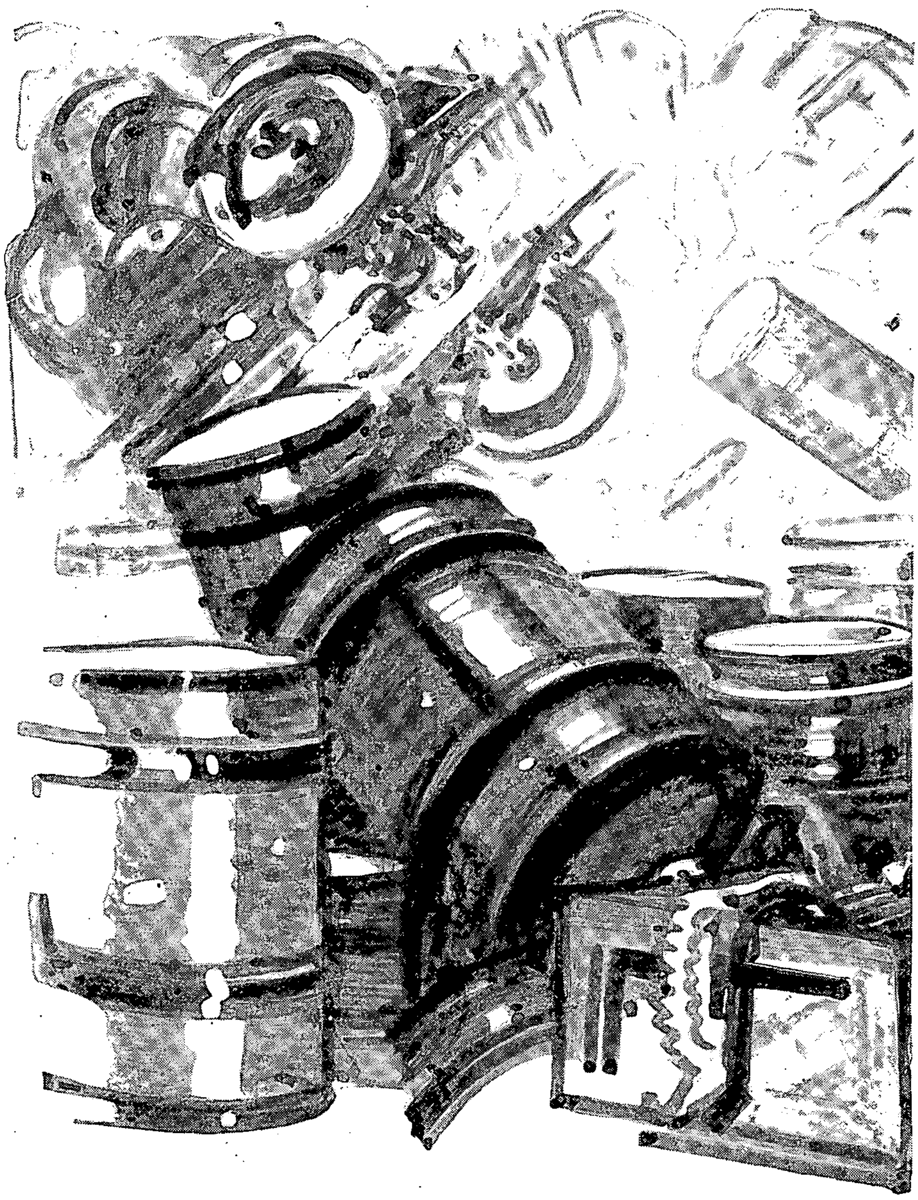
"Soldierin'," David observed aloud, "is awful hard on your back and your belly, isn't it?"

"Did it take you a year to find that out?" growled the tall man in the truck. "Say! What sort of a job did you think you was goin' to get, anyway, for thirty-two dollars a month?"

David stopped work to consider the question. The other two halted their shell-passing to watch him consider.

"Well," he admitted, slowly, "I guess I thought there'd be more to eat and less to do and lots more excitement."

"Yah." The tall man leaned out of the truck and spat tobacco juice. "Excitement. Say, kid. You can thank your luck that there ain't no excitement. If them squareheads of Dutchmen dropped just one ashcan down here"—he waved his arm about him with a sweeping gesture—"you'd have more excitement than you got fleas. Listen. Don't you go askin' for no excitement when I'm with you. It's temptin' the undertaker, to talk about excitement in an ammunition dump. Listen. You be careful. I got dames waitin' for me, back home, if you ain't."



"Never mind them speeches. Unload that truck," barked a sergeant. David and the other privates fell to work again.

Their truck was one of a hundred standing on the soft bottom of a gully whose steep sides partially hid the place from enemy observation. Working parties, like the one of which David was a member, swarmed over each truck, piling the loads down upon the ground. As soon as the trucks had all been unloaded and had been driven out, a mile-long procession of horse-drawn caissons would appear, to haul the ammunition to battery positions, infantry headquarters, regimental depots and advance supply posts.

A wintry dusk had just fallen. Ahead of David and the others stretched a hard night's labor, for they could not hope to pile their quota of shells behind the guns of their battery until near morning.

The supervising sergeant walked away.

"What made you enlist, anyhow?" demanded the soldier who was piling the shells. "I done it to spite a girl."

"I enlisted," David said thoughtfully, "I enlisted because I was afraid." He paused. "I guess that's why, anyway."

"Afraid of what?"

"Oh," vaguely, "things." David did not care to be more explicit.

"What is it that you're afraid of?"

"I dunno. Lots of things."

"They hadn't ought to take nutty guys like you in the army," said the man in the truck, severely. "It makes it dangerous for the rest of us."

"Pipe down there. What do you call this? A summer resort?" The sergeant's sensibilities were outraged.

"Sarge, this here guy says he enlisted because he was afraid of things."

"Who? What guy?"

The tall man in the truck pointed to David, who was blushing painfully. The sergeant walked around the truck and looked closely at him, peering through the semidarkness as at a side-show freak.

"Don't let him kid you," said the sergeant. "He ain't really shell-shocked; not bad, anyway. Snap into it, now. Muscle off them shells."

David, hating himself for having told the truth, bent to his work. Then he heard the sergeant cursing the driver of the truck just ahead.

"Hey, gold brick. You're unloaded. Pull out. Give us some room."

THERE was a rattle of worn gears as the truck lurched forward to climb the narrow, steep dirt road, the only exit from the explosive-filled gully. But just as the machine struck the first pitch of the grade, the motor coughed and died.

"Out-a gas?" demanded the sergeant. "Why don't youse drivers never lookit your gas?"

"I ain't out-a gas," retorted the driver. "The tank's full-a gas, ain't it? Didn't I just fill it, while I'm waitin'? It must be the wirin' come loose again. Who's got a candle?"

"Well, fix it and get out-a th' way, before Jerry gets to shellin'." The ser-

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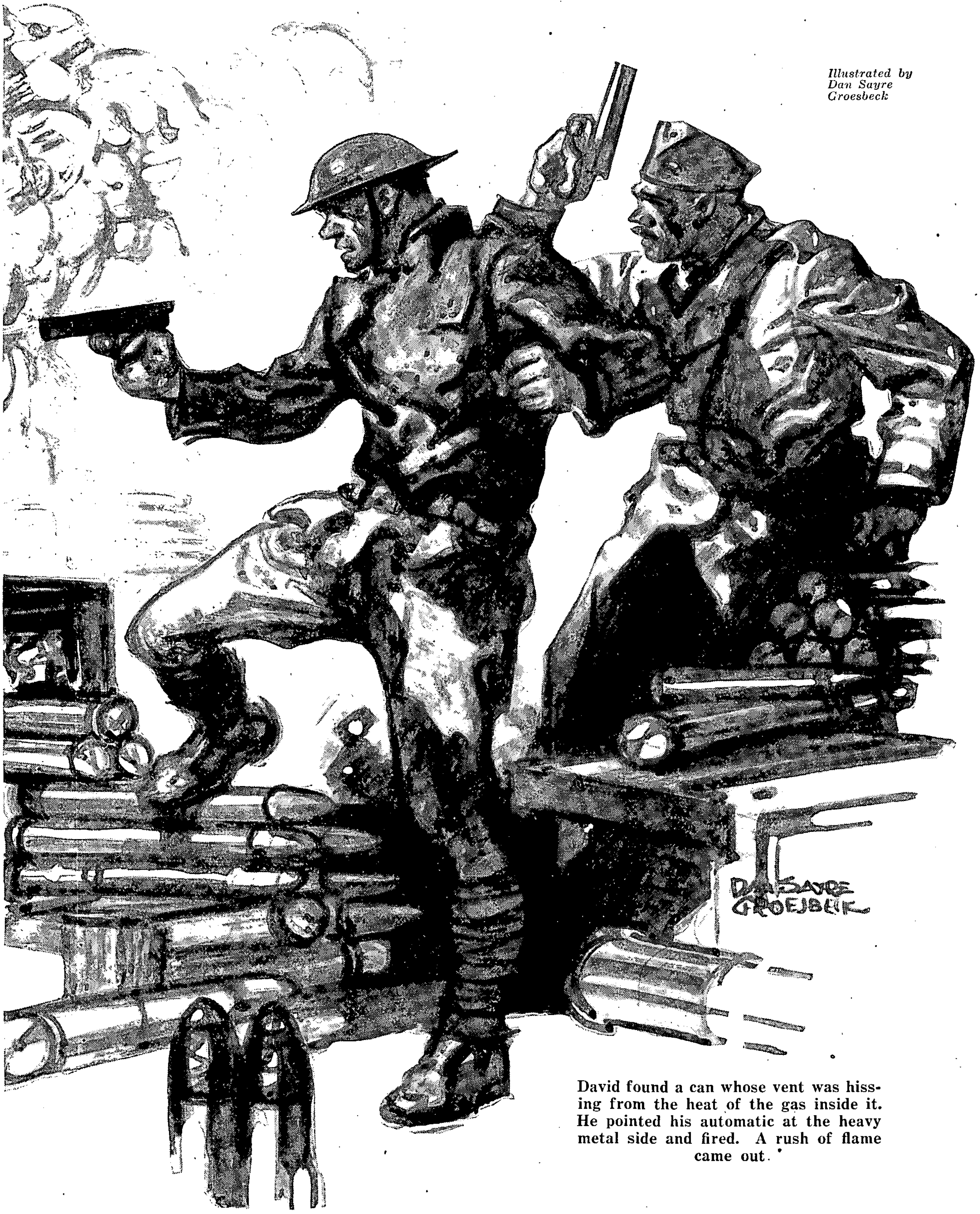
Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck



David found a can whose vent was hissing from the heat of the gas inside it. He pointed his automatic at the heavy metal side and fired. A rush of flame came out.

geant swaggered off, cursing loudly.

The driver of the truck David was helping unload fumbled through his tool box and produced a candle end and a match.

"Hey, you!" the tall man protested loudly, "don't make no lights around here." Then, as the truck driver paid no attention to the warning, he spoke resentfully to David. "Them truck drivers light matches and then they drive off and leave us here to catch the shelling. Them Dutchmen has guys up in balloons, just watchin', just to see fellas like him light matches."

"Aw, nobody ever gets hurt." David's voice was edged with a bit of regret. "We been up here for a week; nobody's been hurt in our battery, except that greaseball cook. And he just burned himself spilling hot coffee on his leg."

"You're askin' for it, are you?" The tall man leaped down from the truck. "Askin' for it? You'll bring us bad luck sure as. . . ."

The sentence was never finished. The driver of the stalled truck raised his engine hood. He scratched a match. The darkness was split open by a blinding flash and a sudden "poof" as a pool of gasoline flared up like an instantaneous fuse all around the stalled truck.

"What I tell you?" groaned the tall man. "Lookit what you done, with your talk. His gas tank had a leak an' . . ."

"FIRE extinguishers!" someone bawled.

But before anyone could move, the tank under the burning truck exploded with the destructive suddenness of a six-inch shell. The entire cab of the vehicle was ripped off and tossed to one side while burning gasoline began to flow down the hill, a cascade of fire.

"This truck's next," shouted the tall man and ran. David, the third soldier and the driver followed close behind him. Under their feet flames seemed to leap up. All over the gully bottom, other fires were starting, seeming to dart from place to place like adders, licking eagerly at the boxed explosives. Another truck blazed up, a geyser of flames. Thick, sooty, oily smoke billowed about them in a dense cloud.

"Dugouts," a hoarse voice bellowed.

"Low bridge," another warned.

Wham, wham, wham. The thud of exploding trench-mortar fuses shattered their eardrums.

It was all that was needed to complete the panic. Working parties, truck drivers, officers and non-coms ran from the dump, scattering into the darkness like a convention of rabbits raided by a fox.

Behind them, a sputtering, as of bunches of firecrackers, told of machine-gun ammunition strips on a burning truck. Then this staccato rattle was cut through by another earthquake roar, as the truck itself was demolished.

"Stop there! Men! Halt! Fall in!" In the darkness and smoke, David identified a major, who was attempting to recall the fugitives. "Halt! Report!" He vainly blew his whistle.

From the shelter of a deep shell hole a mocking voice replied to the officer's command. "I'm just going down to the corner to turn in the alarm," said the voice. Far away in the distance sounded a loud laugh.

The tall man saw a shell hole and threw himself into it. David and two more followed him. In another second David regretted it, for the hole was half full of icy, muddy water.

"Where's that guy who wanted the excitement?" The tall man raised himself on his elbow.

David said nothing, but the truck driver recognized him. "He's over here by me."

"See what you done, now, don't you?" He waved a long and dirty forefinger in David's face. "You and your talk. You wanted excitement, you did. Well, the excitement's down there, to the dump. Why don't you go back down there and get it?" The tall man laughed scornfully, contemptuously.

"Yeah," the other two agreed.

David rose to his feet, wiping the mud from his hands on the back of the recumbent tall man's tunic. "Maybe I will," said David. "I'd rather do that than catch the rheumatiz lying in a hog-waller with a gruntin' razorback."

"Go on," the tall man repeated. "Get away from us. You're bad luck."

"And you," David delivered his parting shot to the tall man, "if you're so set on getting back home to those dames, you'd better crawl out of that water, too. Or you'll be no use to them."

David marched deliberately back toward the fire. Through the clouds of smoke he could hear the officer's whistle, blowing insistently. A case of hand grenades, somewhere in the hottest of the fire, let go like a series of presidential salutes.

Another puff of the varying wind lifted a corner of the smoke screen and David could see the major silhouetted against the flames. The gold oak leaves on the shoulder straps of his long overcoat gleamed.

David advanced and saluted. "Private Jewett reports, sir," he announced.

"Where's the rest of your detail? Where's your sergeant?"

David pointed up the gully. "I think they're somewhere up there, sir."

"How'd you happen to come back?"

David hesitated. He hated to admit it was because he had been ridiculed and called a Jonah. "Well, sir," he said, lamely, "I couldn't run good. I got a blister on my heel."

The officer laughed. "Can you drive a truck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on. We can move those that the fire hasn't reached."

THEY backed two big trucks piled high with steel cases of howitzer powder up on higher ground, out of immediate danger. With hand extinguishers that they snatched from the trucks, they beat off the flames from a mound of boxed hand grenades.

Over their heads came a long whine that deepened into a roar. Then a big shell burst on the opposite bank.

"German shell," explained the major, shouting at David, above the crackling of small-arms ammunition. "They're shooting at the dump. They can't hit anything. We'll be safe as long as we stay here."

David nodded. "Sure."

"Safest place on an artillery range is sitting on the target." The major put down his empty extinguisher and looked into the center of the burning dump. "Soon as the spilled gasoline burns off, it ought to quiet down," he said. As if to contradict him, a deep, earth-shaking roar came from the center of the fire.

Flames were tossed about into areas as yet untouched.

"Did the Germans make a hit?" the major demanded, wonderingly.

"No, sir. I think it was one of those empty gasoline drums."

"What?"

"Yes, sir. There's a pile of them down there. Where the truck drivers filled their gas tanks."

"Full or empty?"

"Both, sir."

"Get a gun out of one of those trucks, and come on."

David snatched up an automatic and a belt full of ammunition. He followed the major into the very heart of the flames.

"Shoot a lot of holes into the empty drums," the major commanded, setting the example. "When they explode they'll do more damage than shells will. And holes in them lessen the force of the explosion."

DAVID found a can whose vent was hissing from the heat of the gas inside it. He pointed his automatic at the heavy metal side and fired. A rush of flame came out and the can shot away to one side like a rocket. David's face was scorched by the fiery blast.

He stepped back, prepared to run. But a few feet away the major was calmly reloading his automatic, after shooting enough holes in a drum to render it harmless. David reloaded his own automatic and went to work. He accidentally punctured a leaking full drum that was slowly feeding the flames and was rewarded by a flash of forked lightning and an explosion that tossed him up against a stack of gas shells.

"Get out, quick," called the major. "We've done all we can."

They ran to the edge of the dump. An enemy shell landed with a great burst up the gully.

"What's your name and outfit?" the major asked.

David told him.

"Well, Jewett," said the major, "I think you'll make a good sergeant."

STABLE Sergeant David Jewett was watering horses. It seemed to him that his whole life was an endless succession of watering details. There were a hundred and sixty horses to be watered three times a day and the river was a long two miles from the picket lines.

Of course a stable sergeant is not supposed to jeopardize his dignity by watering horses. But losses caused by enemy shell fire, by dysentery, by transfers, by special squads, had shrunk David's section down to seven men and a corporal. So there were only nine of them to go down to the river together, each one riding one horse and leading four. They could take forty-five horses each trip they made. They made four trips three times each day. That, as David gloomily reckoned, was twelve trips of four miles each.

They began watering horses at five o'clock each morning, before the July sun had begun to blaze down into the nightmare forest where the picket lines were stretched. They finished their daily stint some time after dusk, leg-and-arm weary from gripping the bare backs of their mounts and tugging on the halter ropes of the led horses.

There was water nearer than the little river, but it stood in stagnant pools and was gas-poisoned.

"When my grandchildren ask me what I did in the war," said David to the corporal, "I'll have to tell 'em I watered horses. Either that, or lie to 'em."

He untied four sorry-looking dray horses. He tied the halter ropes of three of them to the halter ring of the fourth. Then from the saddle-stock picket line, he selected a bay mare who was reputed to "walk easy." Into her mouth he slipped the bit of a watering bridle, over her back he slung a blanket and surcingle. He picked up the leading rope of the fourth dray horse and swung himself up on the mare's back. He blew his sergeant's whistle.

"Lead out to water," he commanded. His faithful eight assistants followed him. The forty-five horses walked slowly down the dusty road.

"If this is war," sighed David, "I'll have steak and onions."

They passed thickets where the stench of dead men's bodies seemed to cry aloud for burial. Above their heads, branches had been lopped from trees by flying steel and hung from the scarred trunks, dead and ominous.

In open glades stood rifles, their muzzles thrust into the moldy soil, each one crowned with a helmet, marking the grave of an infantryman or a machine gunner who had perished there.

"I wonder," mused David, "why they don't ever pick out a clean place to fight in."

The dusty road wound on. From other parts of the wood appeared other watering details and other morose stable sergeants, each man riding one and leading four.

"We're late," David concluded. "We won't be able to get near the damn' river." For, as if to trouble stable sergeants, the river flowed between steep banks and at only one point could one ride down to the water.

"Come on." He kicked his mount in the ribs with his spurs and tugged on the halter rope in his right hand. "Come on, gang. Hurry up. Double time."

HIS forebodings, he saw, had been justified by the time they reached the river. In the shell-scarred meadow that led down to the water, a thousand horses were jammed together, waiting for their chance to drink.

Perched high on the opposite bank of the river, David could see some machine gunners lying on the very top of a round stone tower. He had at first mistaken this structure for a silo, but had later learned it was all that remained of a medieval fortress. An anti-aircraft battery was placed there to guard the water hole.

"I wish I'd been a machine gunner," David grumbled. "They get medals and things and don't have to water horses."

Suddenly, he saw the machine gunners spring to life and leap to their weapons. They were all looking over David's head. He turned, to follow their gaze, and beheld an apparition. Diving low, just skimming the tree tops of the forest, came an enemy plane. And, as it dived, a rat-tat-tat-tat told of the stream of machine-gun bullets it was pouring into the acres of tightly packed horses. Down the plane swung, straight at him. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

David had barely time to think, "It's right at me. I'm going to be hit," when the pilot thrust an evil, be-goggled face over the side of the cockpit to view the havoc he had caused, shut off his gun and swung the plane sharply to the right.

"He missed me," cried David aloud, thinking of it as a personal attack.

Up in the tower the machine gunners stood, futile and helpless. If they fired, their bullets would spray the helpless mass of horses.

Right through the center of the wedged corral was drawn a line of red misery. Wounded horses plunged, trumpeted and screamed like hurt children. Not one bullet from the plane had missed.

"He's coming back—look out!—he's coming back!" a man on the outskirts yelled in terror.

THE flyer banked, side-slipped over the river to dodge the stream of bullets sent after him from the tower, rose a little and turned back.

David dropped the halter rope, to which he had clung, releasing his led four. His right hand pulled his revolver from the holster.

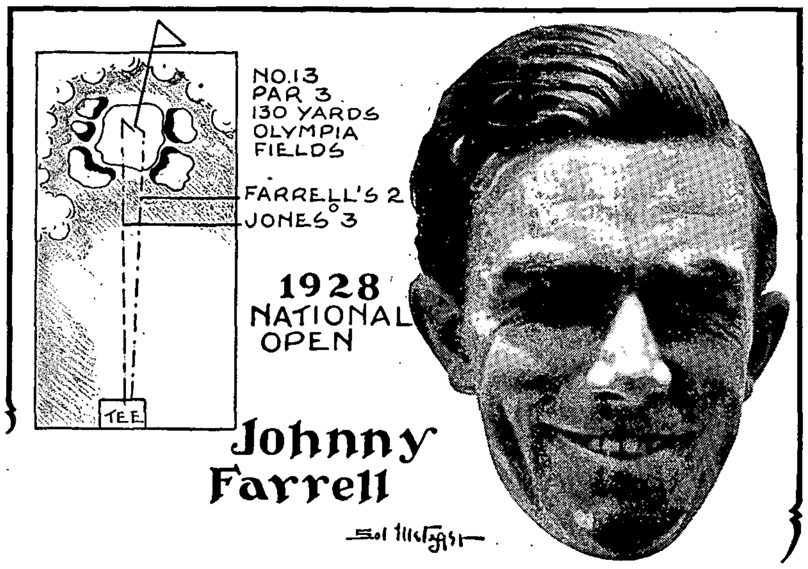
"Maybe he'll do it again," he chuckled.

Straight down dived the plane, right at David. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat roared the machine gun. Another red lane was cut through the closely packed horses. The guns on the stone tower held their fire, lest they add to the casualties.

David waited.

The plane came, as the corporal said afterward, "so close you could reach up and grab it." A horse beside David's mount dropped as if crushed by a great weight. He heard that bullet hit the flesh with a dull smack. The plane

(*Continued on page 51*)



School for Champions

By Sol Metzger

GENE SARAZEN, as we have seen, had found time while in the throes of his finishing round of 68 at Skokie, which won him the 1922 National Open, to comment upon the sound iron shots of his playing partner, debonair Johnny Farrell.

"He will be heard from some day," said Gene. "All he needs is seasoning."

Johnny was heard from one rare June day six years later. He and Bobby Jones tied at 294 strokes in the 1928 National Open test. Surprising, that, as Bobby, stirred by his failure the previous year when he finished in eleventh place—his bitterest blow—had come to Olympia Fields with shots attuned by long practice, keen to regain one of the lost honors held in 1926 when he had taken rank as the first to win both the United States and British Open titles.

Fate played odd tricks in this 1928 championship. In the first round Jones was paired with Farrell, who, of all the others, was his logical rival. Was it not Johnny who had blazed his way over the treacherous fairways of La Gorce the past March for a final round of 63, a new competitive record at the time—and that in the biggest prize event of the year? Was it not this same smiling Irishman who had, during the past season, won every important open except the national? Johnny had evidently become seasoned.

Fate played odd tricks with Johnny that first round. The big crowds came to see Jones. They overlooked his master and all but cost the latter the title as they rushed pell-mell to watch the Atlantan, thus spoiling shots for Farrell all that day. Almost unnoticed he finished four strokes behind Bobby. Grand golf the next three rounds and a finishing birdie caught Jones, forcing the play-off now under discussion.

Down to the twelfth green of the last round of this thirty-six-hole affair Farrell had led. Here Jones gained a stroke ascendancy. Bobby's honor at the 130-yard No. 13, a pitch over a deep ravine to a green framed by sand. His ball stopped nine feet from the pin.

"It was up to me, then or never," Johnny told me recently. "I knew if I could get inside him here I'd win. Nothing that followed mattered. That's the story of the play-off."

Farrell chose a mashie-niblick. When his ball dropped hard by the flag for a certain birdie, a smile lightened his tense face. The fickle gallery must have sensed the situation. Its roaring tribute all but drowned the thunder of an approaching storm.

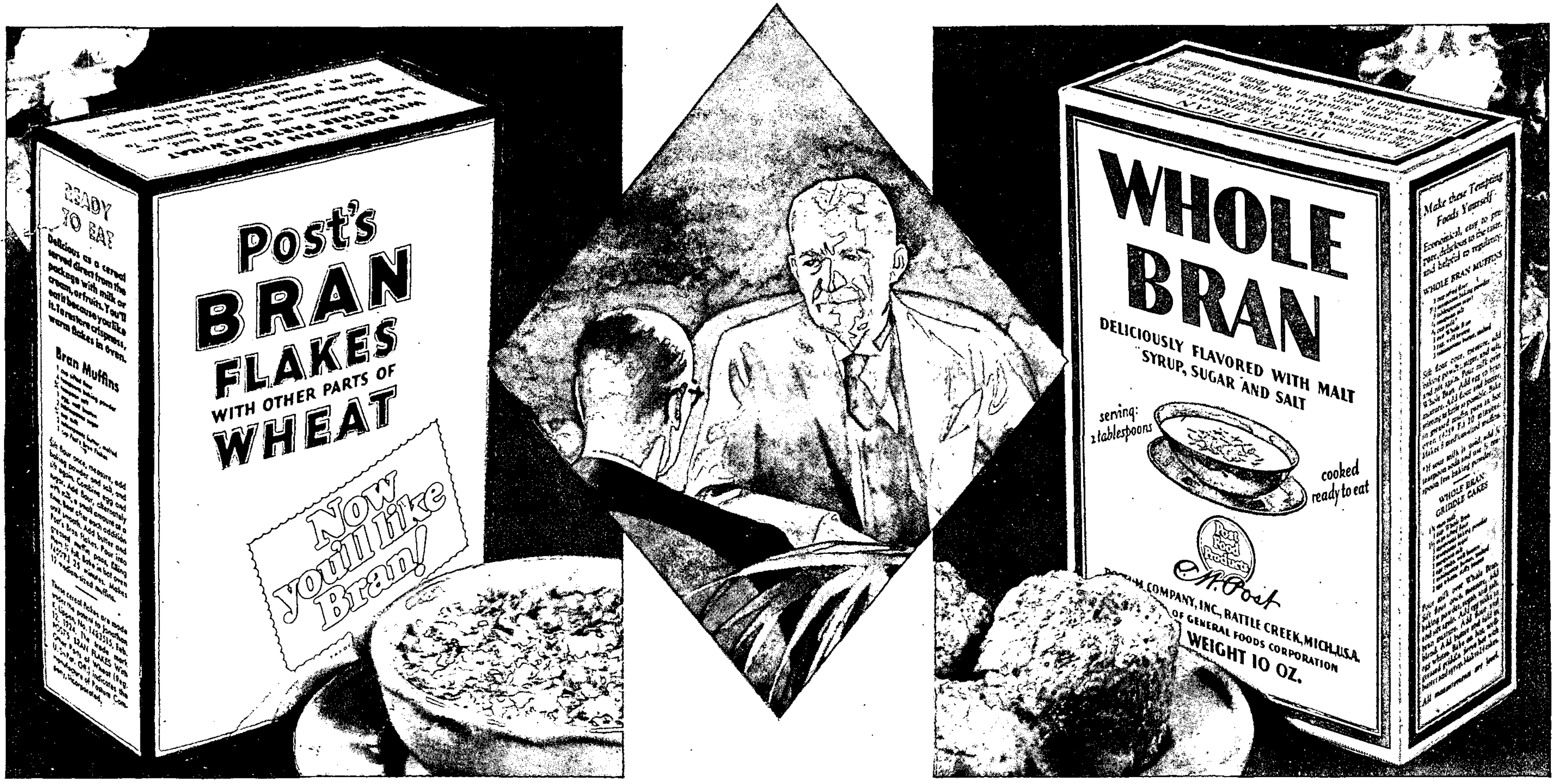
What followed, while magnificent and nerve-tingling to witness, was but added proof of Farrell's skill with the irons. Johnny gained a precious one-stroke lead at the short sixteenth. From then on his approaches matched Jones' prodigious drives, birdie for birdie, down to the end. Iron play had turned the day.

Long before I had asked Francis Ouimet, one of the lasting heroes of the links, how a golfer might best be developed.

"That's a stickler," the victor of Brookline replied. "All I can say is that our future stars will undoubtedly come from caddie ranks. Someone they have carried for gives them a discarded iron. With it they start their golf on the soundest foundation possible—the shot to the green. The rest of us begin with the driver and become wedded to length forever after.

Johnny Farrell, so it turns out, started right. His sound game was developed with a discarded iron during the long-ago caddie days. That's the story of his success.

Put back in your diet what SUCCESS *has taken away*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WHOLE BRAN *is new. Full strength bran for stubborn or chronic cases of constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. So effective that 2 tablespoons make an adequate serving for most people. There are now* two *Post's bran cereals, both delicious*

It's 9 to 1 you need bran: but which kind do you need?

How often success undermines its own foundations!

Success, which brings us richer foods—success which buys us cars to ride in—success which crowds our days with duties and our evenings with social affairs—treacherous success may also crowd our bodies with poisons.

For rich foods, concentrated delicacies, lack of exercise, are the great causes of constipation. Most people do not get enough bulk with what they eat—and when food moves too slowly through the digestive tract, wastes which should be promptly eliminated may accumulate and spread their deadening effects throughout the system.

Most people—even those who do not suspect it—suffer from this trouble today. Most people need the wholesome benefits, the added bulkiness of bran.

Nature's food in delicious form

Of course all people are not alike—and so everyone doesn't need the same amount of bran each day.

That's why there are two Post's bran cereals prepared for you. Each contains bran but in different measure.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need; even those who aren't aware of the fact. Post's Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world. Try them and you'll know why; all ready to eat—just add milk or cream.

WHOLE BRAN is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds "straight" from the package, with milk or cream. Or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. Use the new recipe on the package.

You can get Post's bran cereals from your grocer; and it is well to remember, when in hotels, restaurants, and on trains, that you can always order these delicious foods in individual packages. That's important, because the real benefits of bran depend on getting it *every day.*

Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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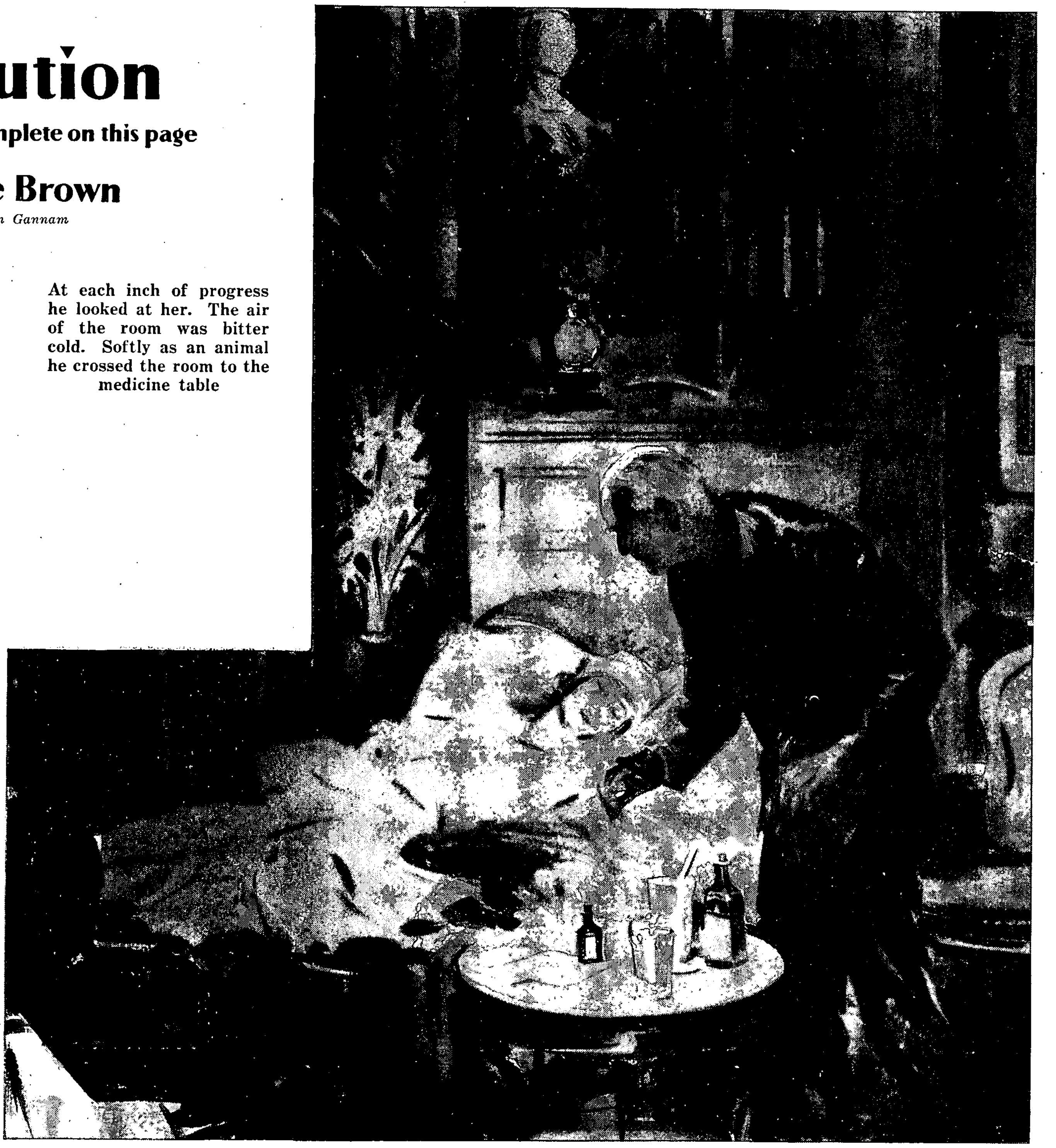
Retribution

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Bernice Brown

Illustrated by John Gannam



At each inch of progress he looked at her. The air of the room was bitter cold. Softly as an animal he crossed the room to the medicine table

IT WAS not until the end of the third day that Roger McAllister began to be afraid of Molly Doran. At first it had not struck him as being even mildly ironic that Bill Doran's daughter should be the one to nurse him back to health. Roger McAllister was not a man given either to remorse or to introspection.

"As soon as Miss Doran is at liberty," the doctor had said, "I am going to get her for you. She has never lost a pneumonia case yet."

The name Doran had meant nothing to Roger McAllister then. Even when she arrived it meant nothing to him. Molly Doran was quiet and deft and, in a way devoid of any personal reaction, he remarked her pretty and serious young face. Still, her face reminded him of no one. He was unconscious of the fact that his sick man's mind was hovering around it, fitting it into the mosaic of his past.

"Are you William Doran's daughter?" he heard himself ask her.

Molly Doran smiled and nodded.

Roger McAllister closed his eyes. He thought of the bank. Roger McAllister had been president of that bank for twenty years, ever since Bill Doran—

His eyes flickered open. Molly Doran sat, not too near his bed, her body relaxed into the stillness from which instant action springs.

"Do you remember your father?" Again it was a surprise to him to hear the question.

Molly Doran glanced up, startled. "Not very clearly. I was only five." She glanced at her watch. "It's time for your medicine, Mr. McAllister."

He thought of a house—where this girl beside him once lived. He had dined there once. He remembered the crystal goblets on the table and the yellow roses in a great silver bowl. He could hear Bill Doran's laugh and see again the flash of little Mrs. Doran's bare arms. Roger McAllister had worn a dress suit for the first time that evening. He remembered how awkward he had felt and that he had had to eat his ice cream with a dinner fork. Nobody had pretended to see his mistake. Perhaps he had begun to hate Bill Doran in that moment.

AGAIN he opened his eyes. She looked more like her father than her mother. Then he thought of Celia. Celia, his daughter, slim and ugly and exquisitely dressed. What good would this girl's looks do her? Celia had style. She had money too, and ambition. Celia would get on, she was like him.

Molly Doran lowered a shade. "Please try to sleep, Mr. McAllister."

He would close his eyes but she couldn't stop his thinking. No, he wasn't sorry for any of the things he had done. In this world the strong rose and the weak went under. It was a rule. He had crushed many men. Bill Doran stood out only because he had been the first.

How well he remembered Bill's bravado. He knew some people had called it courage. But it wasn't courage. No man with nerve committed suicide, even to secure his life insurance for his family. But he had failed in that too, for the company refused to pay the money to the widow.

"Would you like to have me read to you, Mr. McAllister?"

Could she see into his mind? Well, she'd see a lot then. She'd see her father with his head bowed on Roger McAllister's desk and his shoulders racked with sobbing. Oh, he could have saved Bill Doran. He could have lent him money for six months, over that tight place. But if he had, the bank would not have got those copper interests at so low a price. That was the first big thing Roger McAllister had ever done for the bank. His rise dated from that period.

"Dr. Coleman will be distressed if your temperature goes up." Her voice was as steady and low as a teacher's with a stubborn child. "You know you will have to help Dr. Coleman to make you well."

In that moment he began to be afraid of her. He shot her a look of his old-time defiance. "I don't need any daughter of Bill Doran's to dictate to me."

She smiled down at him. "I'm going to give you some warm milk now. That will make you sleep."

But he didn't sleep. Hour after hour his eyes followed her till his eyeballs ached with the strain of attention. The more he watched her the more like Bill Doran she grew to look to him. In the ghostly half light of the night-hushed sick-room he thought for one awful moment it was Bill Doran come back to be revenged on him.

Dr. Coleman came three times a day instead of twice now and a new medicine appeared on the little white-topped table. It was marked "poison" and he knew it was for his heart. Then it was the conviction came to Roger McAllister that Molly Doran intended to murder him.

He wished he didn't have to fight her alone. For the first time in his life he regretted his isolation. It was telling on him, this everlasting watchfulness. Twice he'd refused the draught to make him sleep and had lain there, tortured in every limb with the enforced stillness of pretended sleep. But he must never let that poison bottle out of his sight. Night and day he must watch it. Night and day. . . .

IT WAS not until the seventh night that Roger McAllister got his chance. Molly Doran lay on a little cot a half dozen paces from the medicine table. She did not move and her breathing was long and even. A long time he waited; then, starting at every sound, he crept painfully from the great bed.

At each inch of progress he looked at her. The air of the room was bitter cold. He shivered but he did not stop to draw on a dressing gown. He hadn't time. Softly as an animal he crossed the room to the medicine table and picked up the little bottle. He opened it and sniffed. There was no smell and in the half light it was colorless as water. A moment he hesitated. He was very cold now and his teeth were chattering. Grimly he shut his jaws to stop the sound. He glanced at Molly Doran as she lay, her curly hair dark against the pillow. Then he walked with the bottle to the opened window and tossed out the liquid.

From a carafe of water on the medicine table he refilled the bottle to the spot that his thumb had marked. He was trembling now so that he could scarcely stand. What an agony of space lay between him and the great bed. But he mustn't fail now. He had outwitted her, that girl of Bill Doran's. She had thought she could murder him. But he had been too smart for her. He had been too smart for everybody. Roger McAllister, he could stand alone. He could stand, stand. . . .

By nine o'clock next morning Molly Doran was packed to leave. "I'm sorry, Doctor." Her grave young eyes met those of the physician. "I never lost a pneumonia case before." She stopped. "I felt sorry for him. It's sad to die as he did, all alone. Besides, he knew my father."

Ask Your Congressman

He's your friend at court, say Ruth Pratt and Ruth Bryan Owen. When things go wrong between you and the government, when your needs are not understood, he should act as liaison officer. These two charming congresswomen do a good job of practicing what they preach

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Keystone View

International News

Representatives Ruth Pratt (left) and Ruth Bryan Owen of the "women's bloc" in Congress

TWO members of the "women's bloc" in Congress, Ruth Pratt of New York and Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, are in many respects antitheses of each other. One, by birth, education and residence, represents the North and East. The other, growing up in the West and schooled there politically, is Southern by self-determination and by close identification with the interests of her Southern constituency. One comes from the most congested of urban districts, the other from a rural district. One is a Republican and the widow of a multimillionaire; the other, a Democrat and the widowed daughter of William Jennings Bryan.

Yet, with all their differences, these two tall, slender, attractive women, who have brought poise, intelligence, sophistication and conscience to their congressional office, agree as to its essential function.

What your congressman, they say, ought to do for you is always to be a friend in need and a friend at court. The first duty of a representative at Washington is to *represent*—to represent the needs and problems of his constituents. He ought to be a liaison officer between them and the national government, he ought to translate Federal rule to them in terms of useful information, of justice, of protection.

"I want every man, woman and child in my district to feel that he has one friend," Representative Pratt told me. "I like people, and when my constituents don't know what to do, where to turn, I want them to remember that their representative at Washington is *there*, knows whom to see, what to ask, how to help.

The Representative's Duty

"The government," she continued, "exists to help people. It doesn't want to harass them, to make life hard for them. The government always wants to be fair—only, sometimes, the facts have not been put before it properly.

"That is the job which the representative should perform for his constituents. I never consider the politics of anybody in my district who appeals to me to have grievances redressed or to obtain legitimate information. Everybody is entitled to that much.

"Of course," she interpolated frankly, "if favors are asked, you seek them for your own party; otherwise, you would have no party discipline, no encouragement to loyal party service.

"While there is a recourse open I never stop working on a just request," she continued. "My mail averages sixty letters a day. I read all of it and every letter receives an answer that is more than perfunctory. It would be easy simply to acknowledge a plea for help and to say that the matter had been referred to the proper department. But in my reply to a constituent, I detail every step that has been taken; a chronology which may include visits, letters and telephone calls to various governmental departments, to cabinet officers, even to the President.

"I never ask anything for myself. Perhaps that is the reason I get so many of the things I ask for others. But even when I am refused, I think people realize that I have tried."

A Large Circle of Friends

With an equally intense conviction, Ruth Bryan Owen expounded her congressional philosophy: "The representative by virtue of his office becomes the voice of the inarticulate and the defender of those in need of the special consideration of their government.

"My relation to my district is simply that of friend," she assured me. "Each of us has his circle of friends, his twenty or thirty families in the community to whom, when they are in need, he is glad to offer sympathy or counsel or help. My circle of friends is expanded to the dimensions of Florida's 500-mile east coastline—that is the only difference.

"I want my people to understand the government and what it does for them. I know that it wants to help—my job, for my people, is to see that there is understanding of the help required.

"It is a representative's business to have a most thorough and comprehensive acquaintance with his district and its needs. Mine is one of the largest congressional districts in the United States, but I know every inch of it; I visit every county and almost every community at least once a year; I have a resident secretary near the center of my district to keep me in touch with local conditions while I attend the sessions of Congress.

"And it's not 'just politics!'" Representative Owen's expressive brows arched her repudiation of the cynical charge often, she says, tossed at her.

"It's that I have a special feeling about my people," she insisted, "as I hope they have about me. When I go home, there seems to be something different in the air. Everybody knows me. The conductor on the train greets me by name. So does the boy selling magazines. Often when I speak in a little community, all the stores close and practically the entire population attends the meeting. They show me all the new babies—when a child is born in my district I try to send a personal letter to the mother, with a copy of the government book on infant care.

"My people ask my advice on how to make the farm pay; whether to send the boy to college. It's heart-warming! And it makes me repeat to myself what I thought as I took my oath of office: 'If anything should go wrong with my people now it will be my fault, for they have trusted me.'"

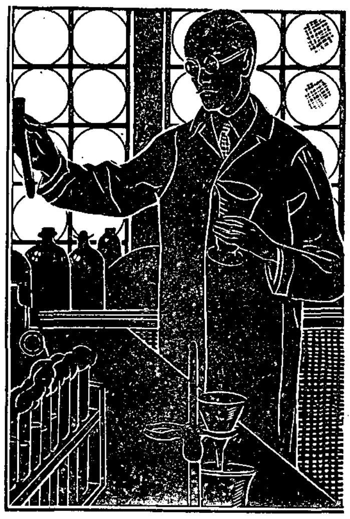
Such is the curiously identical theory of congressional duty to you and me and all of us at home, as set forth by the lady from Florida and the lady from New York. How does their practice square with their theory?

There are natural differences in application, differences showing that what your congressman ought to do for you is not necessarily what my congressman ought to do for me. It all depends on where each of us lives and whether our congressman belongs to the majority or to the opposition.

Then again, a congressman's duty to those he represents is conditioned by their needs. The large Federal concessions and services urged by Ruth Bryan Owen for her undeveloped, recently storm-devastated district are not required by the sophisticated and firmly entrenched social group in a crowded urban constituency like Ruth Pratt's. On the other hand, the New York

(*Continued on page 41*)

Should CHEMISTS . . . *analyze Chemicals?*



And Should Lubrication Specialists Analyze Your Car's Lubrication Needs?

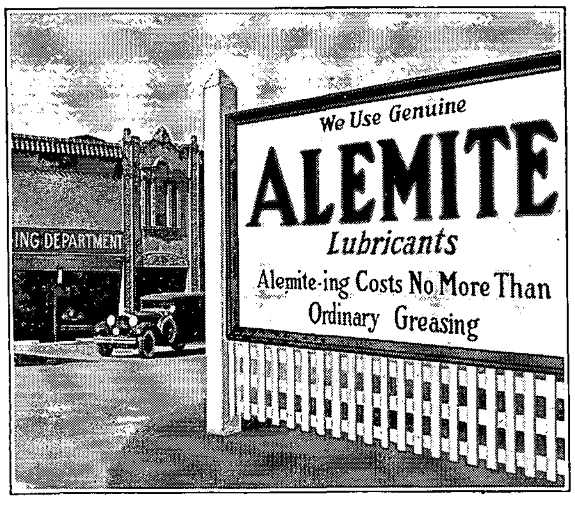
For Its Many Special Lubrication NEEDS, Your Car Requires Highly Specialized Lubricants—NOT just "grease"

WHEN YOU SAY, "I'm going to get my car Alemited", do you realize the full meaning of the word? For many motorists say this—ask for "Alemite-ing"—and get a "job of greasing".

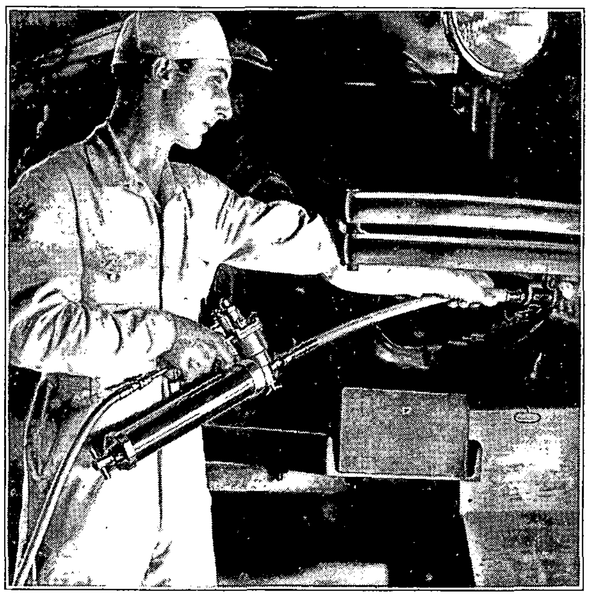
"Alemite-ing" is not that at all. "Alemite-ing" is a complete and scientific lubrication service which begins with the basic engineering fact that *each of your car's special lubrication needs should be served with the special lubricant it requires.*

Your car is a combination of machines. Each operates under different "manufacturing" conditions. The lubricant needed in its water pump, for example, is entirely different than that required for its springs.

Alemite Corporation started many years ago to meet each special lubrication need with a special lubricant to ideally fill that need. That is why cars which are regularly "Alemited" function so smoothly and efficiently. Today there are special Alemite Lubricants for Chassis Bearings, Universal Joints, Gears, Wheel Bearings, Water Pumps, Steering Gears and Springs. Each thoroughly protective in its individual lubrication duty.



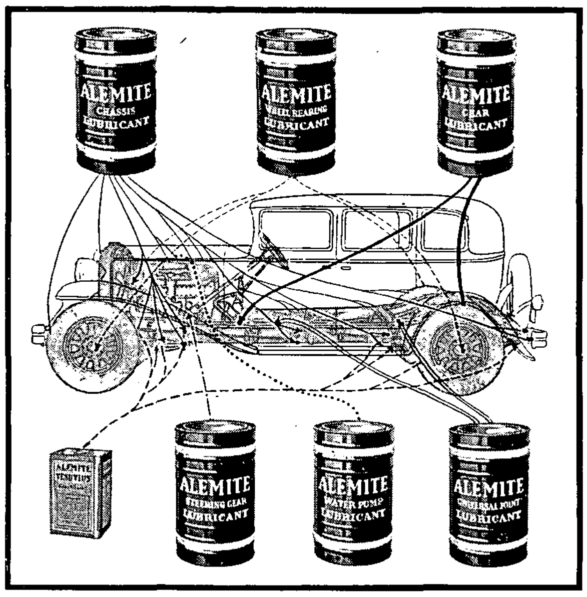
DEPEND UPON THE DEALER WHO SHOWS THIS SIGN. HE IS AN ALEMITE LUBRICATION SPECIALIST WHOM YOU CAN DEPEND UPON!



EVERY BEARING IS SERVED WITH FRESH ALEMITE LUBRICANT UNDER HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF PRESSURE

Why and How to Be Sure of "Alemite-ing"!

Scientific lubrication care of your car is a matter for specialists. Alemite Corporation allows the Yellow Alemite Sign which advertises Genuine Alemite-ing only to be used by those dealers who have agreed to use *only genuine Alemite lubricants.* No substituting of dangerous or inferior "greases".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ALEMITE WHEEL BEARING LUBRICANT
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ALEMITE WATER PUMP LUBRICANT
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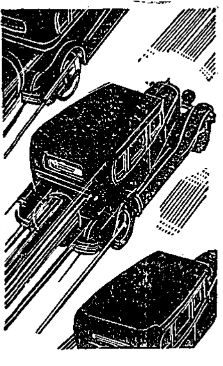
SPECIAL ALEMITE LUBRICANTS FOR EACH SPECIAL NEED RESULT IN ESPECIALLY FINE CAR PERFORMANCE AND LOW UPKEEP

> *More than 95% of all American built cars employ Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems as standard equipment. Alemite Corporation devotes its entire effort to modern, highly specialized lubrication service!*

When you drive into a 100% Alemite Dealer's you are in the safe hands of men who know their specialty—scientific lubrication. Every lubrication need on your car will be supplied with the Special Alemite Lubricant proved most efficient for that need. Every point of lubrication will be served. None will be slighted or overlooked. The service men attending you *will lubricate your car from factory lubrication charts as approved for your particular model by its builders!*



Once you have kept up a regular course of Genuine "Alemite-ing" over a period of months, you will never need to be advised again. The difference in quiet, luxurious, trouble-free performance will be so obvious. The increased amount of motoring pleasure you will experience will have proved that "Alemite-ing" is its own reward.

Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2648-c N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 16

"It seems a long time," he ventured.

"Ages," she said.

To his amazement he found himself smiling as he hung up. What on earth kind of man was he? A moment ago, before he telephoned, he had been in blackest despair. Well, there was one thing to be said: Deborah had a light gayety, not definable as of voice, or word, but nevertheless solidly existent, which would make even a loveless marriage endurable.

He instructed Webbing to pack needful things, and left his apartment. He stopped on his way downtown to select an engagement ring and a wedding ring, the former of square-cut diamonds and the latter a plain, platinum band. He paused at a florist's, to send flowers.

HE ARRIVED at his office at ten, and found Grady sitting on the desk, flirting outrageously with Miss Searles.

"Got a lot to chat over with you, Dick," said the newspaper man. "Cunning here," he pointed to Miss Searles, "gets along so well with me that she disappears at the slightest hint. She's getting ready to leave the room right now, and she'll spend this evening trying to wheedle out of me all our secrets."

"I can't believe it," said Cordova.

"Well, as a matter of fact it isn't true," admitted the grinning Grady. "I'll say for the little girl that she's got plenty mind-her-business about her."

"Is the matter important, Fred?" asked Cordova.

Grady shrugged.

"No hurry about it, if you're busy."

"I want to go away for a few days," said Cordova. "You see—I'm going to be married today."

Grady jumped for him and grabbed his hand.

"All you needed, young feller, to make a great person of you."

Miss Searles beamed and blushed, and seemed moved almost to tears, after the fashion of her sex.

"Who is she? Have I got an exclusive story?"

"You have, but I'd rather you didn't print it before the other papers," said Cordova. "It's Dan Carmichael's niece, Miss Deborah Carmichael."

Grady stared at him.

"Not the blonde?" he asked.

"The younger one," said Cordova.

"Couldn't *anything* in this world be sweller," said Grady. Cordova thought he saw a look of relief in the newspaper man's eyes, but put it down to imagination.

Miss Searles seized his hand.

"I think it's too wonderful," she gasped. "Oh, I wish I could see her."

Her eyes were beaming now, and her hands shook with the excitement that unexpected weddings bring to women. Cordova smiled at her. He needed attendants, witnesses, something of that sort. Miss Searles would get a thrill that would last all her life at attending the Cordovas at their wedding. And he liked Grady about as well as anyone he knew. Further, there was something vaguely distasteful about asking his friends, any of them. They'd ask questions, try to read behind his answers.

"I'd love it if you and Fred would come along with us and witness the ceremony," he said.

Miss Searles, quite unconsciously, took Grady's hand.

"I'd adore it," she breathed.

"Look what knowing me lets you in for, Cutie," said Grady. "Your boss can't get married without you. That's how important I've made you."

"Oh, *you*," said Miss Searles.

"Any way to keep it out of the papers for a while, Fred?" asked Cordova.

Grady shook his head.

"City Hall men look over the requests for licenses. Your name is too well known. Is it important?"

Cordova shook his head.

"I don't suppose so. I just—hate to be bothered for a while."

"You can't have all the jack that Rockefeller overlooked and hope to keep your wedding out of the papers," laughed Grady. "Listen, I don't want to talk business now. But—pretty soon?"

"Monday?" suggested Cordova.

"Okay," said Grady.

"I've some papers now, to go over," said Cordova. "If you and Miss Searles will lunch with us uptown—say the Colony at one-thirty?"

"I've never been there," breathed the young woman ecstatically. "Do you think I'm dressed well enough?"

"If you were dressed any prettier I'd make this a double affair," said Grady.

"Well?" suggested Cordova.

The girl tossed her head.

"I won't do it. Not until he quits a business where he never comes home until all hours of the night."

Grady grinned.

"It's going to be lots of fun talking her out of that. I've got her whistling to keep up her courage already. I'll come back for you at a little before one," he told the girl. He shook hands again with Cordova. "The best, young feller," he said.

Miss Searles pulled herself together with great difficulty. She took out a dictation pad and propped it on her knee. For an hour and a half Cordova, referring to papers, dictated. Then, as he had finished, Deborah knocked on his door and was admitted by Miss Searles.

She had on a light town frock this morning, summery and sweet, and she seemed, even to the unhappy Cordova, fragrant and delicious. As for Miss Searles, she gasped and turned frankly to Cordova.

"But you're *lucky*," she said.

Cordova managed to laugh.

"Deborah, this is my secretary and very good friend, Miss Searles. She—and another friend of mine—are going to lunch with us and attend our marriage."

Will—and cosmetics—had repaired Deborah's color. She smiled shyly at Miss Searles.

"I think that's nice," she said.

CORDOVA, watching Miss Searles' open admiration, felt a queer feeling of pride. He forced it from him. At least, he told himself bitterly, it was as well that the girl who opened the wrong letter had a decent amount of charm.

She had plenty. She was not nearly as obviously beautiful as Del, but Cordova noticed that in the corridors and elevators men cast appraising and approving glances at the fresh youth of the girl he was going to marry.

The girl he was going to marry! Somehow, the sentence didn't make sense, lacked definite meaning. He, Dick Cordova, who'd never looked at a girl twice, couldn't be on his way to the License Bureau. And if he were, he couldn't be accompanied by Deborah; it must be her cousin Del who walked demurely beside him.

He found himself blotting blanks that he filled out. He was white, an American citizen, had never been married before. And at last they took the two papers to a window, Cordova paid a fee, and they were licensed by the great and sovereign State of New York to enter into matrimony.

In a taxi, on their way uptown, Cordova gave Deborah the ring. She gasped with sheer delight at its size and beauty.

"You're rich, Dick," she said.

His thoughts were quickly suspicious.

"But you knew that, didn't you?"

"Y-es, I suppose so. But it didn't mean anything. I mean—this ring—I'm rich, too, Dick. I never want any allowance—or anything."

"I insist upon you having one," he laughed.

"I've fifty thousand a year all my own," she said. "Uncle gave me it on my eighteenth birthday."

"I'll borrow it when I'm hard up," he said.

She looked at him gravely.

"I wish you'd be hard up right now. It would be wonderful to give you something you had to have."

Touched, he patted her hand. And then, because she turned toward him, leaned against him, he kissed her quickly, and hated himself because her kiss was delightful.

GRADY and Miss Searles were waiting for them in the tiny lobby of the Colony, and a headwaiter ushered Cordova's party instantly to a table. Greetings assailed Cordova. Molly Cragin detained him a moment.

"Thought Minna Dupree would do better than she did, Dick," she laughed. "We razzed her terribly. A man-killer, eh? But you're no man. You're an anchorite."

"I'll make you eat them words some day, Molly," he laughed.

"Who's the beauty?" asked Molly in a whisper. "I think I've seen her somewhere."

"Deborah Carmichael," he replied. "The senator's niece."

"Is she in town for a while? Can you bring her out to spend a week-end? She's lovely. I hate that blond cousin of hers, though. A calculating kitten."

"You're out of your mind, Molly," he said hotly.

"Blows the wind there?" she asked. "Then I'm out of my mind. Still, this one is the one I want."

"Then I'll bring her," he promised.

The headwaiter had led the others to the table. Cordova, feeling that he had been rude in permitting himself to be detained, hurried to join them.

It was a merry meal, and Cordova, agony though there was in his heart, found himself laughing again and again at Grady's gayeties. Well, condemned men laughed on their way to the death chamber, he had been told.

They all rode together to St. Francis'. Dr. Beadlestone, the very dignified rector, greeted them sonorously. Before Cordova quite realized it, the ceremony had begun. He was listening to the solemn words, the holy injunctions. Sudden tenderness welled up within him. This girl had made a frightful mistake. But he had tried to cover up her mistake. So help him, he would never let her know that she had forced herself, unwanted, upon him. He would be tender, gentle, kindly, considerate—and loving if he could.

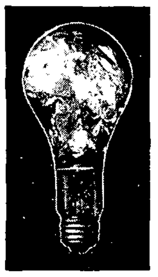
"And now you may kiss your bride; it's quite customary," he heard Grady saying.

He put his arms about Deborah. Her lips were offered to him. She was his wife and he was kissing her—kissing the wrong wife.

(*To be continued next week*)

Keep a Vivid Memory
of that Beach Party .

SNAPSHOT . . . .
after-dark swims now . easily . with the aid of this new invention .



NOW any camera can preserve the joyous moments of summer's night beach parties forever—with the aid of the new Edison MAZDA Photoflash lamp. Now hundreds of other subjects, heretofore difficult at night or indoors, are as easy to photograph as in sunlight; the children playing in the attic on rainy days, pets, bridge parties, your workshop and many more which probably suggest themselves to you.

Edison MAZDA Photoflash lamps are simple to use. A child can be the picture-taker. Any electric current, from a flashlight battery to the house current, will operate them. They work without noise, smoke, odor or dust. A brief, brilliant flash, so quick that neither people nor pets move a muscle, and that prize-winning picture is yours.

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Be sure of getting General Electric quality when you buy these lamps. Always look for the G. E. in a circle and the words "Photoflash Lamp" on the disc within the lamp. Mail the coupon for your copy of an interesting booklet about this new aid to picture-taking. The Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For best results, use Edison MAZDA *Photoflash lamps as shown here, in a reflector. It may be had at a low price —complete with flashlight battery or wired to operate from other electric current.*

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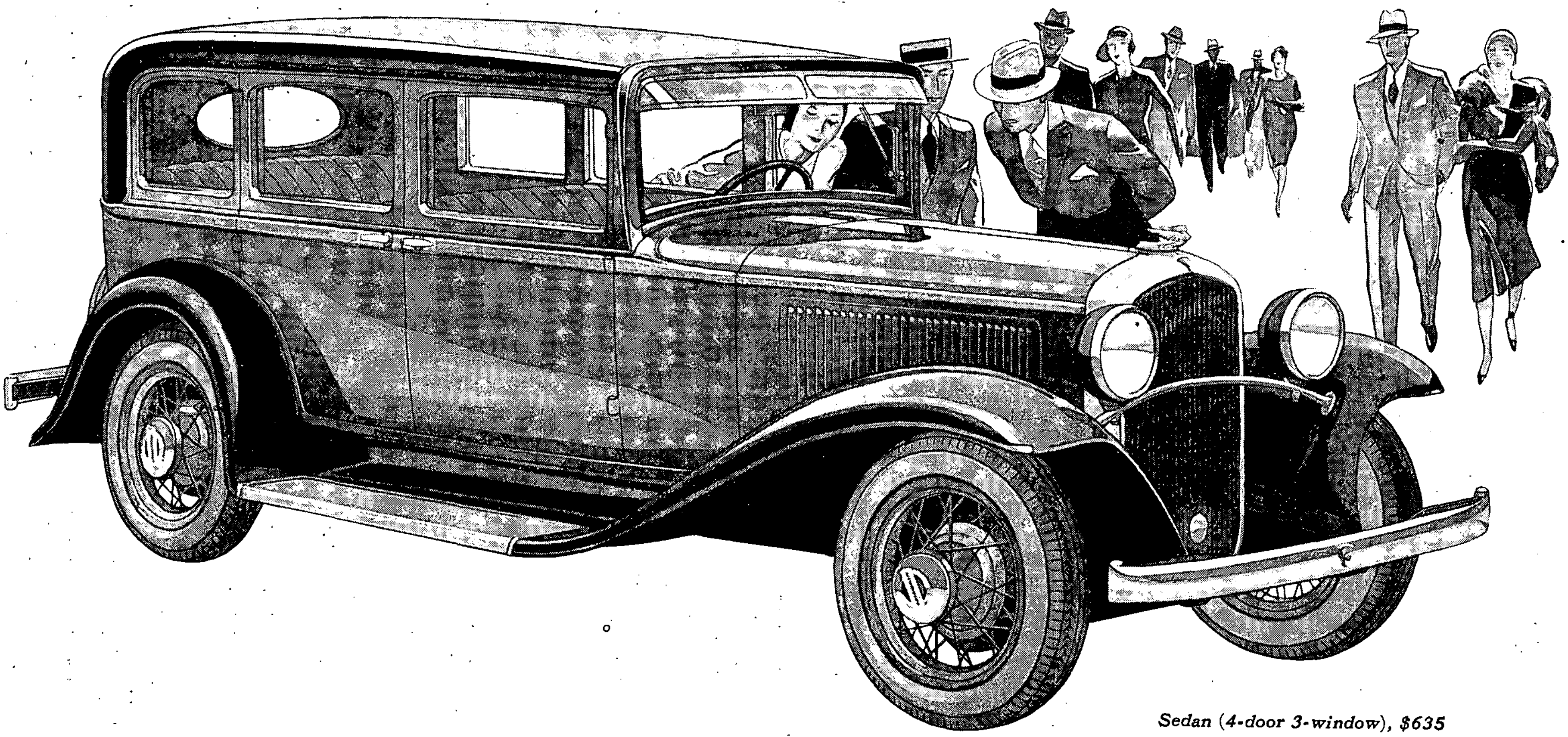

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NOW—SPECIAL DISPLAY—ALL CHRYSLER, DODGE AND DE SOTO SHOWROOMS

• • THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR • •

MOUTH

FLOATING POWER

The vibrationless car for millions in the lowest price field

WITH FREE WHEELING

TO produce in 1931 an achievement in motor car design, engineering and pricing so revolutionary that it transcends every previous standard of quality, performance and value in the field of lowest price is to challenge the world.

That is precisely what the New Plymouth does.

It challenges the previous finest in design among lowest-priced cars.

It challenges the former best in smoothness and performance.

It challenges the world's greatest in motor car manufacture.

It challenges every known standard of automobile value.

Plymouth challenges with the greatest contribution Chrysler Motors engineers have made to modern motoring—"Floating Power."

For years, while designing fine Sixes and Eights for Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto, Chrysler Motors engineers have worked unceasingly for the perfected Four.

Now they give you the results of their labors and discoveries—

The New Plymouth, a quality car of lowest price with the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four—due to Plymouth's exclusive Floating Power.

In more than a quarter century of automobile experience, Chrysler Motors engineers have never wavered in their steadfast faith that the best car of lowest price is the Four.

They knew the Four was the best car for millions; they knew they could build a better quality car of four cylinders at a given cost.

Chrysler Motors engineers proved time and time again that a Four is more rugged and longer-lived; that a Four is more economical to operate, easier and cheaper to maintain; that a Four of equal horsepower has as great, or greater, speed—as much, or more, lugging power—as fast, or faster, pick-up than any car of more than four cylinders.

And anyone who counts the number of parts in a Four as contrasted with a Six or an Eight knows that the Four is simpler.

There has been just one thing fundamentally wrong with Fours—with earlier Chrysler-built Fours as well as others. *That* was vibration.

It was characteristic of the old-time Four that its power impulses were distinct—plainly marked by what engineers call "interrupted torque" that sent vibrations through the frame and body to driver and passengers.

Now exclusive Floating Power makes the New Plymouth smooth as an Eight.

Here is power unshackled, yet power as smooth as satin, as soft as velvet. Here is power without vibration—literally floating; power so silken that even experts could not name the number of cylinders under the Plymouth hood, and many guessed the New Plymouth to be an Eight.

These are strong statements.

You may take our word for them; but we much prefer that you prove them.

Plymouth challenges with Free Wheeling in all forward speeds.

In the lowest price field Plymouth gives you this epochal development in smooth, easy driving and economy. With Plymouth Free Wheeling you can shift gears between all forward speeds without declutching. Here's a feature that adds zest and ease to driving in heavy traffic.

Plymouth challenges with a new, easy-shift transmission.

Besides Free Wheeling Plymouth offers a new, easy-shift transmission which makes it possible to shift not only from second to high at speeds of 35 or 45 miles an hour but back into second at these speeds, when you need sudden acceleration, without clashing or grinding. Here's a feature that adds safety to driving where grades are stiff and steep.

Plymouth challenges with 56 brake-test horsepower.

Here is more power than you ever need—with actual stop watch speed of 65 to 70 miles per hour; pick-up from 0 to 40 miles in 9.7 seconds.

Plymouth challenges with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes.

Among all cars in the lowest price field, only Plymouth has weatherproof hydraulic brakes—simplest and unexcelled for safety and smoothness.

Plymouth challenges with double-drop frame.

Chrysler Motors engineers have given this high-priced car feature to the Plymouth. Plymouth has a still lower center of gravity, still greater safety, still greater riding ease, still finer style.

Plymouth challenges with entirely new styling, with new eye-compelling beauty of line and color.

We believe the New Plymouth establishes in the field of lowest price a new degree of artistic advancement. By the principles of Dynamic Symmetry, Chrysler Motors designers have created outstanding and inescapable beauty.

Plymouth challenges with full-size Safety-Steel body, with wire wheels standard, with hydraulic shock absorbers.

No feature of luxurious comfort, of long-lived reliability, of economy, has been left out of the New Plymouth.

I am happy to extend to the entire motoring world a cordial welcome to see, to drive and to ride in the New Plymouth, and to invite comparison between this exceptional product of Chrysler Motors engineering and any car in the world at or near the price of the New Plymouth.

This vibrationless Four that wipes out all earlier conceptions of fine motoring in the lowest price field challenges your attention; take a demonstration and let the New Plymouth prove its superiority.

W P Chrysler

***NEW PLYMOUTH BODY STYLES**—Roadster $535, Sport Roadster $595, Sport Phaeton $595, Coupe $565, Coupe (with rumble seat) $610, Convertible Coupe $645, Sedan (2 door) $575, Sedan (4-door 3-window) $645, f.o.b. factory. Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Convenient time payments may be arranged.*

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WITH our compliments—serve 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer to your family and friends. See how they enjoy it. Hear their praise of its wonderful flavor. No beverage is more refreshing, more invigorating.

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If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and healthful ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At Fountains and from Hires Kegs, you can get Hires Root Beer by the glass. Also it comes already bottled.

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Everything but Love

Continued from page 11

"Just what I have been telling her," said Miles with a sullen look at Stephen.

"There should be some understanding between us. Neither one of us should take unfair advantage of the other."

"Certainly not," said Miles. "Neither of us should do more than court Melissa for two months. That should give her time to make up her mind."

"We can give her presents," said Stephen.

"Only little things," said Melissa, "that haven't any value."

"What sort of things do you like?" said Miles.

"Oh, bright-colored things," said Melissa vaguely.

"It's a bargain," Stephen said to Miles. They shook hands on it and went away.

"Oh, what fun!" she said dimpling. "I've always wanted to have men fighting about me."

"Well, let them marry you," Evander said furiously. "I don't want to!"

"Oh, Evander, don't be cross at me," she begged, and swayed toward him, and put out her lips ever so little, like a shy little girl who wants to be kissed.

Evander kissed her. "There!" he said. "That's what I thought! That's what I thought—flirting with everyone! Vain! Can't leave anyone alone! Bah!" He slammed the door. He opened it again—"I never meant to kiss you," he said, and slammed it again.

Evander did not come to supper that night. He didn't come out of his laboratory in the evening. The next morning they saw him walking off alone.

But when he came back he burst into the house. His hair flamed, and he seemed to shine. "See what I found," he said. It was a little yellow flower, tiny and slipper-shaped. "It's a yellow lady's-slipper. There's never one been found around here before. I brought it for you." Then he saw what he had done. "Darn it!" he said, and he left Melissa smiling at the lady's-slipper, and streaked out to his laboratory.

Mrs. Sewell came in. "Do you want to drive down to the village with me?" she asked.

Melissa placed the yellow lady's-slipper so that the little flower would focus the eye of anyone who came into the room.

WHEN they came back from the village, Evander was standing framed in the doorway. "Oh, mercy," said Mrs. Sewell, "he's furious again. I tell you, Melissa, men's tempers are one of the most boring things in the world!"

Evander was smoldering; you felt he might detonate at any moment, but he controlled himself.

"One of those fools has sent you a fowl that stands six-foot-three in its stocking feet, and it sings the Chimes of Normandy without stopping!"

And indeed, in a palatial gilt cage, swinging on a ring the better to show its beautiful tail feathers, sat a magnificent blue macaw. It swung to and fro and it sang the Chimes of Normandy. The moment it beheld Melissa it stopped and screeched, "*Vive l'empereur!*"

"There is," said Evander, taking down the cage and holding it toward her, "a taxidermist down the road a bit."

"Beast!" said Melissa.

"It certainly is," said Evander.

"Tinka, tinka, tinka," sang the bird, winking a malicious eye at Melissa.

"That's what comes," said Evander, "of being sentimental. 'Something bright-colored,'" he quoted, "'and of not much value.' That's what you get!"

"*Vive l'empereur!*" cried the big blue bird, annoyingly.

"And that isn't all," said Evander. "You'd better see what the other idiot sent you. I hope it doesn't talk or sing!"

It was a little box. She opened it. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, how beautiful!" For the box contained a handful of Mexican opals. Some were milky and shot with blue and green; and some were like drops of honey and shot with living flame. There were little, tiny ones of fire, and there were big milky ones with a single shot of crimson, as big as your thumbnail. There was one that was a spurt of scarlet, and another that was vivid green. "Oh," cried Melissa again, and she poured them from one hand to the other, "oh, I never saw anything so lovely!"

"*Vive l'empereur!*" screamed the bird.

Evander, his hair a splash of furious crimson, his face white with anger, walked across the room and took up the vase with the little yellow lady's-slipper.

"What are you doing with that?" cried Melissa. Evander didn't answer. "Give it back to me! You gave it to me, it's mine!" Evander continued toward the door. "Evander!" she said, "I want my flower!"

"Anyone who has blue macaws that bawl '*Vive l'empereur!*' and handfuls of Mexican opals doesn't need flowers," he said furiously.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" screamed the blue macaw.

THE race had only begun. Miles bought a new car to take Melissa out riding in; Stephen countered by buying one, too.

Then Stephen bought a motor launch—with awnings and all—that one could have tea on. And it went very fast. He gave a charming picnic to which he asked everyone, but Evander didn't go.

Next Miles bought a yawl with cream-colored sails, and when it sailed up the bay it looked like a vision. He gave a supper followed by a moonlight sail, and they sailed half the night up a moonglade. And everything was so perfect, from the tiny sandwiches to the weather, that Miles had a subtle air of triumph.

By now everybody knew the race was taking place. Everyone knew about the rival suitors, and everyone felt that it was Miles who had scored in the race. Certainly no one seemed happier than Melissa, and certainly no one could have looked lovelier than she did in the moonlight, watching the gallant boat use a moonglade for a path. And when she asked to be allowed to sit at the wheel, Miles looked his triumph at Stephen.

Next Miles gave a water fête, and Stephen countered with a marvelous garden party. Miles had fireworks over the water and beautiful pieces blooming on rafts. Stephen had illuminations and an orchestra from the city. Before the parties they came very little to the Sewell farmhouse, because they were both so busy with the numerous details, with each one spying on the other's preparations so that he could be sure to outdo the other.

BUT no one could tell whether the water fête or the garden party was the more beautiful. They were both successful. And, for a wonder, Evander went to both of them.

Of course at neither of the parties did Miles or Stephen have time to do what he wanted to do, which was to be with Melissa. So it was Evander who danced with her, and Evander who saw that she had a good place to see the fireworks.

Directly the parties were over, two large new cars drove up from different directions at almost the same moment.

"It's my turn to call," said Stephen.

"You're mistaken," said Miles, "it's my turn. Be a good chap. I've got the blueprints of the house I'm going to build, and I'm going to show them to her."

"I've got the plans of my own estate here," said Stephen. "I'm not going to go."

"I'll bet you fifty she'll like my plans better."

"All right, taken," said Stephen, and they shook hands on it.

"Well, so long," said Miles. "I'm going in."

"No, you don't," said Stephen. "It's my turn; I tell you!"

"See here," said Miles, "I'll shoot you a game of craps as to whose turn it is."

Stephen won.

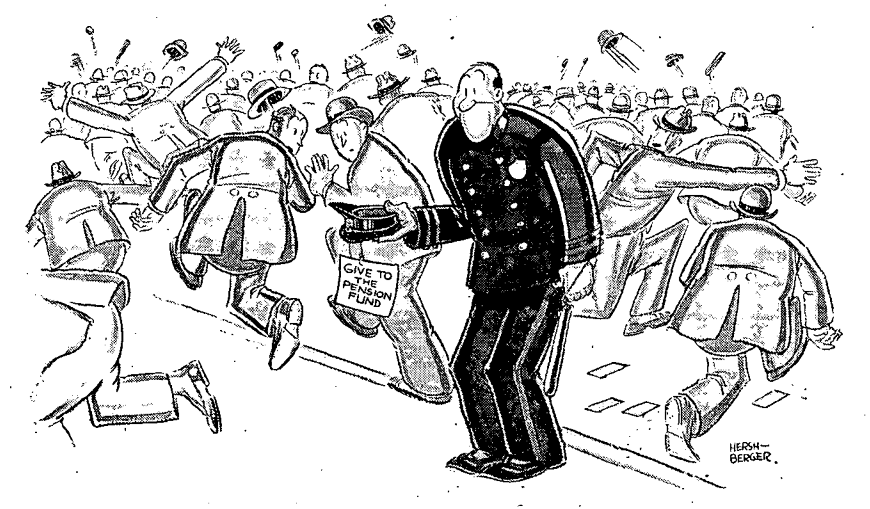
"Whatever were you two doing down there?" Melissa asked.

"We were shooting craps to see whose turn it was to see you," said Stephen. Anger welled and welled up in her. She wanted to scream at him, "You think I'm some sort of a prize to play games for! Why don't you play a tennis match, or dominoes, to see which wins me?" But there was Stephen serenely bringing out his blueprints.

He had planned a magnificent estate.

"You must have been working very hard on this," Melissa said.

(*Continued on page 38*)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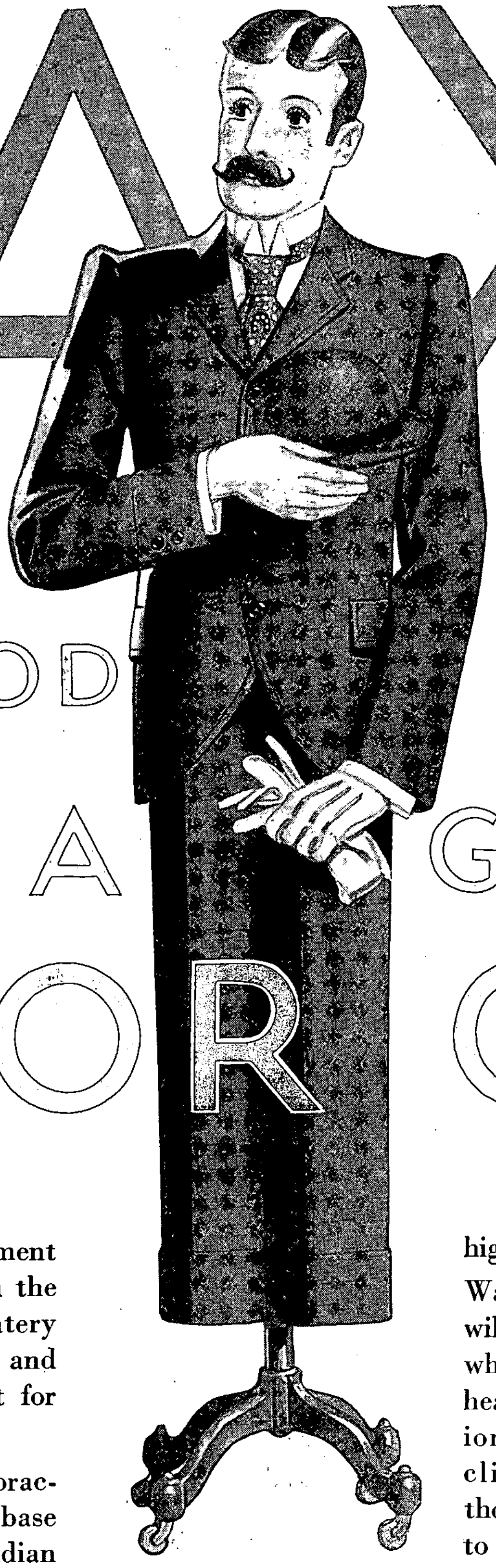
The cop who has made a study of human nature disperses the mob single-handed

WAX

MAKES A GOOD FIGURE

BUT NOT A GOOD

MOTOR OIL



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Already Millions *of*

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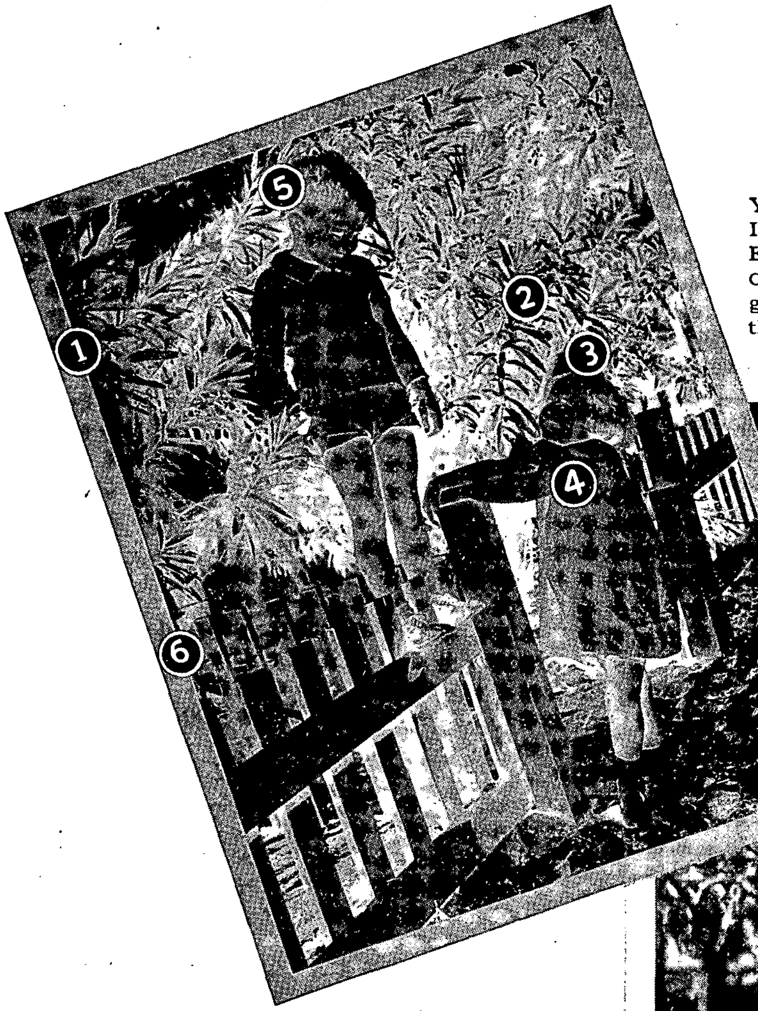
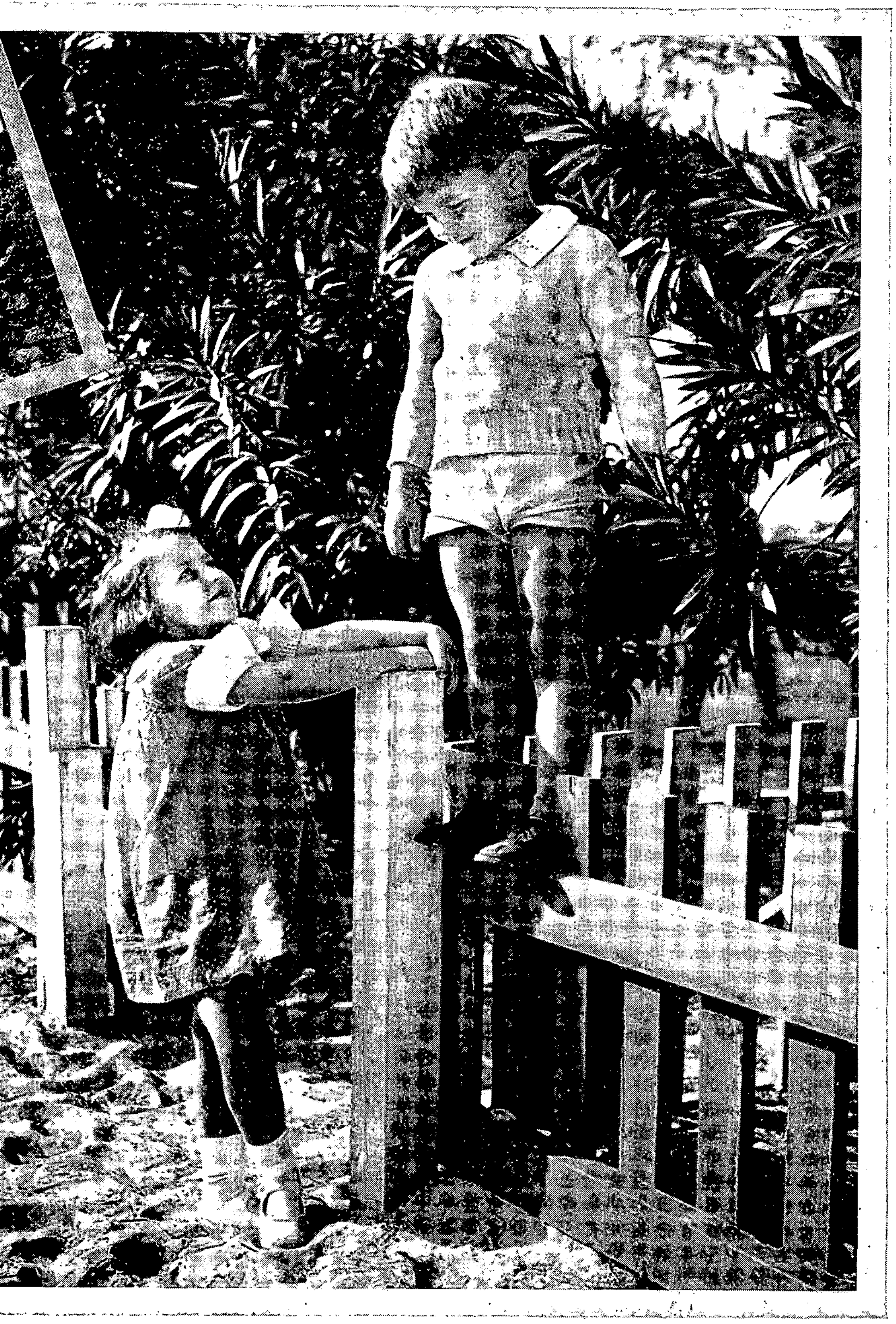


YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE INSTANTLY. A new, exclusive Eastman process gives the VERICHROME negative a sparkling, ground-glass effect that brings out the rich delicacy of detail.



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6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so that the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.

7 Priced but a few cents higher than regular single-coated film.

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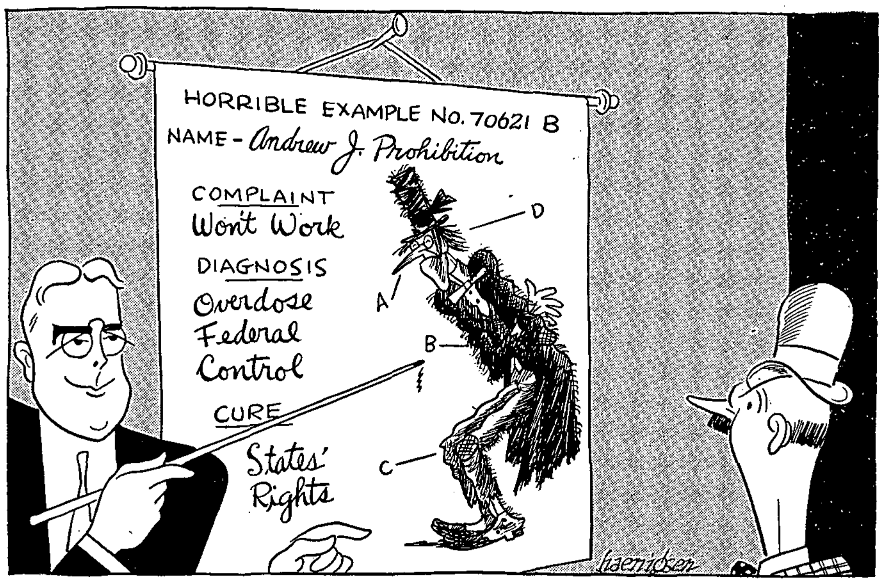


Hard Headlines

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE of Maryland is commonly thought of as a one-idea man, a candidate who stands for just one thing, and that one thing is opposition to prohibition. But that conception of him as a public figure is totally unfair.

The newspapers have seized upon his wetness and made headlines about it. It was a good story. When other politicians were pussyfooting about prohibition, he stood boldly against it.

He will be a hero in the next Democratic national convention. He will get more rapturous applause than any other person in it, except the candidate nominated by it. He will get such a demonstration as Al Smith got in the San Francisco convention of 1920, when the Democrats thought Al could never be nominated and wished to show their admiration for him.

More, perhaps, than any other single Democrat, he has made a Democratic victory in 1932 possible. He is a Democrat who has kept the Democratic torch burning. He was almost the pioneer wet.

Yet because we think in labels and because wet is a nice short headline word, people identify him with only one issue, and that is an issue which the majority of the Democratic party does not wish to emphasize excessively.

Governor Ritchie is not even primarily a wet. He is labeled a wet because he believes that prohibition violates the principle of states' rights. And he believes that good citizenship and good government depend upon bringing responsibility home to the voter as directly and as speedily as possible. What saps our sense of effectiveness as voters, in his opinion, is government in too large units.

Alas, How Changed!

He also believes that the greatest danger to popular government in this country lies in a Washington bureaucracy which exists because powers once exercised locally have gradually been absorbed into the Federal government. He believes that the monster government that has grown up in Washington is a perversion of our original institutions, and one dangerous to the people's liberties. He would call a halt to the tendency to concentrate authority in Washington.

Federal prohibition is to his mind one example of the evils of this tendency. He is opposed to it in principle. And he stresses it because it is a perfect "horrible example" of the folly and futility of thinking that because a problem is difficult for the states and municipalities, it can be solved merely by turning it over to Washington.

Federal prohibition points his moral. It is an illustration that everybody can understand. Its faults and failures lie before everyone's eyes. It is a subject in which everyone is interested. He chooses it to talk about because it is simple and understandable and because it is interesting.

He stands for a theory of government into which prohibition does not fit. He has been a voice crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way for a return of Jeffersonianism."

Successful Though Unopposed

It is an honorable cause. He protests against that kind of civic laziness that turns the duties and responsibilities of self-government over to bureaus.

And this John the Baptist living upon the locusts and wild honey of Maryland is something more than a prophet in a desert that has only eight electoral votes. He is one of the most experienced and capable public executives in the country. He is today undoubtedly the most competent governor of a state in the country. He has been chief executive of Maryland for a dozen years.

Most governors have made their reputations with the advantage of always having a legislature in office that is opposed to them. If anything goes wrong, if anything is not done, it is the fault of the opposition legislature.

But the Democratic governor of Maryland has always had a Democratic legislature. It hasn't been enough for him to enumerate policies which the public approved. He has had to get them on the statute books and put them into practical operation. It is right here that policies usually break down. The test of a plan is not how it looks on paper, but how it works.

Governor Ritchie has had to take responsibility. He has had to be the leader of his party. He has had to take the chance with dishonest or incompetent subordinates. And the result of it all is that Maryland has one of the best governmental machines in the United States.

Still, the chances are that the governor will mostly be thought of in terms of headline labels. The Democrats will probably cheer him as a brilliant exponent of Democratic principles. They will say, "It is too bad Maryland has only eight electoral votes." And they will look elsewhere (for a good many ballots at least) for a candidate for President.

Everything but Love

Continued from page 34

"It's been in my mind a long time, but I've been working day and night."

"And that's why I've seen so little of you," said Melissa sweetly.

"Miles has been making hay, has he?" said Stephen.

"Oh, no; Miles has been busy too, I think," she answered with equal sweetness.

THE next day Miles came with his plans.

"You must have spent a great deal of time thinking this out," said Melissa.

"Why, I've been thinking it over for years," he said, "ever since Stephen began beefing about having the handsomest place on the Cape."

They were so pleased with their plans that they came together to show them to Mrs. Sewell; and they were quite amicable, admiring the points of each other's plans and praising each other's ingenuity. And each one of them was going to begin work at once, so that it was really remarkable how long a time went past without their having much time for Melissa except to drive her over to one place or the other to show her how much was being done.

In the meantime, Evander had to do something about amusing Melissa. "Now she is as good as engaged you can feel comfortable," his mother said.

They went out in the canoe, and they drove down little sandy lanes in Evander's old flivver, and they quarreled and made up again.

The days followed one another, until two months had passed. "Evander," said Melissa, "will you take me out to the sandy point, where we went the other day? I've got to think."

"What have you got to think about?"

"I've got to think what to say to Stephen and Miles."

"What about?" said Evander sulkily, though he knew very well.

"About marrying them. They're coming this afternoon for their answer."

Evander started out in a smoldering temper; but when they got out on the sandy point, it was Melissa who was in a bad temper. She sat with a bit of driftwood in her hand, jabbing it with viciousness into the earth.

"What ails you?" said Evander.

"It's that I ought to be glad to marry either of them."

"Well, aren't you?" said Evander.

"You know I'm not, Evander," said Melissa furiously. "And you know that neither of them cares about me any more than I care about them. How would you like to be a prize, a goal, a reward, or whatever it is that people race for?" And she pounded her fist in the sand.

"Well, you don't have to marry them," said Evander.

"Oh, don't I?" said Melissa. "A girl whose family is poor as anything, a girl who doesn't like school-teaching or stenography or anything a poor girl is supposed to do? Of course I've got to marry one of them. They're the sort of man that any girl ought to be glad to marry—young, and rich. But I don't care for either of them."

"Then just send them about their business," said Evander.

"I wouldn't ever dare to go home and tell my mother I'd thrown them both down. Of course I've written to her about them. Oh, Evander, why couldn't *you* have wanted to marry me?"

There was a silence of cataclysm for a moment.

"Melissa," said Evander cautiously, "do you realize that you are proposing to me?"

She turned her face round to him, and leaned slightly toward him.

He kissed her. Then he held her away and said, "Do you mean it, surely? Do you really like me better than either of those lumps?"

Melissa only said, "Oh, Evander! Do you really mean you'll marry me?"

"If you hadn't been deaf and blind," said Evander, "you'd have known that I've been in love with you from the moment I saw you sitting in the rocker in the kitchen."

Melissa buried her head in Evander's shoulder. "Then why, why," she said, "didn't you tell me before? Why did I have to feel miserable, thinking I'd have to marry one of them, and loving you all the time?" Beautiful crystal tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh, don't," he cried. "It's all my fault, Melissa. I'm just such a fool. If they hadn't been around I'd have thought my mother was trying to throw you at me. Forgive me. But it just sort of having given you up, and seeing her throw you at them—it made me mad. But it made me comfortable. I'm such a fool, Melissa. I can't bear to think of my mother managing me. But, Melissa, just when you asked me to marry you I was going to ask you. When did you fall in love with me, Melissa?"

"I've always been in love with you," she said. "I never got over it."

And in this fashion the afternoon went on.

Suddenly Melissa said, "Oh, I forgot! Take me right back. They're coming this afternoon, and I've got to be decent enough to be there."

WHEN they got home, sure enough, there sat Mrs. Sewell on the porch; and there at one side of her was Stephen, and on the other, his head in a hangdog way, sat Miles. Evander and Melissa approached behind the curtain of vines that hid them, and then suddenly Melissa clutched Evander's sleeve, for Miles was saying:

"It's very hard to tell you, but I think you'll understand, Mrs. Sewell. You see, when I fell in the water this afternoon and got tangled up with that mooring-line and Stephen saved my life, I did not feel that I had any more right to Melissa. I gave up my claim to him."

"And you can see," said Stephen, "I couldn't accept a sacrifice like that. After all, it was an accident that might have happened to any fellow. It was really my fault that he fell over, when I came about that way. So I couldn't, of course, accept his sacrifice."

"So," said Miles, "of course we talked it up a while, and we were going to draw lots; but that just left us where we were before. So it seemed the only honorable thing to do would be for both of us to give her up!"

Mrs. Sewell's voice came, smooth as honey: "Well, that saves Melissa a great deal of embarrassment. She's always been meaning to marry Evander."

"Evander?" said Miles.

"What?" said Stephen.

"Yes. Evander!" said Mrs. Sewell.

"Congratulations," said Stephen stiffly. Miles said nothing, and they tramped away.

Melissa looked with a wary eye at Evander. She waited, trembling. "Evander," she began, "I didn't know—"

But Evander threw both arms about her and kissed her.

"Vive l'empereur!" screamed the blue macaw.

Where would the Money go?

Continued from page 13

things in their right proportion, for thus it is that we guard against the other surprises and dangers which they must bring.

"France has a right to think that so long as the League of Nations, to whose existence she is so faithfully attached, has not at its disposal a military force sufficient to impose the execution of its decisions on those not disposed to bow voluntarily before them, she must watch out, be on her guard, and count on herself."

This was the declaration of the President of France, speaking at that time to the world as the representative of a great nation.

Doomed to Failure

It is a remarkable statement. The statement proceeds upon the theory that the League can decide but one way—against those who have negotiated the treaty. If the League should conclude that the Austro-German treaty is sound in policy and in harmony with the peace treaties—what occasion would there be for employing military force to enforce the League's "decisions?"

But a more interesting revealment of the statement is that the League is looked upon, apparently, not as a peace tribunal, free to exercise its judgment and discretion in the adjustment of a controversy in accordance with right and justice—and whose judgment all are to respect—but as an agent, through and by means of which certain dominating powers are to execute their purpose with, if need be, "military force," since the League is lacking in this essential.

Place the declaration of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czechoslovakia alongside the official declaration of the President of France, and you have this clear program already announced: that a tariff treaty manifestly in the interest of the economic recovery of Europe, a treaty calculated to assuage the distress of millions of people, is such a serious infraction of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Versailles Treaty that force, if necessary, will be used to compel its abandonment.

"The very history of the country where that event occurred" makes it necessary, it would seem, even when the event is in the interest of trade and commerce, to warn a great nation that it may be necessary to employ force. "The League is without sufficient military power to enforce its decisions;" therefore a great nation and her allies must be on the watch and be prepared to furnish that which the League of Nations is not prepared to furnish. They are not to be bound, it would seem, by the Court unless its decision is in their favor and they are not to be persuaded by argument because they have already passed judgment.

If the negotiation of a simple tariff treaty, well within the rights of any sovereign nation, is to be prejudged by "force" before it reaches the tribunals of peace, there is little prospect ahead for the curtailment of the already crushing burden of armaments. Is it any wonder that Europe suffers and sinks deeper in distress while armies grow and enlarge and people are bled to pay the bills?

Those who urge that the cancellation of the debts will help economically to rehabilitate Europe decline to consider or discuss these matters. But they are determining factors, and without their adjustment there is little reason for the American taxpayer to undertake the task of aiding Europe through the cancellation of debts. When it can be shown that the cancellation of the debts would help to end depression, would bring relief and succor to the masses of Europe, would advance the cause of peace and serve the cause of humanity, it will not be difficult to get a hearing in the United States.

No plan for cancellation yet proposed would send home one soldier or carry one loaf of bread to the hungry or remove or solve a single one of those questions which are now vexing and tormenting and arming Europe.

Cancellation, under the present situation, would be of some benefit to the private interests which have seventeen billions in the way of private loans in foreign lands. It would strengthen those who feel that the safety of Europe depends upon heavier armaments. But in lifting Europe out of her depression or in bringing relief to those most in need it would, under present conditions and under the present program, be of no service or help whatever.

It is more than twelve years since the great struggle ended. The settlement of international disputes through force had had its day and the world was a wreck. In the twelve years which have passed, the League of Nations has been formed, the World Court created, the Locarno Protocol and the Peace Pact have been signed—the latter carrying the pledge of all nations never again to seek settlement of international disputes through other than pacific means. The whole world joined in a solemn pledge to renounce once and for all force as an instrument for the settlement of international disputes.

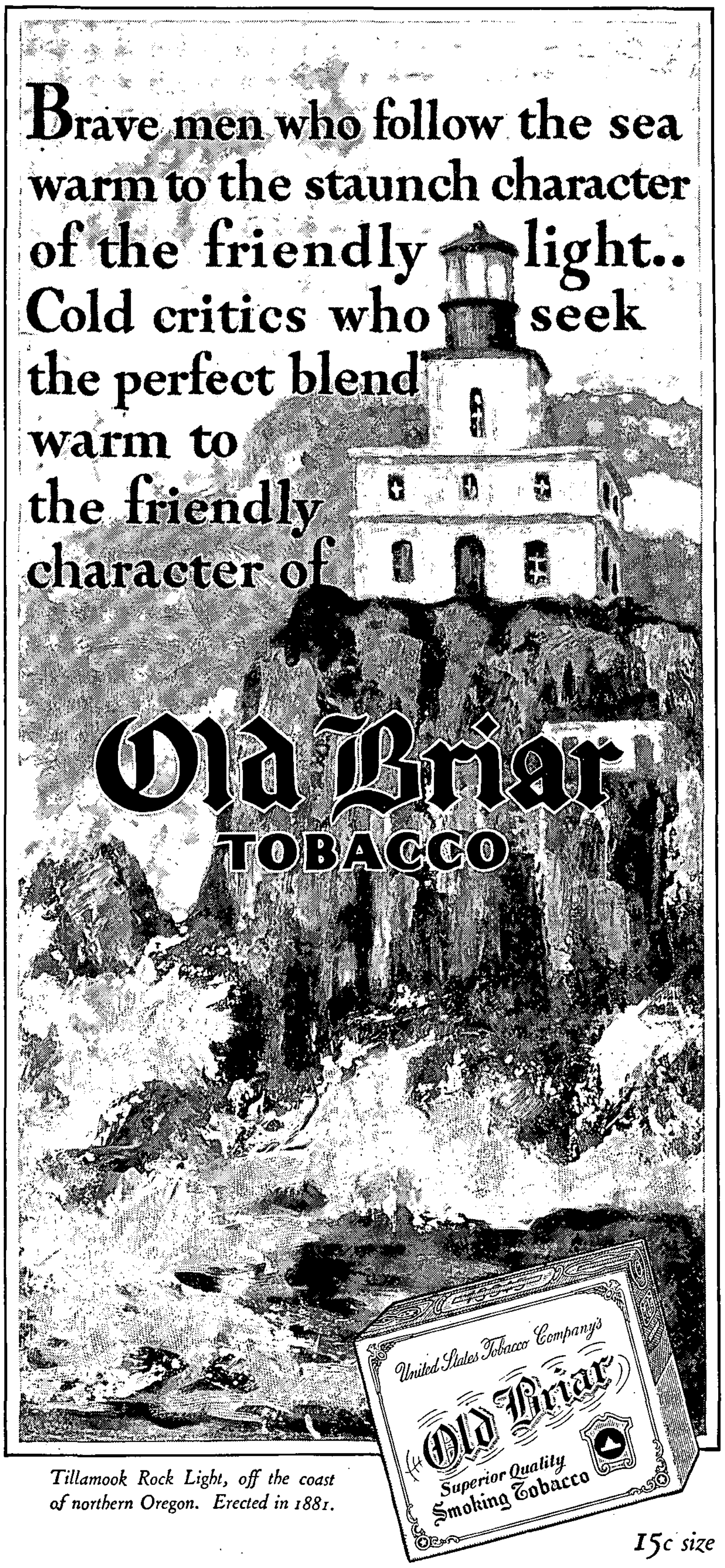
But the instruments of war still grow in number and in destructiveness. Preparations for war are again the dominant industry. Unemployment spreads and the remorseless demands of government increase day by day. What is the reason? What is the cause? Why should armies and navies seem to enlarge and grow in spite of leagues and courts and peace pacts? Is the situation from the standpoint of armaments and the preparations for war any better than it was before the World War began? Are the burdens laid upon the people in the preparation for war any less than they were when the great World War was being fomented? What is the cause? What is the reason?

Europe's Doctrine of Force

Is it not because Europe is living under a public law which is based upon the principle of restraint, of repression, of circumscribing and limiting the natural aspirations of peoples, and, therefore, always will, as such laws or rules always have, call for force, for military establishments, for ever-increasing armaments? *Is not the doctrine of force the* basic principle of the present policy as thoroughly as it was prior to the war? If there is to be no change, how can there be any reduction of armaments?

If there is no remedy for this situation, then the arguments for cancellation based on the economic recovery of Europe, upon mercy for the overtaxed and underfed, upon increasing the purchasing power of millions of people and creating thereby markets for our manufacturers and our farmers all fall to the ground.

Every contribution to that situation under the present conditions is a contribution to armaments and to the program of repression and force.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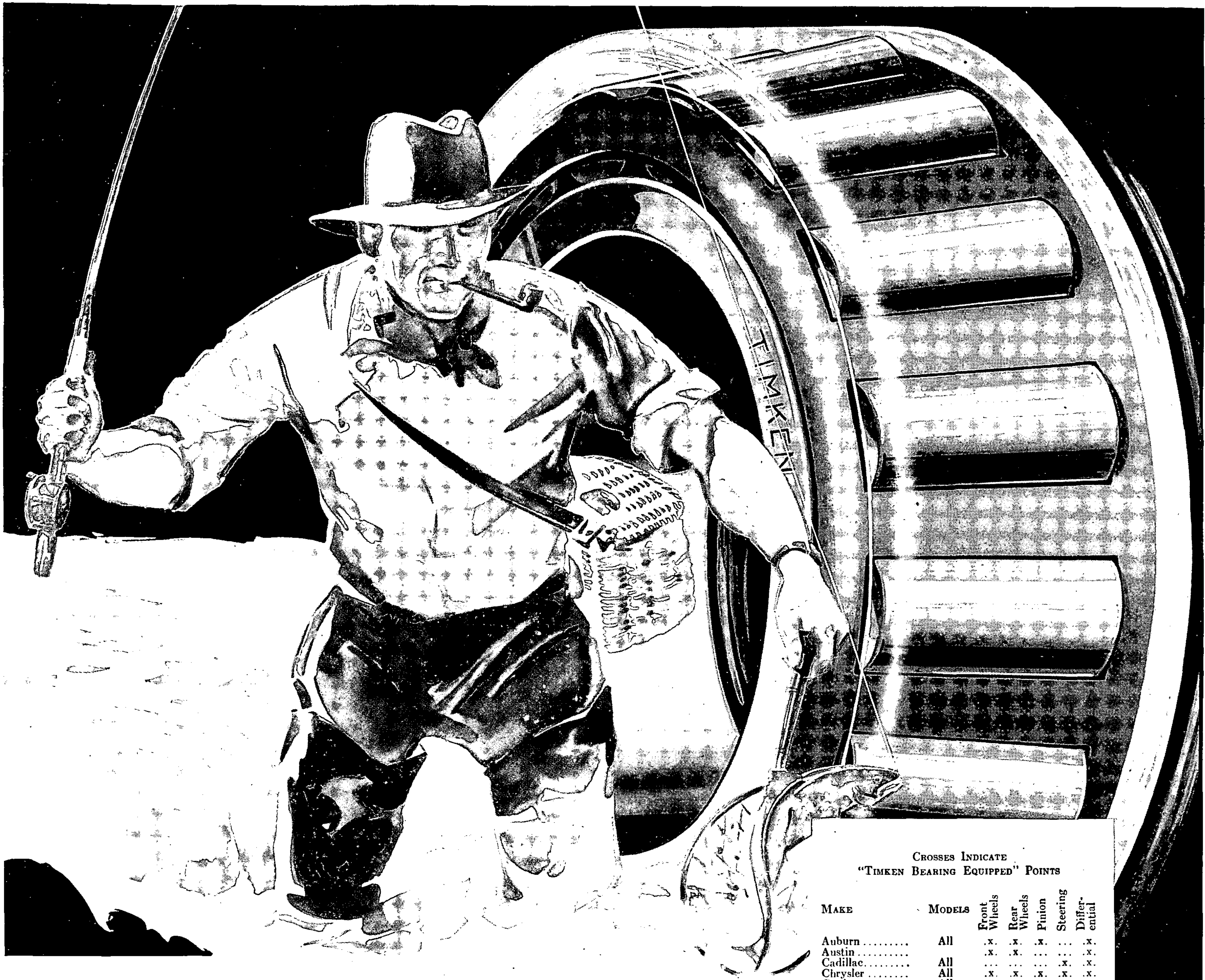

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Austin		.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	.x.	.x.
Chrysler	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Cord	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
DeSoto	6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
De Vaux	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Dodge	6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
DuPont		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Durant	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Graham	Std. Six	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Special Six	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Eights	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Hudson	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	73 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Marmon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	6-60, 8-70	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	8-80, 8-90	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
———	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Peerless	B & C	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	A	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Plymouth	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Reo Flying Cloud	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Reo Royale 8	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Studebaker	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Willys	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Willys-Knight	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

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Ask Your Congressman

Continued from page 29

woman representative's technique of friendliness is taxed to the utmost by varied and picturesque individual appeals, many involving characteristic local problems connected with immigration or citizenship or veterans' relief.

During her first term Mrs. Pratt gave direct personal service to 897 persons who asked her for aid, besides attending to multitudinous minor requests from her constituents, such as writing letters of introduction to American ambassadors or procuring congressional records and departmental documents.

Odd Requests

After her first election to Congress, the first bill introduced by Representative Pratt called for more liberal provision for World War veterans and their dependents. She has an especially warm spot in her heart for the men who fought, regardless of their politics or of where they reside.

With a wealth of womanly sympathy the lady from New York manages, however, to combine what is usually called a masculine sense of justice. Unless she is convinced of the good faith of a petitioner, she will not undertake to handle his case.

Naturally, as a representative of a New York City district, she is asked to straighten out complications in many immigrant cases involving admission to the country and citizenship. For example, a young Italian asked her if she could help him to bring his wife and children to the United States, though the quota law barred them. He had been advised to go over and get them but, as he pointed out, he first would have to file the application for his own trip and wait six months; then, after reaching Italy, await the chance of returning. Meanwhile, the American business on which he depended to support his family, once they were here, would be lost.

His representative wrote on his behalf to the State Department, the Labor Department, the Bureau of Immigration, the American consul at Naples and the authorities at Ellis Island—and she got the desired passports.

One congressional chore which both Representative Pratt and Representative Owen perform with neatness and dispatch is the choice of candidates for West Point and Annapolis. Each woman simply names the chap who best passes the examination.

Mrs. Pratt gets such odd requests. A considerable number of the visitors to her Washington office want to see the President and the White House—that goes without saying. But a really surprising number cherish an even more intimate ambition—they want to see the President and the President's family eat! "Couldn't we just peep into the White House dining-room when they're having dinner?" is the frequent plea.

In Ruth Pratt's files is a pathetic plea from an address in the Social Register. The writer begged his representative to ask the London embassy to obtain and hold for him vouchers for the royal enclosure at Ascot for a forthcoming race! Yes, she performed this service, too.

From the New York of the Four Hundred who go to Ascot and of O. Henry's Four Million to whom immigration laws and petty jobs are matters of vital concern, it is a long way to the Florida fruit and vegetable farmers whose congressional spokesman is Ruth Bryan Owen. As she herself says, her district "is a pioneer country with people still living under pioneer conditions." The country has rich potentialities, but is still in many respects undeveloped; moreover, it has suffered heavily in recent years from hurricane, from flood, from less dramatic but almost as destructive insect pests.

The most remarkable of her accomplishments, to date, may be described as "talking the Senate out of three million dollars."

"It was after that terrible storm, when Lake Okeechobee, the eastern half of which is in my district, overflowed and drowned hundreds of people," the daughter of Bryan explained.

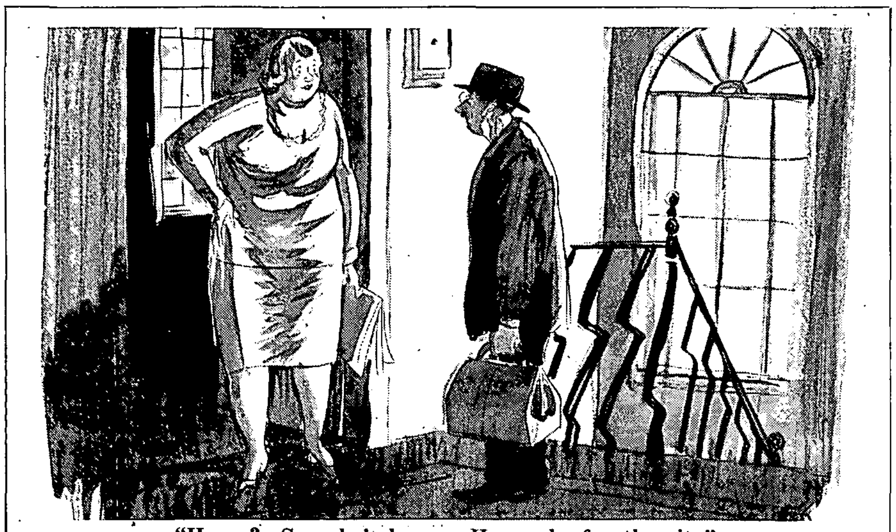
Three Millions Saved

"A flood-control project was the obvious need, but in such cases the cost of the work is usually divided equally between state and Federal governments. I knew that my state could not pay five million dollars, the sum it would be assessed.

"I found that we were to be given a hearing of one hour before the Commerce Committee of the Senate, and I organized that hour with the utmost care. Fifteen minutes were assigned to the best engineer I could find to explain what had to be done to prevent repetition of the catastrophe. One of the state's leading bankers had fifteen minutes to prove that, because of our financial conditions, we could not pay the customary assessment. My colleague, whose district includes the western half of the lake, had the third quarter of the hour. I took the last quarter, telling the committee what I myself had seen."

The result of the hearing was that

(Continued on page 42)



"Home? Sure he's home. He works for the city"

Millions get longer-lasting shaves *with small-bubble lather*

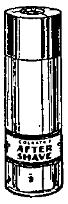
Colgate's softens hair at base, making shaves closer, cleaner

Millions of men swear by it—because *small-bubble lather* softens tough whiskers right down to the very base...enables the razor to get right down to the *skin-line*...and gives closer, cleaner, longer lasting shaves!

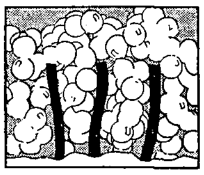
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard...crowd around each whisker...soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable...scientifically softened right down at the base.

FREE!

Colgate's After-Shave

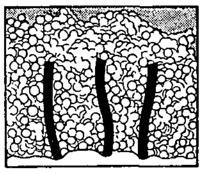


A new lotion. Refreshing . . . invigorating . . . delightful . . . the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

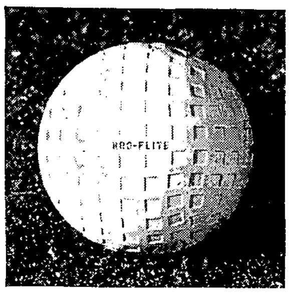
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard*. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.

COLGATE, Dept. M-1107, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*____
*Address*______________________________________
*City*____________________ *State*______________

Sock . . . .



and it'll go just as far as in 1930, if it's a

KRO-FLITE

THE DRIVING MACHINE—the scientific device that hits all balls alike—proves that, except in the teeth of a wind, the new-size Kro-Flite is just as long as the old. And that, riding with the wind, it's even longer!

The Driving Machine also proves that the Kro-Flite is the only ball that does retain its 1930 distance. Every other ball was tested—and every other ball was shorter in the new size than it was in the old.

To the patented Kro-Flite cover goes the palm for this exclusive Kro-Flite achievement. That cover permits certain refinements in manufacture—refinements which make up for the distance lost by larger size and lighter weight.

To that Kro-Flite cover goes another palm, for making Kro-Flite the most durable ball the game has ever seen! The Guillotine proves that the Kro-Flite *can't* be cut.

The closest thing to Kro-Flite's achievement, in retaining 1930 distance, is found in the Spalding Ball. The Spalding Ball is slightly shorter in the new size than it was in the old. But it is still longer than any other—it is still the longest golf ball made!

If you cut a ball at times, play the Kro-Flite—and just try to cut that paragon of toughness. If you're in the hallowed low-handicap circle, play the Spalding.

© 1931, A. G. S. & BROS.

KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding

each 75 *cents*

(*Continued from page 41*)

Florida's assessment for the flood-control project was reduced from five million dollars to two million dollars.

Mrs. Owen does not ignore the needs of individuals. One difficulty which she straightened out for a number of constituents has been their problem of paying taxes since the collapse of the Florida boom.

Aid for Taxpayers

"A man sold a piece of real estate for fifty thousand dollars," she said, giving one instance. "He received in cash ten thousand dollars, then the bottom dropped out of the market, the property was thrown back on his hands and he never could obtain such a sum for it again—yet he had to pay income taxes on the amount of the sale at the inflated value of the land. He appealed to me. I got the government to send down an investigator and a compromise saved my constituent fifty per cent."

Here, then, are two women members of Congress who take their jobs seriously. Ministering to the needs of constituents, as individuals or in groups, obtaining justice for their grievances, asking mercy for their repented offenses, humanizing the Federal government—these are services which, in the philosophy and practice of Representative Ruth Pratt and Representative Ruth Bryan Owen, the American citizen is entitled to receive from his congressman.

There is in addition, of course, the congressional business on the floor of the House. What seems the moot point—from the viewpoint of what your congressman ought to do for you—is whether, in his voting, he should express his own opinion or that of his constituents.

"In most cases," Ruth Pratt answered, "the answer is to vote as you yourself believe, on the ground that, if your constituents trust you enough to elect you, they should trust you enough to let you use your own intelligence and conscience in voting."

Ruth Bryan Owen sees the congressman "neither mouthpiece nor leader exclusively, but a combining of these two functions in a carefully considered dual relationship. While there are purely local and personal questions on which the individual citizen has his strong convictions, which the representative must at all times respect, there will always be a large field of national and international action in which the individual voter, being unqualified to judge with technical skill and breadth of vision, should be able to trust his representative's judgment."

Before the Flight

Continued from page 19

The New Jersey factory, now that it was committed, was contributing to the success of the proposition to the limit of its ability. The particular engine for Lindbergh's plane was one of ten "specially inspected" Whirlwinds. Three of these engines were for Byrd, three for Davis and Wooster, and the seventh for Lindbergh. The lucky seventh. They were literally gone over with a fine-toothed comb in search of possible flaws that might lead to faulty performance. Everything that science and the mind and hand of man could do to perfect them had been done.

And eventually that seventh engine had been shipped out to Mahoney with instructions not to permit anyone at all "to fuss with it." For it had been tested to the *n*th degree; had been serviced and tuned up like a fine violin. Then it had been locked in its case and shipped west, with orders that after its installation in the plane it should merely be started up and run carefully for the first few hours. After that, if no hitch was apparent, it would be good for the flight east. Twenty-five hours across the continent and the engine would have proved itself and be back in the hands of its makers for reservicing and adjustments.

But, quite frankly, the people in the East hardly dared hope that with a rush-order plane the youngster would arrive safely in New York. Remember, up to that time the Rocky Mountains had never been crossed at night.

Already in the East those enterprises considered more favored by fortune were meeting with unexpected disaster. Byrd's plane, with Floyd Bennett, had cracked up at Teterboro Airport and was in process of repair, while Davis and Wooster had crashed to their deaths at Langley Field.

It was into this turmoil-charged atmosphere that Mahoney wired Hartson of Lindbergh's take-off on his one-stop flight for New York. That take-off, made the afternoon of May 10th, was itself a dramatic event, but it was totally submerged in the universal concern felt for Nungesser and Coli, who had left Paris with such high hopes, only to go down to bodily oblivion and lasting fame.

It was but natural that the Easterners, with their attention held by the close-ups of the more local tragedies, should have had nothing but pot-luck to offer as a welcome to Lindbergh. There was no reception planned to greet him, no hotel rooms engaged, not even a hangar assigned to his plane. Quite casually Hartson told some of the company's service men to keep a lookout for his ship. Also he told Richard Blythe, one of the Wright publicity men, to be there.

These men were sticking skeptically around the field, wondering a bit, glancing up at the sky but frankly expecting nothing. And the first thing that claimed their attention and the public's interest was the arrival of Byrd in his stanch trimotor. It had been repaired and now it had landed at Roosevelt Field.

Seeking Advice

It was somewhat later that the boy in his little ship simply dropped down out of the sky and was there, regarding the feat he had just completed merely as all in the day's work. You got used to hazards flying the night mail, he told them.

Rather suddenly, in the midst of providing him with accommodations, it began to dawn on this hard-boiled crew that they were not dealing with a fool. Eddie Mulligan, dean of the service men, felt a swift conviction that here was the pilot who could turn the trick. He got Hartson on the phone.

"Joe," he announced, "this boy's going to make it! I tell you he is!"

Hartson, not yet having seen Lindbergh, was still dubious. But he, too, when he met him, was convinced. Queer—that unanimous, complete reversal of opinion that took place among the doubters as they came to know this boy's level-headed manner.

First of all he gathered around him the men on whom he must depend for advice. It was a rather questioning gathering. What would be his attitude? Would he take the position that, because it was his plane and engine and these were his instruments, he knew all about them and would dictate what was to be done to them? Hardly that. He said simply, "Each of you is an expert in your line. I want each of you to take charge of your part of the ship and as quickly as possible get it in perfect condition. When you will tell me the ship is ready, then—and not until then—I will make plans for leaving." So each one set to work.

And in the evenings, with this little group of friends, he disclosed the reason for his decision to go alone and in a single-motored ship. Very sound, considering everything. Certainly there was risk anyway you took it, but in his mind less risk than with the weight required by the additional equipment and personnel of a trimotor. Briefly, he figured it down to this: Dispensing with a navigator meant that that extra weight might be devoted to gas. Then, to provide for a nonstop flight of 3,600 miles, a tri-motored ship with the necessary overload of gasoline would not be capable of flying on less than all three engines until approximately two thirds of the total distance had been covered.

With the Aid of a Mirror

Under the conditions he was facing then, the safety factor of a trimotor would not become effective until he had passed the middle of the Atlantic. Also, since human hands and human minds cannot guarantee perfection, no engine could be proof against possible flaws. And in a tri-motored ship he would have three possibly faulty engines as against one in the single-motored craft.

The work of installing the navigating instruments was in charge of Brice Goldsborough, then vice president of the Pioneer Instrument Company and later the navigator of Mrs. Frances Grayson's ill-fated flight. It was his task to install the compasses in such a manner as to make navigating as easy as possible for the solitary flyer.

Somewhere in America today there is a vanity case made more valuable by the humor of Goldsborough than by the art of its goldsmith. A cheap little bargain bit in all probability, but polished to historical luster by reflected glory. For Goldsborough, finding that the best position for the magnetic compass was over Lindbergh's head, was going to use a compass dialed in reverse. Which naturally required a small mirror to go on the instrument board before Lindbergh's eyes.

So Goldie stood up from his work and addressed the group of sightseers in the manner of a side-show barker, "Any young lady here—any young lady here got a vanity case? Got a vanity case with a mirror? A mirror to sacrifice to the noble cause of this great flight?"

Jokingly he made his request. And jokingly some girl called his bet. So with a quick wrench he detached the tiny mirror from its hinges. Also with the same ingenuity he extracted from between his grinning teeth a wad of chewing gum. Then deftly, by means of the gum, he fastened the mirror in its place on the instrument board.

There was but one piece of equipment which Lindbergh lacked that he would have liked to have had. That was a dump valve. And there was not one on the market at that time of a degree of excellence to make the delay of adding it worth-while. Without a dump valve, in case of an impending crash, the gas tanks could not possibly be emptied rapidly enough to prevent the plane's bursting into flames. But one that functioned well enough was not available, so he had to take his risk with fire.

Finally, four or five days before the actual take-off, his little coterie of helpers told him that everything was mechanically ready to go. He now had only to wait for clement weather, and twice daily Dr. Kimball was issuing bulletins of North Atlantic conditions.

By this time Lindbergh was a center of interest, although Byrd's preparations were progressing rapidly and Chamberlin had decided to follow his winning of the world's endurance record in the Columbia by a try at the Paris flight. But Lindbergh's youth and his single-handed daring had captured the fancy of the populace. His helpers, their jobs done, turned to protecting him from the thousands that dogged his footsteps. He was the target for many schemes for private exploitation. But his instructions were that these were all to be turned down as secondary to the immediate job. "Right now I'm flying to Paris and that's all!"

Actual flight testing of the airplane with its full load had been discarded, since it would involve too great a risk to both pilot and plane. It was just such a test that had spelled the end for Davis and Wooster. So, instead, progressively increased loads up to about three quarters of the full load were taken off, with records kept of time and length of run. From these the potential performance with the full load was accurately predicted.

But the weather continued to hold them up. Conditions over the Atlantic stubbornly continued to be adverse, until, returning from Paterson to New York City early in the evening of May 19th, the little group stopped for the latest report. They were on their way to a dinner to be given by some newspaper men and to see a performance of a musical comedy. The printed forecast was obtained. Surprised, dumfounded, sitting in a car in pouring rain, they stared at it. Contrary to all expectations, it looked promising! They waited tensely for Lindbergh's own opinion. "Well," he said quietly, "this looks pretty good. Guess we shove off in the morning."

Ready to Start

The theater party died unborn. Excuses were given the newspaper men concerning the dinner. These boys dined off a snatched bite in the car outside of a little restaurant in Queensboro Plaza. And it was there that they purchased the sandwiches that later constituted the larder of the Spirit of St. Louis. Last-minute plans were made as they munched. Mahoney and Blythe were to arrange for police to control the crowds while Lane, with the aid of Mulligan and Boedecker, was to be responsible for the last-minute grooming of the plane and for the gas.

They hurried to the field. The gasoline item was the most complicated part of the problem. Curtiss Field was too small to be practical for the take-off of such a heavily loaded ship. Commander Byrd, with his typical generosity and sportsmanship, had offered his young competitor the use of his improved runway at the adjoining Roosevelt Field. But separating the two fields was a hill too sharp and too steep to permit taxiing the ship over. Therefore, after a quick trip of inspection they decided to put in half the gas at the hangar and then Lindbergh would fly it over. Meanwhile he could go back to his hotel with Stumpf of St. Louis to act as an alarm clock and sleep until two o'clock. He had been up twelve hours already. And Paris was a long way off.

But after Lindbergh had gone for his nap, Lane decided that, with the fog as bad as it was and no adequate lighting available, that hop-over was too dangerous. And finally it was a young, unknown mechanic who rescued him from his dilemma. He said that he knew of a roundabout way between the two fields that would be smooth enough to tow the plane over with half the gas. And,

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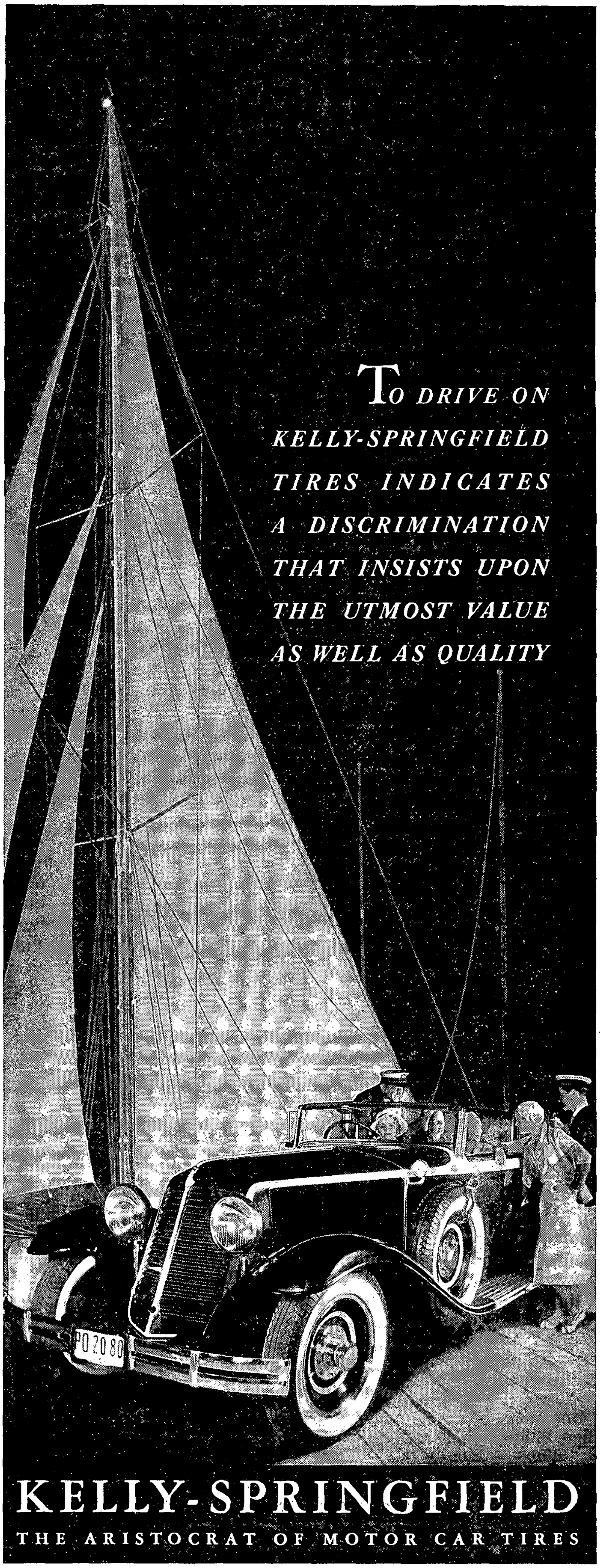
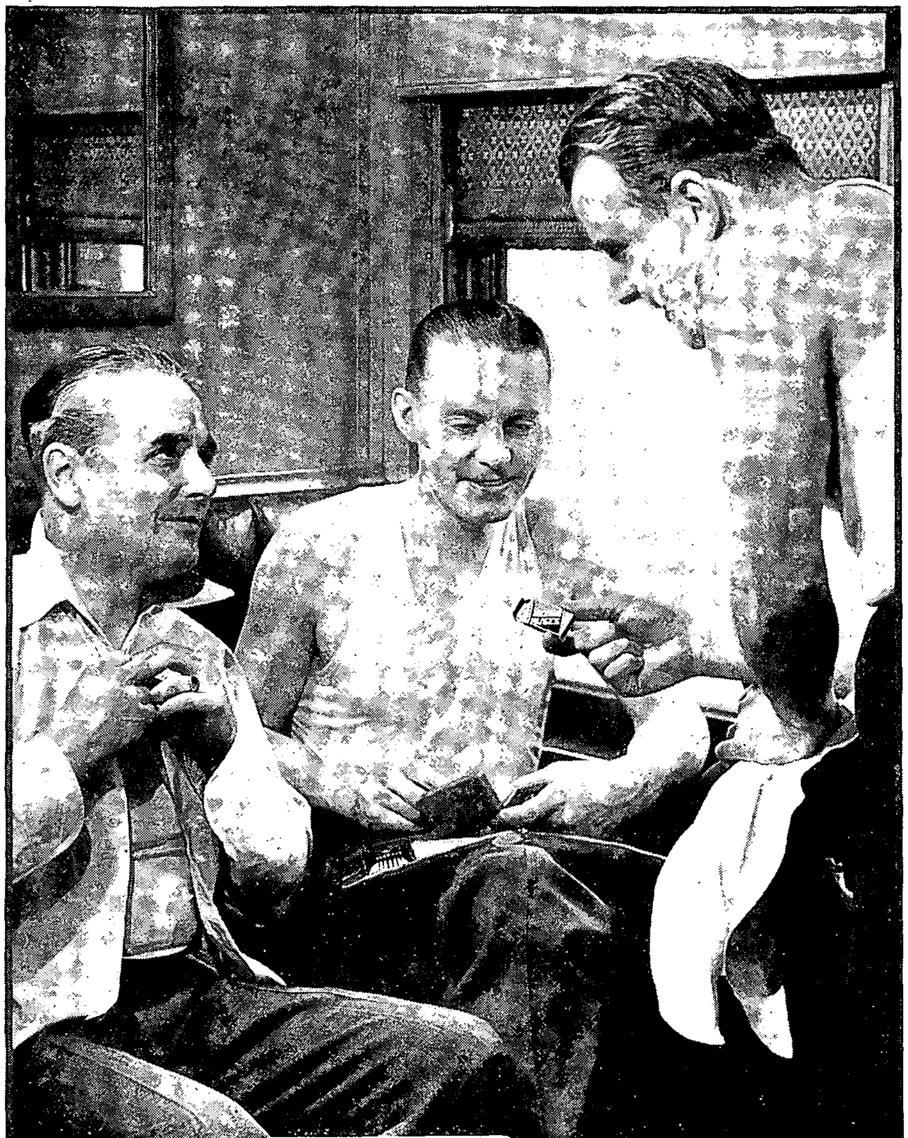
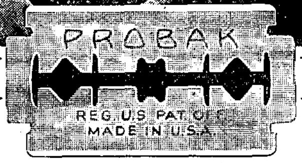


To drive on Kelly-Springfield tires indicates a discrimination that insists upon the utmost value as well as quality

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR CAR TIRES




PROBAK
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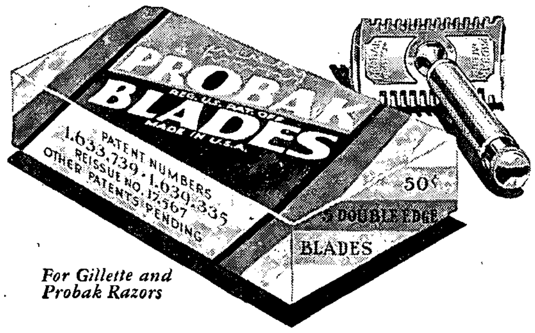
MADE IN U.S.A.

THE SHOCK-ABSORBING BLADE

MAN after MAN passed the good news along

FROM the moment of its introduction Probak made friends and held them. Man-talk swept this double-edge blade to spectacular popularity. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture set a new standard of shaving comfort. Prove this on our guarantee. If every shave isn't a revelation in comfort return the package to your dealer and get your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

(Continued from page 43)

what's more, he could produce a Ford truck to tow it.

By this time nearly half the gasoline was in, nearly two hundred gallons. The total was to be 452. The ordinary gas-station pump could not be used. The absolute need for cleanliness that would eliminate any possible clogging necessitated that the gas be poured by hand in order to filter it through a fine 200-mesh wire screen. So the workers kept a relay of cans coming. And it was Lane who stood up on the cowling and patiently and painstakingly poured in every single gallon by hand. A tedious, nerve-wracking process. One of those dull, trying tasks that habitually fall to unsung heroes. No wonder Lindbergh cherishes Lane's friendship.

Eventually, with half the gas in, they were ready to move the ship.

The thousand or more curiosity seekers who were perpetually on hand had swelled to several thousand as the rumor of the sudden activity at No. 1 hangar spread.

The Lone Eagle Takes Off

It had been raining, though now it had slacked to a drizzle. And it was a struggle to cart the heavily loaded ship backward over that winding, muddy path. It took over an hour to travel less than a half mile! But at last it was there.

It is always desirable to take off into the wind. In this case, with this dreadful load, it seemed almost a necessity. Byrd's runway was specially arranged for taking off into the prevailing west wind that blows on Long Island during the daytime. At night, however, the wind blows in the opposite direction. And for that reason the plane was placed at the far end of the runway with the idea that by so doing advantage could be taken of the night wind. The Spirit of St. Louis was wheeled into position accordingly.

And Lane carried on with the gasoline. All haste was used, but more time simply had to be consumed than had been expected. So it was seven o'clock of that May morning before the job was done. And the wind had shifted! The plane was now faced with taking off with a tail wind.

During the last hour, Lindbergh, being human, began to feel the strain. This unforeseen delay of moving and filling the ship had upset his calculations. Not only was he headed away from the wind, but the delay also meant he would arrive in Paris—if successful—after dark with the hazards of a night landing on a strange field. It was all very well to tell himself that once in the air his undertaking was no more dangerous than a year of night flying on the mail route. He wasn't in the air yet! That take-off was the big hurdle.

Now the gasoline was in to the last filtered drop. The wheels had been greased a final time and their fastenings secured. The tanks had been officially sealed.

Then while Lindbergh climbed into his flying suit Mulligan and Boedecker warmed up the engine. Engines, all of them, are affected by the condition of the atmosphere. Their power varies from day to day, being highest on clear, cool days, lowest on muggy ones. And now, though the rain had ceased, it was still sodden underfoot and misty overhead.

With Lindbergh in the ship the throttle was advanced to "full out." But—Lindbergh, Mulligan and Boedecker, listened and watched the tachometer anxiously. This seemed serious.

"She's about forty revs off from what her speed was yesterday," said Lindbergh.

"It's just the damp weather," explained Mulligan. "You've got to expect that. Run her up again and let me listen."

So with the trained ears of Mulligan and Boedecker dangerously close to the propeller, the engine was run up to full throttle—and down again.

"Well, what do you think?" Lindbergh asked Mulligan.

Mulligan weighed the importance of those lost forty revolutions per minute, then replied, "The engine is doing as well as you could expect in damp weather."

That was all Lindbergh needed to make his decision—a decision too momentous to put the responsibility of it upon another man's shoulders.

"Shall I pull out the chocks?" asked Boedecker.

The boy in the cockpit nodded. And the last restraining obstacles were pulled out of his way. A moment later the engine roared as the throttle was advanced.

Mahoney was already down at the far end of the field in Tony Fokker's car, waiting with fire extinguishers for the fatal blaze they all feared so terribly.

Lane leaped up and grabbed Lindbergh's hand. "If you don't make St. John's all right, come back and try again. We're all for you, Slim."

Then Lindbergh "gave her the gun" and the plane began to move. The others gave up to agony. Lane ran futilely after him down the runway, moved by some forlorn hope that he could still stop him and hold him back from annihilation.

"I died three times," said Lane, as he recounted it later.

The plane gradually gained speed, but so slowly that the tail-skid still plowed the mud a hundred yards away. Two stretches of soft loam retarded progress. And through each of these he lost much precious speed—speed so vitally necessary to lift that great load off the ground and into flight.

Came a hard stretch of runway and the plane gathered speed quickly. Came one more bounce and the breathless crowd waited for the crash. But the Spirit of St. Louis, guided by a destined hand, had found her stride. He was off. He was free. He was clear of the telephone wires at the end of the field, going at a rate that gave him speed to spare. Slowly and straight ahead he climbed. Then made a gradual swing off to the northeast. And was bound for Paris.

The men on the ground in the cold wiped sweat from their brows. They had literally wished him into the air.

Safe Over the Sea

That night, at the end of the longest day in the world, these waiting men heard that he had passed St. John's. St. John's! Then he had checked his course perfectly. Before flying out to the darkness and the ocean.

The rest of the uninitiated world thought of that vast expanse of water as his great danger zone. But to these men it spelled comparative safety. For the fact that he had passed over the appointed spot at the appointed time meant that engine, plane, instruments, and navigation were all functioning with a sure perfection, and that his greatest load was gone. It meant that from then on the chances were reduced to a normal minimum. It meant that as surely as another night fell the plane that they had seen stagger off the ground under its liquid burden would set down a tired boy on the other side of the Atlantic.

The sea, that unknown? No, the sea was relative security. So these men sighed deeply. And felt suddenly that they could sleep that night, to dream of happy landings.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A London firm has developed the unique and profitable business of collecting discarded stage costumes, especially gaudy ones, and selling them in distant lands to primitive tribes, who delight in wearing such fancy finery.

Common-law marriages, without license or ceremony, are validated today by the courts of nearly all states when proof of duration of a year or more is shown and when children or property is involved.

A pound of steel wire, when drawn through a tiny diamond hole and made into fine hairsprings for watches, increases in value from $5 to $62,000.

If you lose only one-third of your skin—by fire, boiling liquid or acid—you will die.

Wieliczka, Poland, possesses the most remarkable salt mine in the world. It is seven stories deep and contains 65 miles of passages and many ponds, museums, chapels, dancing salons and chambers, all carved from solid salt.

Hindu musicians play more than 1,000 different kinds of musical instruments while we have less than 50 in the United States.

The average American family consumes more than two packages of chewing gum a week.

Diabetes, a disease that is increasing rapidly in America, is caused by the deficient oxidation of sugar in the body. It is more prevalent among males than females and more common in fair persons than dark.—*By Effie Hampton, Lexington, Ky.*

Much money is won and lost each week at the cricket fights in China, the fish fights in Siam and the viper fights in Algeria.

More than 200 different products are made today from petroleum.—*By John S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Va.*

Tibet has no paper currency and only one official coin, the silver "tang-ka," which is worth about 14 cents and is cut into smaller denominations by its possessor when the occasion arises.

Women are far more susceptible to sea-sickness than men.

A professional magician has developed a new illusion—one of the most mystifying acts in years—which permits him to walk away from his own shadow.

Bible reading is compulsory now in the public schools of 12 states: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, and the District of Columbia.

The per-capita consumption of beef in America has declined 21% during the past 10 years.—*By T. H. Bartilson, Washington, D. C.*

In Arabia, only Mohammedans are allowed to drive automobiles.

Lightning kills about 500 persons and injures 900 others yearly in the United States, the majority of these accidents occurring in the open country.

There are 78 hospital beds for every 10,000 persons in the United States today, Massachusetts having the largest number—123 per 10,000, with Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina having the smallest number—38 each per 10,000.

Today machines have replaced 9 out of 10 shoe workers, a power shovel does the work of 400 men, a railroad switching device has superseded 168 men in one yard, and a razor-blade machine fills the places of 500 men—examples which show how machinery is causing technological unemployment.

Today meat packers pay more for a live steer than they receive for the dressed carcass, but they still make a profit because 19% of their total income is from by-products.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

TOUGH BEARD?

THERE IS *One* CREAM SPECIALLY MADE FOR YOU

Do you grow one of those beards you can scratch a match on? Have you given up—in deep despair—all hope for a *comfortable* shave?

Hold on! There is *one* shaving cream that can help you—because it's the one cream specifically made for tough beards. That cream is Mennen.

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The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 22

perceived his friend William Bannister.

"Hullo, Bill, old man! You back?"

Bill was looking cautiously about him.

"Where's my uncle?"

"Just oozed off. Want me to call him?"

"Good heavens, no. Squiffy. . . ."

"Hullo?"

Bill did not reply for a few moments. These moments he occupied in wandering in a rather feverish manner about the room, fiddling with various objects that came in his path.

"Squiffy!" said Bill, halting suddenly.

"Still here," replied Lord Tidmouth plaintively. "What's the idea? Training for a marathon?"

"Squiffy," said Bill, "listen to me. We're pals, aren't we?"

"Absolutely. Bosom is the way I should put it."

"Very well, then. I want you to do me a great service."

"What?"

"Get my uncle out of the way tonight."

"Murder him?"

"If you like. Anyway, go to his room with him and see that he gets to sleep. Tonight I want to be alone."

LORD TIDMOUTH had listened so far, but he refused to listen any further without lodging a definite protest. It was not so much the fact that, having been invited down to this place for a restful visit, he found himself requested by his host to go and tell his uncle bedtime stories. What was jarring his sensitive soul was the sinister atmosphere his old friend had begun to create.

"Bill, old man," he said, "you're being very mysterious this P. M. You shimmer about and dash in and out of rooms and make dark, significant speeches. All you need is a mask and false whiskers and you could step into any mystery play and no questions asked. What's up?"

"I'll tell you."

"You forgot to say 'Hist'!"

Bill drew a chair up and sank his voice to a whisper.

"I've got a big thing on tonight, and I must not be interrupted."

The pained look on Lord Tidmouth's face deepened. Of course, he supposed, it didn't really matter, seeing that they were alone, but he did wish that Bill could conduct a chat with an old crony without converting it into something that suggested an executive session of the Black Hand or a conference between Apaches in some underground den in Montmartre.

"Old egg," he said, "do stop being mysterious. A big thing, you say? Well, tell me in a frank, manly way what it is. Get it right off the chest, and we'll both feel easier."

Bill mused, as if seeking words.

"Well, if you want the thing in a nutshell, tonight, Squiffy, I put my fate to the test—to win or lose it all, as the poet says."

"What poet?"

"What the devil does it matter what poet?"

"I merely asked."

"Montrose, if you really want to know."

"I don't."

Bill rose and resumed his pacing.

"Squiffy, do you know what it is to be in love?"

"Do I!" Lord Tidmouth spoke with a specialist's briskness. "My dear chap, except for an occasional rainy Monday, I don't suppose I've been out of love in the last six years."

"Well, I'm in love. So much in love that I could howl like a dog." He broke off and regarded his companion sharply. "I suppose," he said, "you're going to ask 'What dog?'"

"No, no," Lord Tidmouth assured him. He knew—no man better—that there were all sorts of dogs. Mastiffs, Pekes, Alsatians, Aberdeen terriers . . . scores of them. He had had no intention of saying "What dog?"

Bill clenched his hands.

"It's awful. It's killing me."

Lord Tidmouth was impressed.

"Bill, old man," he said, "this is serious news. We all thought you had got over it. So your old uncle was actually right! Well, well!"

"What do you mean?"

"I felt all along," proceeded Lord Tidmouth, "that something like this would happen. I wanted to warn you at the time. You see, having been married to her myself, I know her fascination. Yes, I nearly warned you at the time. 'Bill, old bird,' I came within a toucher of saying, 'pause before it is too late!' And now she's in a sanitarium, and you're pining for her. 'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand. . . .'"

Bill stared an unfriendly stare.

"What on earth are you talking about? Who's in a sanitarium?"

"Lottie, of course."

"Lottie? Are you really idiot enough to suppose I'm in love with Lottie?"

His tone stung Lord Tidmouth.

"Better men than you have been, Bill," he said. "Myself, for one. The recent Higginbotham, presumably, for another. Let me tell you that there are many more difficult things in this world than falling in love with Lottie. Whom are you in love with, then?"

Bill breathed rapturously.

"Sally!"

"Who's Sally?"

"Sally Smith."

Lord Tidmouth made a great mental effort.

"You don't mean the lady doctor down at Bingley?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you're in love with her?"

"Yes."

"WELL," said Lord Tidmouth, bewildered, "this is all new stuff to me." He reflected. "But, if you miss her so much, why did you come down here, miles away from her?"

"I couldn't stay near her. It was driving me mad."

"Why?"

"She wouldn't let me tell her how much I loved her."

"I see."

Bill sprang up.

"Shall I tell you something, Squiffy?"

"By all means, old boy. I'm here to listen."

"I went to see her just before I left Bingley. I was absolutely determined that this time I would ask her to marry me. And do you know what happened?"

"What?"

A bitter laugh escaped Bill Bannister.

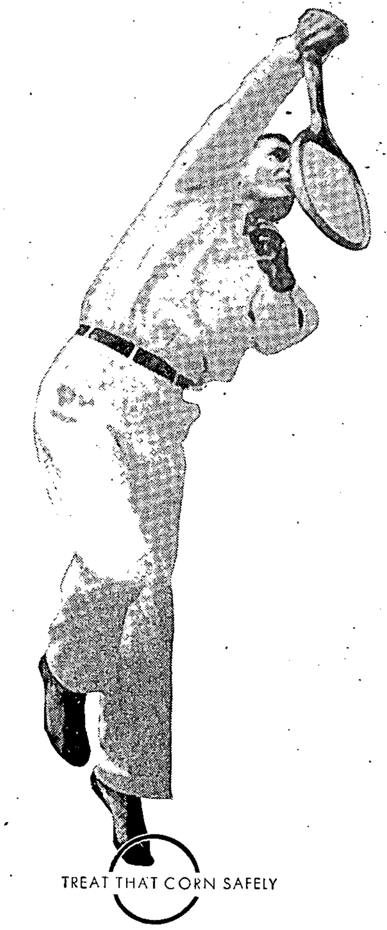
"The moment I appeared—before I could even speak—she said: 'Put out your tongue!'"

"What did you do?"

"I put it out. 'Coated,' she said, and prescribed a mild tonic. Now, could I have followed that up by asking her to be my wife?"

"It wasn't what you would call a good cue," admitted Lord Tidmouth.

"I left," said Bill. "I came away, cursing. Cursing everything—myself, my luck and the fate that ever brought us together. I came down here, hoping that I would get over it. Not a chance.



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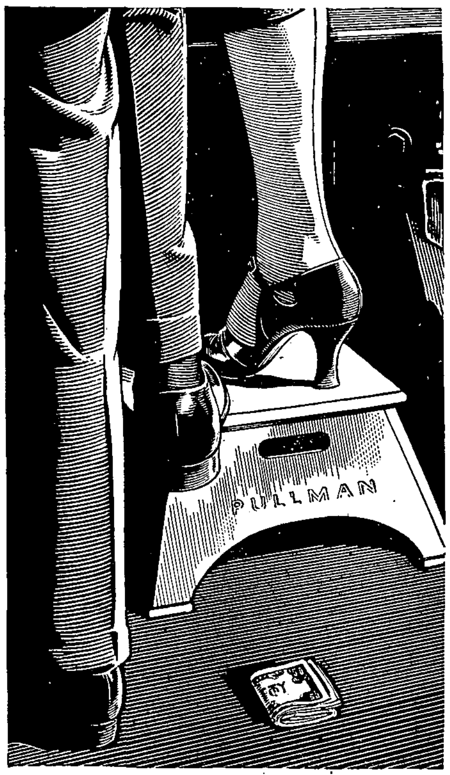

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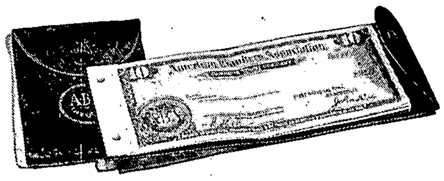

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I'm worse than ever. But today, thank heaven, I got an idea."

"What was that?"

Bill looked about the room warily, as if suspecting the presence of Hugo Drakes in every nook and cranny. Relieved to see not even one, he resumed.

"I said to myself—she's a doctor. If I were ill, she would fly to my side. I looked her up in the telephone book. I found her name. I sat staring at that telephone book most of the afternoon, and it stared back at me. At five o'clock I gave in and. . . ."

"Good Lord! Telephoned?"

"Yes. I pretended to be my man. I said that Mr. Bannister was seriously ill. We were sending the car and would she come at once."

LORD TIDMOUTH whistled.

"You certainly don't mind taking a chance."

"Not when there's something worth taking a chance for. It's a two hours' ride in the car. The chauffeur left at half-past six. He should have reached her between half-past eight and nine. She ought to get here just about eleven."

"It's nearly eleven now."

"Yes. So can you wonder I'm a little jumpy?"

"Do you think she'll come?"

Bill quivered.

"She *must* come. She must. And I shall have it out with her, fairly and squarely. No more dodging and evasion. She shan't put me off this time. . . . So now perhaps you understand why you've got to keep my infernal, snooping, blundering, fussing busybody of an uncle out of the way."

"But he'll hear her drive up in the car."

"Why? The car's almost noiseless."

Lord Tidmouth pondered.

"Well," he said at length, "I'm glad I'm not you."

"Why?"

"Because it is my firm and settled belief, old top, that, when she gets here and finds it was all a put-up job, this female is going to cut up rough."

"Don't call her a female."

"Well, she *is*, isn't she? I mean, that's rather what you might call the idea, I should have thought."

"She won't suspect. I shall convince her that I'm a sick man."

"By the time she has done with you you probably will be. Hell hath no fury like a woman who's come eighty miles to be made a fool of."

"Don't be such a pessimist."

"Oh, all right. Have it your own way. All I can say is, may the Lord have mercy on your soul. I mean. . . ."

"Sh!" whispered Bill sharply. He turned to the door. "Hullo, Uncle. How's the putting coming along?"

Sir Hugo Drake was in a spacious mood. He beamed cordially.

"A very marked and sustained improvement."

"That's good. Off to bed now?"

"Yes. Off to bed now. Early to bed, early to rise, nothing like it for keeping the eye clear and the hand steady."

"Tidmouth wants to come up with you and have a chat."

"Delighted."

"Tell him that excellent story of yours about the caddie and the India-rubber tee."

"Certainly. Well, come along, my boy. You coming, William?"

"No, I think I'll sit up a little longer."

"Good night, then. See you in the morning."

He wandered out. Lord Tidmouth lingered. He seemed a little anxious.

"Is that a long story, Bill?"

"Longish," admitted Bill. "But to help a pal, Squiffy. . . ."

"Oh, all right," said Lord Tidmouth resignedly. "We Tidmouths never desert a friend. Well, honk-honk!"

He smiled bravely, and followed Sir Hugo.

The summons to William Bannister's sick bed had come to Sally, oddly enough, at a moment when she had just been thinking of that sufferer. For it is a curious fact that, busy woman though she was, she had found herself thinking quite a good deal about Bill in these last two weeks. And, if excuses must be made for her, let these meditations be set down to the quality in him that made him different from other men—his naïve directness.

Sally, both in her native America and during her stay in England, had been called upon at fairly frequent intervals to reject the proffered hands and hearts of many men. These had conducted the negotiations in a variety of ways, but none, not even the most forceful, had affected her quite like William Bannister. There was a childlike earnestness about his wooing which she found engaging.

It seemed a pity to her that with the admirable quality of directness he should combine that other quality which above all others in this world she despised and disliked—the quality of being content to sit down and loaf his life away on inherited money. She had seen so many of these good-looking, amiable, feckless Englishmen of private means, and all her instincts rose against them. Except as a joke, they were impossible. With so much to be done in life, they did nothing.

And Bill Bannister was one of them. She liked his looks and that easy, athletic swing of his body. She found him pleasant and agreeable. But he was also bone-idle, a well-bred waster, a drone who had nothing better to do with his time than hang about seashore resorts, dangling after perfumed and peroxided females of doubtful character.

For Sally's verdict on Lottie, pieced together from a brief acquaintance and a review of the dubious circumstances in which she had found her, was not a flattering one.

Every time she thought of Lottie, an odd thrill of indignation passed through Sally.

And every time she thought of William Bannister wasting his time on such a woman, she felt another thrill of indignation.

The whole thing was perplexing.

HER feelings, as she bowled along the Hampshire roads in Bill's car tonight, were mixed. She was sorry he was not feeling well, though she much doubted whether his ailment were as severe as she had been given to understand. Men were all alike—men of Bill Bannister's kind especially so. A pain in the toe and they thought they were dying.

Of the chance of visiting the home of Bill's ancestors she was glad. With her American love of the practical she combined that other American love for old houses and historic associations. She had read up on The Manor, Woollam Chersey, in Stately Homes of England, and was intrigued to find that parts of it dated back to the thirteenth century, while even the more modern portions were at least Elizabethan.

Tonight, as she passed through the great gateway and bowled up the drive, there was little to be seen. Dark trees and banks of shrubs blocked what little would have been visible in the darkness. It was only when the car stopped that she realized that she had reached the house.

Sally got out and dismissed the chauffeur. She could find her way in. There was an open French window at the end of the lawn on her left from which light proceeded. She made her way thither, and on the threshold stopped.

(*Continued on page 48*)

No WATER *on* MR. HOLAREN'S *Hair!*

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"I HAVE been using your splendid tonic for over fifteen years," writes J. M. Holaren, "and I've found it to be everything you recommend it to be. I am 35 now and have an abundance of hair and always have a clean scalp. Instead of washing, I massage well after applying Wildroot. I use it about three times a week, never using water. I have always praised it highly, having induced barbers to adopt it as well as friends. I find it one product on the market today not misrepresented and always dependable." *(Signed)* J. M. HOLAREN

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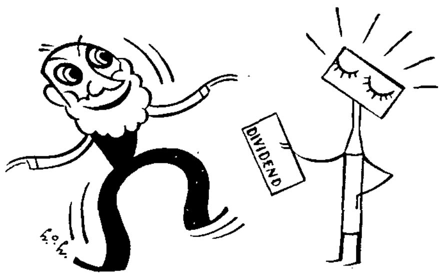

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Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

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Address__________

(*Continued from page 47*)

A rather remarkable sight had met her eyes. Inside, walking with the brisk step of a man in perfect health up and down a cozily furnished room, was her patient. Anyone less wasted with sickness she had never seen.

Up and down the floor paced Bill. He was smoking a cigarette. A thrill of honest indignation shot through Sally. She saw all. And in the darkness her teeth came together with a little click.

Somewhere in the room a telephone tinkled. Bill moved beyond her range of vision. But his voice came to her clearly.

"Hullo? . . . Grosvenor 7525? . . . Doctor Smith's house? . . . This is Mr. Bannister's valet speaking. Can you tell me if the doctor has left? . . . Just before nine? . . . Thank you . . . Hullo . . . The doctor will not be returning tonight . . . Yes, very serious. She will have to sit up with the patient . . . Yes . . . Good night."

There came the click of the receiver being replaced, and then, for some moments, silence. But a few minutes later there was something for Sally to see again. Her patient had apparently left the room during this interval, for he now reappeared wearing a dark silk dressing-gown. He then proceeded to arrange a pillow and lie down on the sofa. And after that he seemed to be of the opinion that the stage was adequately set, for he remained there without moving.

Sally waited no longer. Outwardly calm, but seething within with what Lord Tidmouth had called the fury of a woman who has driven eighty miles to be made a fool of, she walked briskly into the room.

"Good evening!" she said, suddenly and sharply, and Bill Bannister shot up from the sofa as though propelled by an explosive.

BILL stood staring. His nervous system, in its highly strung condition, was not proof against this entirely unexpected greeting. The Manor was not haunted, but if it had been and if the family specter had suddenly presented itself at his elbow and barked at him, he would have reacted in a very similar way. He gulped, and fingered his collar.

"You made me jump!" he said plaintively.

Sally was cool and hostile.

"Weren't you expecting me?"

"Er—yes. Yes. Of course."

"Well, here I am."

This was undeniable, and Bill should have accepted it as such. He should also have sunk back on the sofa, thus indicating that the effort he had just made had been too much for his frail strength. Instead, he became gushingly hospitable.

"I say, do sit down, won't you? Won't you have something to eat—something to drink?"

Sally raised her eyebrows.

"I must say," she observed, "that for a man who has brought a doctor a night journey of eighty miles you look surprisingly well."

Bill rejected the idea passionately.

"I'm not," he cried. "I'm desperately ill."

"Oh?" said Sally.

Bill's manner became defiant, almost sullen.

"You can't tell how a man's feeling just by looking at him," he said.

"I don't intend to. We'll have a thorough examination."

A devout look came into Bill's eyes.

"It's like a dream," he said.

"What is?"

"Your being here . . . in my home. . . ."

"Tell me your symptoms," said Sally.

Bill blinked.

"Did you say symptoms?"

"I did."

"Well . . . I say, do let me help you off with your coat."

"I can manage," said Sally. She removed her wraps and threw them on a chair. "Now, then . . . Hello! You're shivering!"

"Am I?" said Bill.

"Do you feel chilly?"

"No. Hot all over."

"Let me feel your pulse. . . . H'm! A hundred and ten. Very interesting. And yet you haven't a temperature. A pulse of a hundred and ten without fever. Quite remarkable. Do you feel dizzy?"

"Yes," said Bill truthfully.

"Then sit down."

"Thanks," said Bill, doing so. "Won't you?"

SALLY opened her bag, and from it removed an odd something, at which her patient gazed with unconcealed apprehension.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Stethoscope," said Sally briefly. "Now we can get on."

"Yes," said Bill doubtfully. He had heard of stethoscopes and knew them to be comparatively harmless, but he was still uneasy. In his visions of this moment, he had always seen this girl bending over him with a divine sympathy in her lovely eyes—trembling a little, perhaps—possibly passing a cool hand over his forehead. Up to the present she had done none of these things. Instead, she seemed to him—though this, he forced himself to feel, was merely due to his guilty conscience—annoyed about something.

A simple solution of the mystery came to him. In spite of the fact that she had ignored his previous offer of refreshment, she really needed some. She had had a tiring journey, and tiring journeys always affected women like this. He recalled an aunt of his, who, until you shot a cup of tea into her, always became—even after the simplest trip—a menace to man and beast.

"I say, do have something to eat and drink," he urged.

Sally frowned.

"Later," she said. "Now, then—the symptoms, please."

Bill made a last effort to stem the tide.

"Must we talk about my symptoms?" he asked plaintively.

"Might I mention," retorted Sally, "that I've driven eighty miles simply in order to talk about them?"

"But surely there's not such a desperate hurry as all that? I mean, can't we have just five minutes' conversation. . . ." Her eye was not encouraging, but he persevered. "You don't seem to understand how tremendously happy it makes me—to see you sitting there. . . ."

Sally cut into his rambling discourse like an east wind.

"It may seem eccentric to you, Mr. Bannister," she said frigidly, "but when I get an urgent call to visit an invalid I find my thoughts sort of straying in the direction of his health. It's a foolish habit we doctors have. So may I repeat—the symptoms?" She fixed him with a compelling glance. "When," she asked, "did you first notice that there was anything wrong with you?"

Bill could answer that.

"Three weeks ago."

"About the time you first met me."

"Yes."

"An odd coincidence. What happened?"

"My heart stood still."

"It couldn't."

"It did."

"Hearts don't stand still."

"Mine did," insisted Bill stoutly. "It then had strong palpitations. They've been getting worse ever since. Sometimes," he proceeded, beginning to get into his stride, "I feel as if I were going to suffocate. It is as if I were being choked inside by an iron hand."

"Probably dyspepsia. Go on."

"MY HANDS tremble. My head aches. My feet feel like lead. I have floating spots before the eyes and I can't sleep."

"No?"

"Not a wink. I toss on my pillow. I turn feverishly from side to side. But it's all no good. Dawn comes and finds me still awake. I stare before me hopelessly. Another night," concluded Bill with fine pathos, "has passed, and in the garden outside the roosters are crowing."

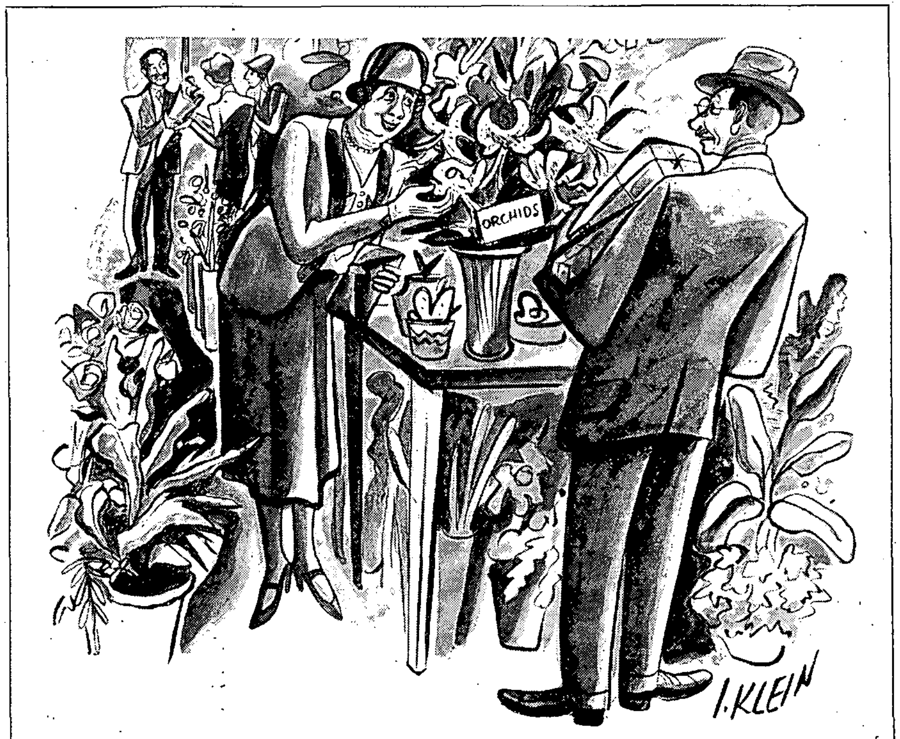
"Anything connected with roosters," said Sally, "you had better tell to a vet."

A man in a sitting position finds it difficult to draw himself up indignantly, but Bill did his best.

"Is that all you can do to a patient—laugh at him?"

"If you think I am finding this a laughing matter," said Sally grimly, "you're wrong. Undress, please."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Put your nose near it, dear; you can smell the damp of the jungle"

Queen of Beasts

Continued from page 23

just as there are definite reasons why elephants should have a ruler. Understand, please, this is not a matter of human dominance, nor of human selection; the law seems to apply in the jungle as well as in captivity.

This leadership is not a matter of chance or accident; it is almost wholly the result of individuality; nor does the old girl who rules a herd stoop to do all the work herself. She has satellites and sub-bosses.

I sat one day talking to Walter McLain, the bull-boss of the Sparks herd. It was rest time for the elephant boss; a few of the bulls weaved contentedly under their winter-quarters shed while the rest, under a sub-queen, Myrtle, had been staked outside. Presently an assistant came running in.

"Hurry out to old Myrt!" he yelled. "She's got them three other bulls down and she's beatin' hell out of 'em."

In Training for Queen

Myrt had 'em down all right. She was standing on one, another lay gasping for breath, where she had butted it to the ground, and the third she held prone by belting it with her trunk every time it tried to rise. McLain ran toward her, shouting commands. She grunted disgustedly and walked to one side, where she stood thumping the ground with her trunk and blasting dust. Slowly the three vanquished animals came to their feet. Then the elephant trainer did a rather surprising thing. He gave Myrtle no more attention and began to parade before the victims, waving his bull-hook at them and scolding. Their doleful chirruping gave evidence that they knew exactly what he was talking about.

Myrtle received no scolding whatever. She had simply looked after her job and deserved no reproach. A fight had started among the other three. She had trumpeted for them to stop. They hadn't. So she had knocked out all three of them.

Now Myrtle isn't a queen of the Sparks herd. She is just in training for the job. As long as Topsy lives and thinks and fights and outwits any other elephant that tries to put anything over on her, just so long will Topsy be queen of this particular herd. But some day Topsy may pass on—and there will be Myrtle, ready to take her place. The same situation is found in every large collection of elephants. In nine cases out of ten this leader will be a female.

There are certain good reasons for this. One is the fact that the average female elephant has more common sense than a male and more sagacity, plus a better ability to reason. Beyond that, they are more affectionate, meaning, of course, that there will be a more cordial relationship between the bull-boss and his herd leader. Of course, there are cold-blooded theorists who insist that elephants are practically incapable of affection; to which the circus man answers that there are a number of things which cold-blooded theorists do not know.

In proof, they point to one-man elephants who will obey a certain keeper implicitly but kill anyone else who tries to command them; to circus emergencies overcome through the fact that a herd leader has chosen to take her keeper's word for a thing and then has browbeaten her entire coterie of subjects into following her will, and a hundred incidents such as that when Old Mom, of the Sells-Floto herd, stood guard for the man she loved.

His name was Fred Alispaw; he has long since retired from the circus business. He and Old Mom were pals; he protected her and on more than one occasion she protected him. On this particular day, in winter quarters, Old Mom was pushing wagons from the paint shop to the storage shed. Alispaw walked beside her with his bull-hook caught lightly in her ear to guide her. In the front of the wagon, a poler, or guide, handled the tongue of the vehicle to hold its front wheels to the proper course. On top of the wagon, unknown to Alispaw, was a heavy sledge, left there by a careless workman.

The wagon struck a bump. The sledge fell off, striking Alispaw on the head and knocking him unconscious. Instantly there came a blast of excitement from Old Mom. The wagon halted. At the tongue, the poler halted and waited for the elephant to "pick it up." Then he called to Alispaw, asking the reason for the delay. There was no answer. He rounded the wagon and suddenly halted, shouting with fright.

There on the ground lay Alispaw, unconscious, the sledge near by, and blood flowing from a long gash in his scalp. Directly over him stood Old Mom, chirruping and bawling with fright, while the sensitive finger and thumb of her trunk ran ceaselessly over the man until at last she touched the wound. Instantly she scented blood; she raised her trunk for a shrill succession of blasted warnings; she weaved excitedly and, moving forward, spread her forelegs until the great bulk of her body was above the form of her trainer.

"She's going to kill him!" the poler shouted, as excited bull-men ran from the elephant house.

"Kill him, my eye!" an assistant answered. "She's just trying to protect him. Let her alone."

Minutes passed as Old Mom chirruped and fretted. Slowly life returned to Alispaw. He stirred. His eyes opened upon a ceiling of elephant.

"I'm all right now, Mom," he said at last. The old bull trumpeted with joy, stepped back and, bending, wrapped her trunk around the man, assisting him to his feet.

The Fly Chase

If such instances were unusual they would not be worth the telling; every herd, however, has a history of such affection.

All of which brings up again the difference between males and females. It is the common belief that only male elephants are bad. That isn't true. Males "go bad" at certain seasons of the year, and therefore cannot be counted upon as dependable leaders at all times. They may be vicious for the same reason that a stallion is vicious; and, owing to a queer physical make-up, cannot be devitalized into a more complacent beast, as is done with horses and cattle. A female has none of these disadvantages, but when she's bad, she's bad because she wants to be.

Perhaps there never was a more dependable elephant than Old Mom; the circus with which she was connected can cite at least a dozen instances where she saved the show. Once she "picked up" a wreck before the "big hook" could arrive, got the show train back on the track and allowed it to reach its next stand on time. Again, when the menagerie was deserted, her warnings called attendants to the discovery of a fire which was extinguished with the only available fluid, pink lemonade.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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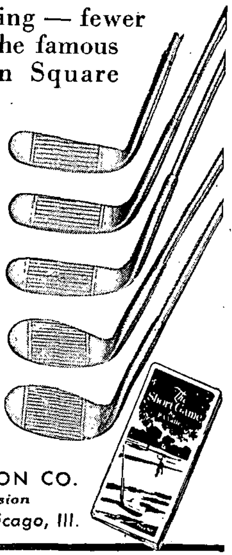

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(*Continued from page 49*)

Again and again her sagacity held the herd in line when panic threatened.

One day, in Colorado Springs, I happened to visit the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus. The show was early on the lot, and the elephant boss was giving the bulls a preliminary workout. It was not highly successful; there was a plague of house flies, and they bothered the animals as much as they did the humans—an elephant's skin is surprisingly tender, especially around the flanks, the ears and mouth.

So the rehearsal progressed slowly and with much cussing, until a concessionaire wandered through the tent on the way to the populous midway. His offering consisted of an armful of toy brooms for children and during a moment of rest for the herd he paused to talk to the bull-boss. But there was an interruption. It came from the herd leader, who thumped the ground with her trunk, emitted a peculiar bawl, and then pushed the bull-boss toward the concessionaire. The elephant man scowled with thought.

"What's on your mind, old gal?" he asked. She repeated the operation.

"Suppose she wants one of those brooms?" I asked.

It was easy to find the answer—the bull-boss merely called the concessionaire within reaching distance. Instantly, the wrinkled old herd leader shot forth a trunk and pulled out a broom, turning it until she could hold it by the handle. Then she forgot us in the ecstasy of waving that broom about her ears, her flanks, under her forelegs and brushing it along her belly.

Then a second elephant bawled and a third and fourth and fifth; they stretched forth their trunks and bulged their eyes with pleading. And when performance time came, a solemn group of elephants trotted into the ring, each waving a toy broom.

Topsy Gets Cockeyed

But, of course, it is up to a herd queen, since she is leader, to decide just what sort of an establishment she will run. It often happens that an elephant empress may be exactly like a human empress—heavy of temperament. Again I am reminded of Topsy.

Things are not so good for Topsy any more. There isn't the verve to life and the camaraderie. The good old days are gone. Time was when, every day after parade, Topsy's trainer would take her and the herd over which she ruled to the principal saloon in town. Then, leaving the herd in charge of his assistants, McLain would enter and drive a bargain. If the drinks were free, he'd allow the herd to remain. If not, there were other saloons. Usually they were free. For the men? No, for the elephants.

Prohibition has been a sad blow to elephantdom. There's nothing quite like throwing a half-gallon of good warm whisky down the old hatch as an antidote for compaction, or colic, or just the fact that one is an elephant. A quart creates a nice, warm glow. A half-gallon allows an elephant to gaze on the entire world benignly, and a couple of gallons means a beautiful bun.

Therefore, one day in Canada, McLain hesitated when he came into the menagerie tent with a heavy package under his arm. It was a case of whisky which he had bought for himself at Liquor Control prices, which are vastly different from the old days when whisky was a dollar a bottle. For a long time the elephant keeper stood staring at old Topsy, finally to relent. It was Sunday, time of rest and recreation for the circus.

"Know what I've got here, old gal?" he asked. The elephant evinced interest. Then McLain opened the package and pulled a cork.

Immediately there was a bawl from the whole herd, but the loudest voice was Topsy's. She stretched her trunk. She pulled at her chain. McLain laughed, said a longing good-by to the bottle and handed it to her.

She curled her trunk about it, not spilling any. The liquor gurgled down her throat. She blinked her eyes, she pounded the ground with her trunk and emitted a sound that an elephant makes only when it is delighted beyond measure. McLain stuffed his hand in his hip pocket and stared at that package.

"Hell!" he said at last. "You ain't had a good drunk since Hec was a pup."

Then deliberately he began opening bottles and handing them to Topsy. One after another she raised them to her mouth and drained them all. Then her eyes crossed, her lips pulled back in what one might call a silly grin, Topsy whacked the ground with her trunk, blasted a great sound of joy, and watched the world go by.

"You're cockeyed!" said McLain.

Topsy's knees had become a bit rubbery. She would lean far to one side, catch herself just before she fell, look about her in silly fashion, wiggle her trunk and then slowly start to fall on the opposite side. At last she gave it up and slumped to the ground. Almost instantly, she was asleep.

"And the best of it is," said the keeper as he fondly watched her, "she'll wake up in the morning as cheerful as a kitten. Gosh, it must be wonderful to be able to absorb three gallons without a hangover."

An elephant can prove to be a real friend when the show's in trouble. Such as one time in Louisiana, when the twenty-four-hour man of the Sells-Floto circus made a slight mistake.

The twenty-four-hour man is about what his name implies. The true meaning is that he is supposed to travel twenty-four hours ahead of the circus to make all final arrangements for the show's arrival. The accepted meaning is that he works twenty-four hours a day. Dog-tired from travel and the carrying out of the thousand and one last-minute details, this particular twenty-four-hour man wired back to the show:

"Bad trestle here. No Y within fifteen miles. Load poles to the engine."

A cryptic message, that, and full of meaning. It carried the information that unless the train was loaded so that the tongues of the wagons pointed toward the engine, it would be impossible for the "pull-over" team and polers to pull and guide the heavy vehicles over the various flat cars to the steel runways whence they are lowered to the ground. The show obeyed orders. When the town was reached, it was found that the twenty-four-hour man should have wired the exact opposite—the poles should have been toward the caboose.

The forty-odd cars of the circus were strung out over nearly a mile of trestle. There was no Y-switch by which the train could be turned nearer than fifteen miles. Another train was due over the track in little more than an hour. And the circus train could not be unloaded!

That is, by ordinary means. So the manager yelled for the bull-boss.

"Get Old Mom on the run!" he commanded.

A Temperamental Elephant

Old Mom was gotten. The wide steel plates with which circus flat cars are connected for unloading were laid in place.

Then with a poler working from the rear, Old Mom was hooked to wagon after wagon. Over the flats and from car to car she went, feeling her way at first, then with increasing confidence, moving more swiftly. Soon Old Mom was unloading the train a flat-car length at a time, working at a distance of nearly fifty feet above the ground. When the through train whistled for clearance there was nothing to stop it.

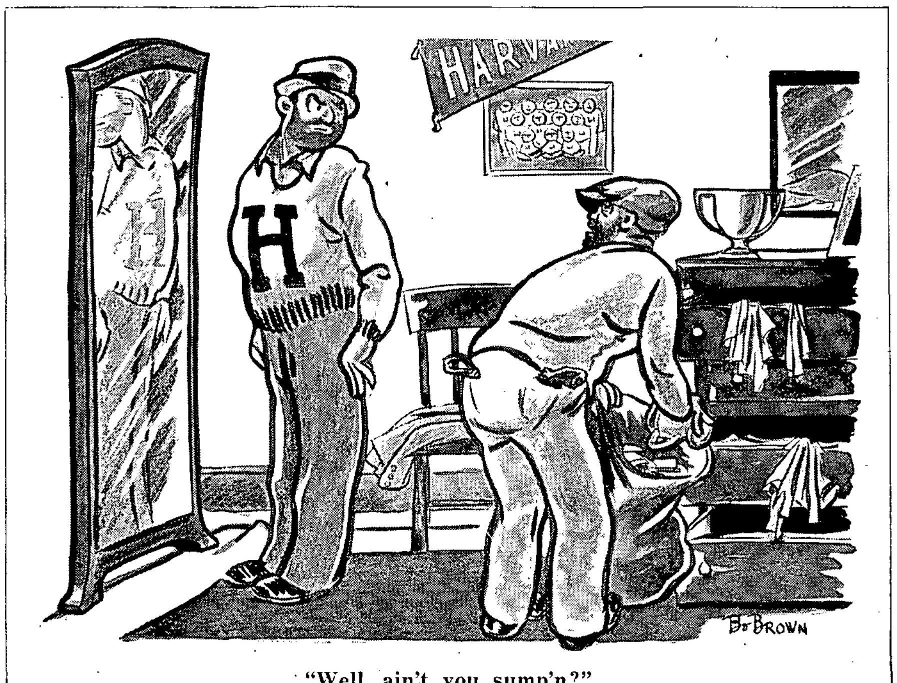
It is such things as this that make bull-men forgive many bits of temperament. One Sunday I walked into a menagerie tent with a boss bull-man. The herd leader stood at her stake, but the half hitch was gone from the chain which had been carefully stretched out to give a semblance of captivity. The bull-boss hurried forward.

"You've been prowlin'!" he exclaimed, and fastened her to her stake. Then he began a trailing movement, hunched over the ground in search for hoofprints.

They led to his dressing tent and back to the picket line. Nothing seemed disturbed.

At last, however, the bull-boss reached for a hook and took down his uniform coat. He stared at it. He cussed. Then he grinned.

"Lookit," he said. "The old gal sneaked over here and pulled all the buttons off my coat:" The grin broadened. He beamed. "You know," he said, "she never did like that uniform!"



"Well, ain't you sump'n?"
"Don't say ain't!"

A Medal to Show

Continued from page 26

straightened out. Again the evil, goggled face of the pilot peered over the edge of the cockpit, for a last view of the slaughter he had caused.

David fired at the goggles.

The plane, now straightened out, seemed to speed away. Then it lurched, wavered and came crashing down into the shell-torn branches of a linden tree.

His horses watered, David rode to the spot where hundreds of men were pulling apart the wreckage for souvenirs of the plane. He was riding one and leading four. He dismounted and saluted a medical captain.

"Well, Sergeant?"

"If that Heinie was shot in the head with a forty-five, I did it," David spoke with the air of a man who knew his rights and meant to see that he got them.

The surgeon smiled at David's earnestness. "Does it make such a lot of difference?" he asked, mildly.

"It does to me, sir. You see, I don't want to have to tell my grandchildren that all I did in this war was water horses."

The officer nodded. That was a point of view that he could appreciate. He had spent seven months in charge of the mumps and measles wards in a base hospital.

"Give me your name and battery," he ordered. "And, Sergeant, I'll examine the body. If I find him shot in the head with a forty-five, I'll see that you're notified."

REGIMENTAL Color Sergeant David Jewett, lately discharged from the Army of Occupation in Coblenz at the conclusion of his enlistment, pushed back his chair from the dinner table, dusted off the four gold service stripes on his tailored serge tunic sleeve, arranged the cords of the fourragère about his arm, straightened the ribbons of the croix de guerre and the other medal pinned on his chest and lighted a cigarette.

"Well, David." His father surveyed him carefully. "Seems natural to have you back, even if you are dressed up like a Christmas tree."

"Yes, sir. It seems good to be back."

"More pie, David?" asked his mother.

"Just set it in the ice box, Mother. I'll clean it up before suppertime."

"Now, Dave"—Will Jewett squinted his eyes at a crack in the ceiling of his dining-room. He did not want his son or his wife to think that he was advising anyone to show off, but—"seems to me you might like to take the car and run into town. See some of your old friends. The paper had a piece in it about your shootin' down the air-o-plane, you know. Folks would kind of like to see the medals you got for it."

"I thought we'd haul that hay in."

"That can wait another day." Will Jewett looked unblushingly at his son. "Go in and say hello to Judge Bagley. His boy was a lieutenant, but he didn't go overseas."

"Yes, sir. I will run into town, if the hay isn't fit to come in."

DAVID glanced through the window. The side lawn needed cutting. The tomato plants needed attention, too. He took a deep breath. It was good to be back.

"And, say. Before you go, I wish you'd slip on a pair of overalls."

"Yes, sir?"

"You could climb up and oil the hay car."

David hesitated. He rose slowly. And then he looked down at his uniform front. The medals caught his eye.

He grinned. "Let the hired man oil the car, before he goes out in the morning," said David. He sat down again and lighted another cigarette.

"Why, Dave," exclaimed his father, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I don't want to climb up there. That's all."

"Not afraid, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid to climb up there and I always have been." David settled back with the bland security of one whose courage has been proven, of one who can afford to be comfortably afraid for the rest of his life.

"Well, that beats all," said Will Jewett. "Why didn't you tell me, long ago?"

"I was ashamed to." David paused, then he laughed. "I pretty near got my head shot off in the war, a couple of times, just so I could come back here and not be ashamed to tell you to climb up there and oil the car yourself."

"Me climb up there?" his father retorted. "Not if I know it. Why, Dave, I always sent you because you said you weren't afraid. Guess you never knew—I'm scared to death if I set foot off the ground."

"Me too."

"Well, now"—Will Jewett grinned—"looks to me as though the joke's on both of us."

Mr. Litvinoff

Continued from page 9

Igor said:

"But, Ivan Petrovich, it is not like her. She is more beautiful. She is the most beautiful woman in the whole world."

Mr. Litvinoff smiled.

"You see her with young eyes, Igor. I do not. You see her with eyes of desire. I see her with the eyes of an old man past desire."

Igor shook his head several times.

"She won't like it. She won't like it."

"I can only paint what I see."

When Igor had gone, Mr. Litvinoff sat reading how that prince of upstarts, Napoleon, had decayed little by little in exile till he was no more than a shadow of his once-powerful self.

Then, closing the book, he lay back and thought about how his own life was drawing to a close; decaying little by little in this brash town with its noise and bustle, with its childish materialism, its false glitter.

HE THOUGHT that she looked a little pale. She came in minus the smile and flung her neckpiece onto the lounge.

"Nice day," he said.

"Is it?" said Olympia. "I hadn't noticed. Oh, I've been having an awful time, Mr. Litvinoff. Let's get done."

She climbed up onto the platform and got into position.

"I'll be so terribly glad when this is done," she said. "I'm sick of this black dress. If Dave only knew all the trouble I'm going to on his account. Aren't you nearly through?"

(*Continued on page 52*)

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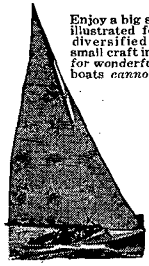

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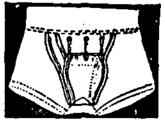

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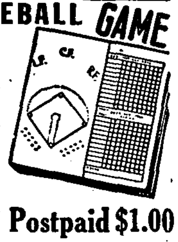

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(Continued from page 51)

"Today will finish it, I think," said Mr. Litvinoff. "I already have the frame. We will see how it looks after a while."

"It better be good after all this trouble. Where is our friend, Igor?"

"He was here this morning," said Mr. Litvinoff. "He went on business to Pasadena. Now steady, please. Just for a little while."

He went to work. But Olympia couldn't sit still and kept fidgeting, crossing and uncrossing her legs, biting her lips.

She was worried about Dave. He hadn't been so nice of late; always tired and grumpy, said he worked too hard. Worked too hard at what? Joe Pezek told her that he had seen him at the Brown Derby with Faustine Curzon. Of course Joe was probably lying, but all the same she herself had seen him running his eyes over Faustine more than once, though what he could see in that big punk was a mystery to her.

"Head a little higher if you please," said Mr. Litvinoff. "I won't be long."

Olympia nodded.

Dave was such a nice fellow when he wanted to be; just full of stories that made you die laughing. She hoped he wasn't getting tired of her. Maybe the picture would help.

She turned to look at Mr. Litvinoff, noting his clear, pale complexion, his high-bridged nose, his faded blond mustache. She thought he looked so refined. What a pity he hadn't a title. It would be so romantic to be painted by a man with a title!

The phone rang.

"Ah," said Mr. Litvinoff, "the bell is like a signal. I am done."

"Oh," said Olympia, "let me see."

"No," said Mr. Litvinoff, "not until I get it inside the frame." He answered the phone. "Yes, Miss Wood is here."

She took the phone while he fixed the picture into its frame. He was pleased with his work; it was a good picture.

But Olympia was shouting angrily into the phone.

"Retakes, retakes! I guess you think I'm still an extra. I won't stand for retakes on that stuff. I don't care what Dan Cohen says. Yeah? Well, you tell him to . . . I know you can't help it, but that's final, that's final."

She banged up the receiver, but it didn't break this time.

She turned. "Oh, my God, what a life!"

MR. LITVINOFF put the picture on the easel and stood back to look at it; then he nodded several times.

"Oh," said Olympia, "I want to see."

She hurried over to him and put her hand on his shoulder. At first she merely stared, then she began to grow pale, finally she started back and screamed.

"That's not me," she cried. "I don't look like that."

"Of course you do," said Mr. Litvinoff, very much agitated.

"But I don't! I don't!" cried Olympia, half hysterical. "I tell you I don't look like that. Oh, I ought to have had better sense than to pick up somebody like you to paint a picture for Dave. God knows that picture won't do me any good. It's hideous!"

Mr. Litvinoff drew back slightly. Her eyes were blazing.

"Look at it! Look at it!" cried Olympia. "You mean to tell me that's what you see when you look at me?"

Mr. Litvinoff cleared his throat.

"I am very sorry you don't like it," he said, mildly.

"Oh, he's very sorry! Say, listen; look at all the time I've wasted here and this is what I get for it. A thing like that! Why, it's an insult; a dirty rotten insult." Her voice had risen to a shout and, throwing back her head, she cried: "Do you know what I think of that picture? I'll show you what I think of it. You'll never go round showing that to people, do you hear?"

Before Mr. Litvinoff could stop her she picked up a book and flung it through the canvas; the painted face disappeared, leaving a gap.

Mr. Litvinoff started back, pale as death. His picture was ruined.

Olympia grabbed up her neckpiece and her hat, and started for the door.

"Just see what you've done," she said. "You might have been famous and made lots of money and everything. But you've made me look like a pig. A pig!"

She went out, banging the door.

"That is what you are," said Mr. Litvinoff calmly. *"Cochon!"*

He stood staring at the floor. So! Another bubble burst. His whole life had been a series of burst bubbles.

The door was flung violently open and the chauffeur stepped in.

"Say, you dirty hunky," he said, "what you been doing to Miss Wood? I got a good notion to punch you one in the nose."

Mr. Litvinoff turned suddenly, went to his desk, and took out a big automatic.

The chauffeur recoiled.

"You won't touch me," said Mr. Litvinoff.

The chauffeur stood staring, unable to move, then he ran out, banging the door. Mr. Litvinoff heard the motor start, then he put the automatic back into the desk, and sank into a chair, holding his left side. . . .

When Igor came in he found Mr. Litvinoff lying on the lounge in a faint.

IGOR walked along slowly, looking at the pavement. He had just come from the hospital. It was very sad, Mr. Litvinoff was dying. Igor did not know what he would do without his friend. His home was a refuge. Mr. Litvinoff was a fine man, a fine man.

A man beside him said:

"Look! Olympia Wood!"

Igor spun round on his heel. He hadn't seen her since Mr. Litvinoff's illness. She was coming out of the men's shop with a parcel under her arm. God! She was beautiful. She was wearing a tight-fitting yellow dress and a tight little bronzed hat. She saw him. He lowered his eyes, but she called:

"Igor, come here."

He went over to her, dangling his hat. Men stared at him enviously.

Her eyes were soft, her smile tender.

"Why didn't you speak to me?" she demanded.

"I was afraid you wouldn't remember me."

"Oh, silly," she said. "I thought it was on account of your Mr. Litvinoff. What a queer person he is!"

Igor's heart began to beat fast. He said:

"Miss Wood, he's dying at St. Ann's."

"Oh," said Olympia, putting on her tragic look. "My poor little painter!"

Igor stiffened; then, speaking very solemnly, he said:

"Your poor little painter is the Grand Duke Ivan."

Olympia stared, then she turned pale under her make-up and stepped back to get a better look at Igor.

"A grand duke! Oh, my God! And here I broke up his picture. Only think. Why didn't he tell me?"

She was nearly tearful. Igor drew away from her slightly.

"He says the past is over," said Igor. "I never understood him."

Olympia stood biting her lips. Her mind was working rapidly. A grand duke, good heavens! The best Faustine could muster was a bogus prince, who cost her a fortune.

"I must see him," she said. "I want to apologize for what I did. Has he got everything he needs?"

"Yes," said Igor. "You mustn't bother him."

"Bother him!" said Olympia, outraged; then she stood for a moment thinking. Turning abruptly, she said, "Good-by," and hurried out to her limousine.

The chauffeur opened the door for her.

"St. Ann's hospital right away," she said.

"But, Miss Wood," said the chauffeur, "you're to call for Mr. Wisenstein."

"Damn Mr. Wisenstein," she said.

The chauffeur shrugged and closed the door.

Igor stood hesitating. He cursed himself for letting Mr. Litvinoff's secret slip, but he couldn't help it, he couldn't help it. She should know who he was!

Turning, he hurried in the direction of the hospital.

THE nurse at the desk was doubtful. "Mr. Litvinoff is very sick," she said. "He can't be seen."

"But I'm Olympia Wood."

The nurse was startled and began to smirk.

"Oh," she said. "Please, Miss Wood, won't you sit down? Imagine me not recognizing you and me crazy about your pictures."

She touched a buzzer. Olympia leaned toward her.

"Mr. Litvinoff is the Grand Duke Ivan," she said. "It's a great secret."

The nurse's mind began to work. Olympia Wood and the Grand Duke Ivan; how romantic. Just like a movie.

Two internes came out of a room down the corridor. One of them nudged the other and said:

"Look! Olympia Wood."

Olympia saw them looking and turned slightly so that her profile would show against the light from the front door.

A nurse appeared. The nurse at the desk said:

"Take Miss Wood to Mr. Litvinoff in 177."

The nurse smirked in recognition but said:

"Mr. Litvinoff is very sick."

Olympia put on her tragic look.

"Just let me see him," she said.

The nurse nodded and Olympia followed her down the corridor past the internes. One of them closed his eyes and rubbed his hands together. The other whistled softly.

Mr. Litvinoff's door was half open. Olympia saw him lying white and still. She stood looking, then she pushed past the nurse, who tried to stop her, and went in.

Mr. Litvinoff's eyelids fluttered and opened. He stared at Olympia.

She bent over him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

Mr. Litvinoff looked at her for a moment, then in a weak, far-away voice said:

"Yes. Go away, if you please."

Olympia turned to the nurse.

"Isn't it sad? He doesn't know me."

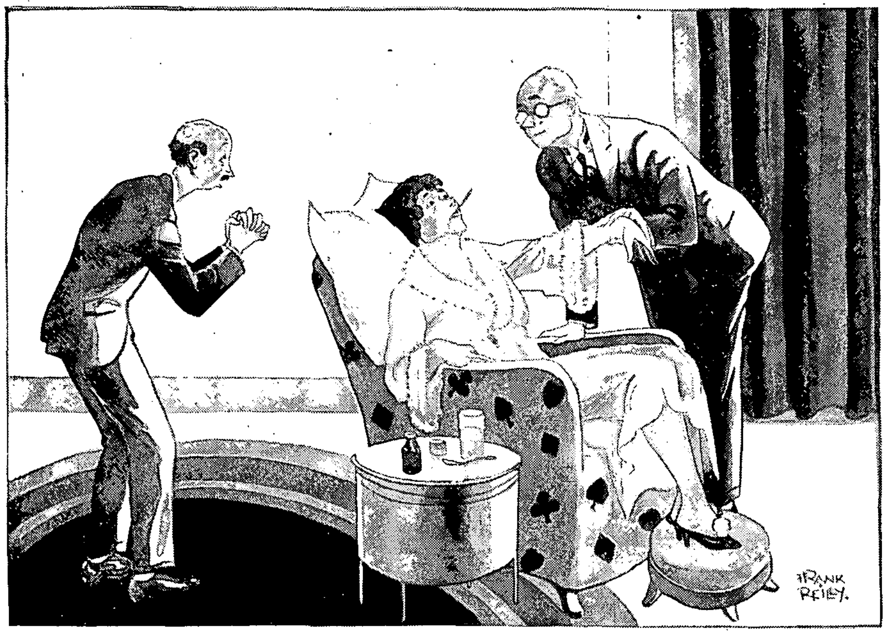
Mr. Litvinoff closed his eyes. The nurse led Olympia out of the room and softly closed the door.

The hospital was buzzing with excitement. Olympia was sitting in the hall "waiting for news." In a little while a reporter appeared, then two photographers.

When Igor came in Olympia was posing for a picture with her handkerchief to her eyes. He was horrified and didn't know what to do or say.

But Mr. Litvinoff was calm and lay looking out the window, trying to see the Santa Monica Mountains, which he had always looked at toward evening from the studio window.

He died about six o'clock.



"And she should give up bridge too, for a couple of years, shouldn't she, Doc?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 10-9-3
H. None
D. A-Q-10-7-5
C. A-Q-10-9-8

West
S. A-K-Q-J-4
H. A-K-Q-J
D. K-3
C. J-4

East
S. 8-7-6-5-2
H. 9-6-3
D. 8-6
C. 7-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. None
H. 10-8-7-5-4-2
D. J-9-4-2
C. K-6-3

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in the Duplicate Contract Tournament for the championship of the city of Detroit. It is especially interesting because West had a hand strong enough to start with an artificial initial bid of two Clubs, and yet his opponents took the contract and made thirteen tricks.

Had the bidding been at Auction Bridge it doubtless would have been: South pass, West one Spade, North two Diamonds, East pass, South pass, West two Spades, North three Clubs, East pass, South three Diamonds, West three Hearts, North four Diamonds, East pass; South pass, West four Hearts, North pass, East four Spades and South five Diamonds. West might bid five Spades because of his honors and with flag-flying intent; and in that event whether North or South would bid six Diamonds is a question.

In the Detroit tournament Mr. R. B. Richards sat South and Mr. Frank Eaton, North, at one table, and the bidding was: South pass, West two Clubs (the artificial bid), North three Diamonds, East pass; South four Diamonds, West four Spades, North five Clubs, East pass, South five Spades, West pass, North six Clubs, East pass, South six Diamonds; then West doubled and North redoubled.

West made the opening artificial two-Club bid with the expectation of giving his partner a choice between Spades and Hearts, but due to the remarkable bidding of North and South he never had an opportunity to show the Hearts.

North was able to bid for the small slam because South's bid of four Diamonds indicated a hand void of Spades and North's own hand contained no Hearts. Therefore no tricks would be lost in either of these suits. He did not dare to venture a grand slam contract as he did not expect his partner to hold both minor Kings. He was not perplexed as to which suit to bid because if he said Clubs, South, preferring Diamonds, could overcall. That was what happened and West doubled, not relying upon his King of Diamonds, but counting his four Heart honors as possibly worth two tricks; North redoubled with perfect confidence.

In the play East led the Five of Spades, which South ruffed with the Deuce of Diamonds. South then led the Jack of Diamonds, which West cleverly ducked, playing the Trey; he desired to keep the lead in the South hand for another trump lead and thus deprive South of one Spade ruff. North, however, rose to the situation and won the trick by covering his partner's Jack with the Queen. To trick 3 North led a Spade to give South a second ruff. It then became necessary to put North in the lead so as to have his remaining Spade ruffed by South (otherwise it was sure to lose), so South forced North with a Heart.

To trick 5 North led his last Spade and South's last trump was utilized: at trick 6 North was put in with a Club and to trick 7 led the Ace of trumps. West must have the King and it might be guarded, but when East followed, the King's fate was sealed and all the adverse trumps were captured. Thirteen tricks now were in sight unless the adverse Clubs failed to break. To trick 8 North led the Eight of Clubs, South played the King and both adversaries followed; to trick 9 South led his last Club, North won, and faced on the table the two established Clubs and the two remaining trumps.

Declarer took thirteen tricks—one in addition to his contract—and had the pleasure of scoring 480 for six Diamonds redoubled, 200 for making a vulnerable redoubled contract, 400 for taking an extra trick, 750 for a small slam bid and made, and 500 for game.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10
H. A-J
D. Q-9-7-4-3
C. Q-8-7-5-2

East
S. Q-9-6-5-4-3
H. 7-6-5-4-3
D. A
C. A

West
S. J-8-7-2
H. Q
D. J-6-5-2
C. J-6-4-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-K
H. K-10-9-8-2
D. K-10-8
C. K-10-9

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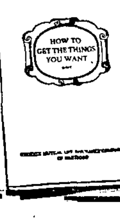
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As We Forgive Our Debtors

THE acclaim which greeted President Hoover's courageous proposal of one year's postponement of all payments on war debts and the renewal of hope in the world which followed it show how heavily this tangled business has weighed on the minds of those who must lead the world back to prosperity.

Mr. Hoover's emphasis on the economic interdependence of the nations of the world inevitably brings closer a reconsideration of the whole problem. We will be asked, as we have been asked before, to reduce the war debts that are owed us. Hitherto we have been generous, but for political reasons we have appeared to be hard-boiled. If we go farther we shall have to be frank about it.

Let's look at the facts. They are plain and simple.

We scaled down our war debts, keeping the principal intact but reducing the interest rates.

We forgave France more than England and we forgave Italy more than France. We forgave precisely what we thought we could not collect. It was a tidy sum.

Various nations now owe us about twelve billion dollars because of obligations assumed on account of the World War. Some pay us nothing on account. The Soviet government, for instance, pays nothing.

Great Britain and France have made the largest payments. Altogether, what we are paid on account of the war debts about equals what the former Allies are paid by Germany in the form of reparations.

We have insisted strenuously that what the Allies owed us had nothing to do with what Germany owed the Allies. They have disagreed as strenuously. Great Britain has said quite plainly that she would demand only so much from her debtors as the United States exacted of her.

As a matter of fact our war debts and German reparations are but two sides of the same problem.

Germany, according to very wise and dispassionate observers, has reached the limit of her capacity to pay. Unless the German war debt is lessened, the German people may be indefinitely impoverished. Of this fact there can be little question.

No nation, certainly not the United States, would be benefited by a German collapse. It is to our interest, therefore, to reconsider the war debts to the extent that reconsideration will potently affect the continued solvency of the German people.

Senator Borah says, in an article published in this issue of Collier's, that the war debts might be reconsidered if we were assured that the money would not be used to increase European armaments. President Hoover intimated similar opinions several weeks ago. We have the right to specify the terms upon which we will remit debts owed us.

Whom do we want to disarm? Not Germany, certainly, for Germany is already disarmed. Not Great Britain, for Great Britain has already reduced her forces to half of what they were in 1913. France, according to the League of Nations Armaments Report, spends only a little more than half as much as we do for national defense. If we insist on a reduction in French armament before we are willing to consider a reduction in war debts, we won't get far toward a solution of the problem.

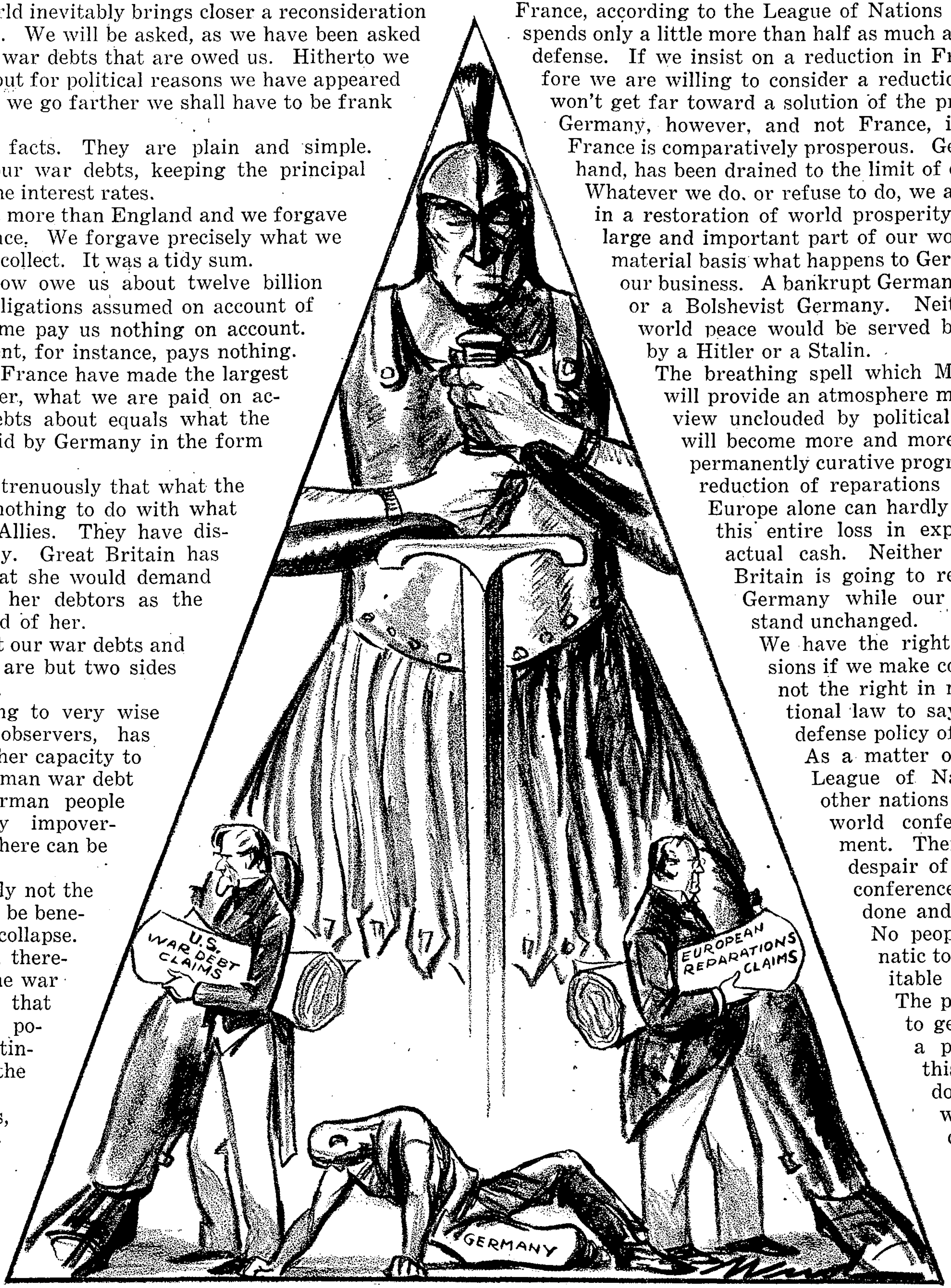
Germany, however, and not France, is the danger spot. France is comparatively prosperous. Germany, on the other hand, has been drained to the limit of endurance.

Whatever we do, or refuse to do, we are vitally interested in a restoration of world prosperity, and Germany is a large and important part of our world. On the crudest material basis what happens to German economic life is our business. A bankrupt Germany might be a Fascist or a Bolshevist Germany. Neither prosperity nor world peace would be served by a Germany ruled by a Hitler or a Stalin.

The breathing spell which Mr. Hoover proposes will provide an atmosphere more propitious for a view unclouded by political considerations. It will become more and more apparent that any permanently curative program must include the reduction of reparations payments.

Europe alone can hardly be expected to take this entire loss in expectations if not in actual cash. Neither France nor Great Britain is going to reduce her claims on Germany while our claims upon them stand unchanged.

We have the right to demand concessions if we make concessions. We have not the right in moral or in international law to say what shall be the defense policy of a sovereign nation. As a matter of fact, through the League of Nations, France and other nations are preparing for a world conference on disarmament. There is no reason to despair of the success of that conference. Much has been done and more will be done. No people is sufficiently lunatic to look today for profitable adventures in war. The present world task is to get Germany back on a productive basis. If this requires a scaling down of the payments which we receive indirectly through our debtors, it is to our interest to accept the reduction and to do so without subterfuge and without deceit.



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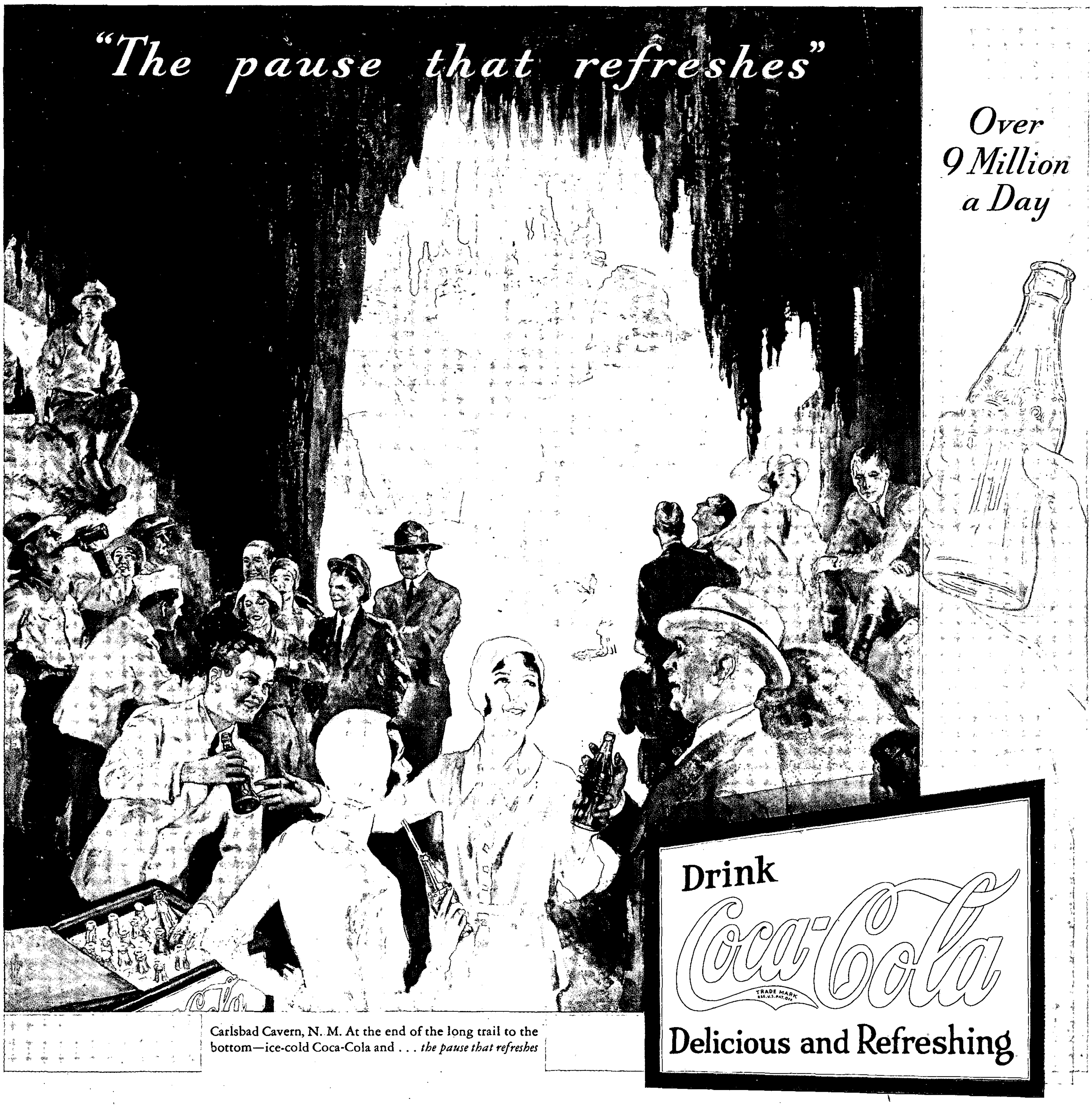

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